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DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS.

VOL. III.

A SUPPLEMENT

TO

DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS.

EDITED BY

THOMAS AMYOT, J PAYNE COLLIER, W. DURRANT COOPER,
REV A. DYCE, BARRON FIELD, J. O. HALLIWELL,
AND THOMAS WRIGHT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL III.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

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SIR THOMAS MORE.

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RALPH ROISTER DOISTER,

A COMEDY,

BY NICHOLAS UDALL.

AND

THE TRAGEDIE

OF

G O R B O D U C,

BY

THOMAS NORTON AND THOMAS SACKVILLE.

WITH INTRODUCTORY MEMOIRS.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM DURRANT COOPER, F.S.A.



LONDON:

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P R E F A C E.

In reprinting for the Shakespeare Society the first known editions of the earliest Comedy and the earliest Tragedy in the English language, I have most scrupulously adhered to the text, adopting only such emendations in the punctuation as seemed to make out the sense more clearly. The members of the Society, therefore, have exact copies of the originals.

For the copy of Nicholas Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister*, carefully collated with the unique original deposited in the Library at Eton College, I am indebted to the kindness of my friend Mr. J. Payne Collier, to whom also my warmest acknowledgments are due for important suggestions and assistance, whilst the following pages were passing through the press. For the copy of the very rare impression of the first edition of *Gorboduc* our Society is under another obligation to its Vice-President, the Earl of Ellesmere.

It is well known that the existence of a copy of *Ralph Roister Doister*, as printed in 1566, was only discovered in 1818, and that the letter of Merygreeke (see pp. 47 and 54) was quoted by T. Wilson in "*The Rule of Reason, conteinyng the arte of logique*," printed in 1551, where he gives it as "An example of such doubtful writing, which by reason of pointing,

may have a double sense or contrary meaning, taken out of an Interlude made by Nicholas Udall." The authorship of Udall was first established by Mr. Collier, in his *Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 445. This Comedy must therefore have preceded by at least fifteen (and I believe by not less than thirty¹) years Still's comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," acted in 1566. "The scene" of *Ralph Roister Doister*," says Mr. Collier,² "is laid in London, so that in no slight degree it is a representation of the manners of more polished society, exhibiting some of the peculiarities of thinking and acting in the metropolis, at the period when it was written. It is divided into acts and scenes, and is one of the earliest productions for the stage, which has reached us, in a printed shape, with these distinctions." The interest of the plot, the cleverness of the situations, and the wit and humour of the dialogue, all warrant the title of a true Comedy. It was reprinted, but without particular care, by James Compton, for the Rev. Mr. Briggs, in 1818; and also, with more attention, but still with several errors, by F. Marshall, in 1821; and again, in 1830, by Thomas White, in the first volume of his "*Old English Drama*." Of the notes to the edition of 1821 I have largely availed myself.

The Tragedy of *Gorboduc* was written for and exhibited at one of the famous Christmas festivities holden at the Inner Temple in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was afterwards acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple "before the Quene's most excellent

¹ See *Introductory Memoirs*, p. xv.

² *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. ii., p. 450.

Majestie in her highnes court at Whitehall, the 18th January, 1561." It was not, however, printed till 1565 by William Griffith; from what MS. does not appear. This edition was supposed to have been reprinted in the edition of 1590, but the variations, which I have particularized in the notes, prove that this was not the case: nor was the edition of 1736 a copy of Griffith's edition: and, until this publication for our Society, I know of no reprint. In this original edition there are the following eight lines in Eubulus' speech (act v., sc. 1) which are not given in the subsequent edition of the same play printed by John Daye, under the title of "Ferrex and Porrex."

That no cause serves, whereby the subject may
Call to account the doings of his prince;
Much less in blood by sword to work revenge;
No more than may the hand cut off the head
In act nor speecch, no: not in secret thought
The subject may rebel against his lord,
Or judge of him that sits in Cæsar's seat,
With grudging mind to damn those he mislikes.

These circumstances are sufficient reasons for giving to the members of the Shakespeare Society this portion of our present publication. In the title-page it is expressly stated that the three first acts were written by Thomas Norton,¹ and the last two by Thomas Sackville: at that time the fact must have been well known; and, notwithstanding the opinions of Warton and Hallam to the contrary, I think that a minute examination of the Tragedy itself, and a comparison with other writings of

¹ In his reprint of the Tragedy (1736), Joseph Spence very quietly dispenses with all mention of Norton, and says only that it was "written by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhuist," &c

Norton—particularly the use of different words to convey the same meaning—confirm this division. Although no names appear in the title-page of Daye's edition, printed in 1569 or 1570, and no particular portions are there assigned to either writer, yet it must be remembered that Daye was Norton's printer; that the eight omitted lines are in an act especially ascribed to Sackville, and were opposed to the more lax opinions of Norton, who in revising the Tragedy probably left them out from his dislike of the sentiment they conveyed; and that in the address to the reader Daye expressly names Lord Buckhurst and Norton as the writers; complains that the edition of 1565 was printed whilst the said Lord was out of England (he was in Rome) and Thomas Norton far out of London (he was at Oxford); and declares that the "Authors" of the Tragedy had "new apparelled, trimmed, and attired her in such forme as she was before:" so that, even if the plan of the Tragedy were, as is probable, Sackville's, Norton had undoubtedly a principal hand in the execution. Further consideration, therefore, has led me to withdraw my acquiescence¹ in Charles Lamb's² belief that "Lord Buckhurst supplied the more vital parts," and to adhere to the distinct statement in the title-page now reprinted, which was never expressly contradicted.

For the character of the Tragedy itself I need only refer to the discriminating and qualified praise of Sir Philip Sydney, C. Lamb, and Collier; and to Rymer and Pope's direct and somewhat extravagant opinions of its beauty. Dryden and Oldham, who criticized it

¹ *Sussex Poets*, p. 10. ² *Specimens of Engl. Dram. Poets*, v. i., p. 6.

adversely, seem never to have seen a copy, or, at any rate, never to have studied the work. Whatever be its dramatic merits, however, the play is remarkable for the following characteristics: it was the first historical subject regularly brought upon the stage of this country; it is the earliest extant piece, which can with any fitness be called a tragedy; and it was the first play in the English language written in blank verse. How long it kept the stage has not been ascertained, but the subject was popular, and W. Haughton, in March, 1599, and April, 1600, received from Henslowe,¹ in different payments, £4 15s. for his “booke called ferex and porrex.”

In the Introductory Memoirs I have been enabled to add several facts to those already known, to correct various errors of Strype, Warton, and others, and to settle many doubtful points. For the ample means of so doing, and for their several communications, my thanks are especially tendered to Earl Amherst; J. Bruce, Esq.; J. Burder, Esq.; P. Cunningham, Esq.; Sir H. Ellis; the Rev. G. R. Green, Fellow of Eton; the Rev. Joseph Hunter; J. Lampard, Esq., of Winchester; the Rev. J. Little, of Streatley; W. H. Miller, Esq.; Mr. Rodd; the Rev. H. S. Slight, Fellow and Bursar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; J. Smyth, Esq. of Stevenage; the Rev. R. Sumner, Rector of Calbourne; W. J. Thoms, Esq.; Robinson Thornton, Esq.; and Sir C. Young, Garter, from whom I have received the most prompt and welcome assistance. W. D. C.

81, Guildford Street, Russell Square.

February, 1847.

¹ The Diary of Philip Henslowe, edited by Collier, p. 166, 7, and 8.

INTRODUCTORY MEMOIRS.

NICHOLAS UDALL.

Nicholas Udall,¹ the father of English Comedy,—whom Bale² describes as “elegantissimus omnium bonarum literarum magister, et earum felicissimus interpres,” adding, “laudabili eruditione præditus; ad nostræ Christianæ reipublicæ commodum, tam scribendo quam vortendo, utilem navavit operam, congegessit Latinè et Anglicè,”—was born in Hampshire, in the year 1505 or 1506,³ and is stated⁴ to have been descended from Peter Lord Uvedale and Nicholas Udall, constable of Winchester Castle⁵ in the reign of Edward III., and Lord of the Manor of Wickham, Hants, to whom the arts and learning of this country are indebted for the patronage bestowed upon William of Wykeham. Of his early life or education we know nothing; but Hampshire at that time abounded in good

¹ The name is variously spelt Udall, Uvedale, Owdall, Dowdall, Woodall, and Woddell. In the register of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, An. 1574, Lib. Pyckering, p. 6, there is this entry—“Uvedale als Woodall Thomas.”

² Page 717. Pitz has not admitted him among his illustrious Englishmen. “Udall’s friendship with Erasmus would not recommend him to such a writer as Pitz.”—*Letter from Rev. J. Hunter.*

³ Registers of Corp. Christ. Coll., Oxon.

⁴ Gent. Mag., vol. lxxx., part ii., p. 31. The arms of Uvedale, as they appear on the tomb of Wm. Uvedale, in the church of Wickham, are—Ar : a cross moline gu.

⁵ The direct lineal descendant of this constable was Elizabeth, daughter and coheirress of Sir Richard Uvedale, who married Edward, second Earl of Carlisle. A small charity was at her instance founded at Wickham.

schools, where the classics were excellently taught; and there was St. Mary's College at Winchester, with which the Udalls may be presumed to have had an immediate connection. The first trace which we have of his education is at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where we find that on the 18th January, 1520, "Nic: Owdall de Com Hamp. Dioc. Wint. 14 an: in fest: Nat: Dom: præterit, non electus sed cum sex aliis assumptus."¹ He was thereupon admitted a scholar; and on the 3rd September, 1524, became Probationary Fellow; and also, it would seem, took his degree of B.A.

His Lutheran tenets were known at his college,² and upon their account he, for ten years, was prevented from taking his Master's degree, and did not proceed in arts till the year 1534.

At Oxford, he was contemporary with the antiquary Leland, who had removed from Christ's College, Cambridge, to All Souls' College, Oxford. A friendship was formed, which was lasting on both sides; their tastes were congenial, and they were both erudite scholars. Leland's estimation of his friend's learning appears in his epigrams, in one of which he thus neatly acknowledged³ the favours he had received from Udall.

Ad formosum, de liberalitate Nic. Odouall.

Defuit ô! studiis nostris crescentibus aurum,

Munus at Odalli sustulit omne malum.

Ista prius faciles contemnent pectora Musas,

Et capient læto Gotthica verba sinu,

Illius hoc in me meritum quam oblivio magnum

Impia Lethæis mergere possit aquis.

It was in conjunction with Leland that Udall composed the

¹ Hi omnes non electi sed assumpti ad instantias magnatum à Fundatore. Nicholas Owdall. Hampton.

Discip: (i e., Scholar) Jan. 18, 1520.

Sch. (Prob^y fellow) Sep. 3, 1524."

Vide the MSS. registers of Corpus Christi College, extracted by the Rev. Henry S. Slight.

² Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. 7, p. 72.

³ *Collectanea*, vol. v., p. 89.

first of his literary works which is known to be extant. In 1532, Udall and Leland jointly wrote the Pageant¹ exhibited by the mayor and citizens of London to celebrate the entrance of "Anne Bulleyn into the city," after her marriage; it was written in Latin and English. The Latin verses to Apollo and the Muses were Udall's, and the English portion of his writing consisted of the "Progeny of St. Anne," exhibited "at Cornhill, besides leaden hall;" of the "Three Graces," exhibited "at the conduit in Cornhill;" and of the "Judgment of Paris," exhibited at the "little conduit in Chepe." Mr. Collier² has given a specimen of Udall's part of the performance in an extravagantly complimentary dialogue in the *Judgement of Paris*; where, having awarded the apple to Venus, Paris places the Queen as a fourth lady, far above the three Graces: and Mr. Fairholt, in his "*Civic Garland*," published by the Percy Society,³ has printed two of the songs; one, a Skeltonical ballad, containing excessive praise of Anne, who is told—

Of ladies all
You principall
Should win this ball
Of worthyness;

the other a ballad in praise of the white falcon, the badge of Anne Bulleyn.

Udall was at an early period engaged in teaching, and in the year 1533 his learning and classical accuracy became extensively known. He then compiled and published for the use of his scholars,⁴ "*Flovres for Latine Spekyng selected and gathered oute of Terence and the same translated into Englysshe, &c.*" The *Epistola Nuncupatoria* is dated "*Londini: ex coenobio Monachorum ordinis Divi Augustini pridie*

¹ A copy is among the Royal MSS., 18 A., lxiv., which is about to be reprinted in the Shakespeare Society's Papers.

² Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry, vol. ii., p. 446, note.

³ Number 61.

⁴ "*Epistola Nuncupatoria. Nicolaus Vdallus suavissimo discipulorum suorum regi salutem plurimam dicit.*"

calendas Martias anno post natum Christum. 1534," but Berthelet's imprint is 1533.¹ This work includes the first three comedies of Terence. In commendation of the book and of its author, Leland and Edmund Jonson prefixed some neat verses. The following are Leland's :—

Candidus eximiam monstare Terentius artem
 Eloqui novit, Roma diserta, tui.
 Illius ex horto flores selegit amœnos
 Odallus, cupidæ sedulus instar apis.
 Quoque labor pueris studiosis gratior esset,
 Transtulit in patrios, verba Latina, sonos.
 Insuper et scholion, facundæ munerai lingua,
 Addidit, æterna vivere digna cedro
 Vos igitur juvenes Odallum ornate Britanni,
 Sic fluat è vestro comicus ore lepos.

¹ Mr. W. H. Miller has copies of the editions of 1533, 1538, and 1544; and from them we have been enabled to give these dates, &c. Additions were afterwards made to the work by J. Higgins, and the whole published in 1581, under the title of "Floyres of Eloquent Phrases of the Latine Speech, gathered of al the sixe Comedies of Terence. Whereof those of the first thre were selected by Nicolas Udall. And those of the latter three now to them annexed by I. Higgins." London, printed by Thos. Marshe. The manual was famous in its time, and was applauded in the following epigram by the elegant Latin encomiast, Thos. Newton, of Cheshire. See *Leland's Collectanea*, vol. v., p. 180—

In Terentii flosculos, Nicolai Udalli & Jo. Higginii Opera descriptas.

Pulpita qui Latio tenuit quondam ardua socco,
 Jam didicit phthongos (terra Britannia) tuas.
 Cujus at ingenio? cujus lima, atque labore?
 Quisve adeo raras enucleavit opes?
 Primus, & ante alios, scriptis bene notus Udallus,
 Antistes, Clarii signifer atque chori.
 Inde suo Higginus venit exornandus honore,
 Qui in messem hanc, falcem misit & ipse suam.
 Succos eque tuis libris dum, magne Terenti,
 Sugit uterque tuis, Angla superbit humus.
 Angla superbit humus, tumet atque scholastica pubes,
 Milleque pro meritis fundit utrique preces.

In the year 1534, whilst he was yet a B.A., and during the Provostship of Roger Lupton,¹ Udall was appointed Magister Informator, i.e., head-master, of Eton school; then, as it has again been of late years, famous for the teaching of the classics. The founder of Trinity College, Oxford,² writing in 1556, says: "I remember when I was a young scholler at Eton, (about 1520) the Greke tongue was growing apace; the studie of which is now alate much decaid." Udall succeeded Richard Coxe, who had been master from 1530 to 1534. Richard Aldrige was elected Provost 7th March, 1535-6, and at the date 1535 the name of Nicholas "Woddall," or Udall, appears as being still "Magister Informator." The fame of Eton was not diminished by the appointment of Udall, who showed his zeal by republishing in 1538 "a newly corrected" edition of his "Flovres for Latine spekyng," enlarged from 110 to 192 pages.

Mr. Collier³ thinks that "Ralph Roister Doister was the production of a comparative youth;" and if this be the fact, it must have been written earlier than the Pageant and the "Flovres for Latine Spekyng." Skelton, who died 21st June, 1529,⁴ mentions Jack Raker in his "Speke Parrot," as well as in his satire upon Wolsey, "Why come ye not to

¹ We have procured the dates and particulars of Udall's mastership through the kindness of the Rev. G. R. Green. In a list of the Provosts, Vice-provosts, Fellows, and Masters, in the handwriting of the late Provost, Dr. Goodall, at the end of a copy of *Registrum Regale* in the possession of the Provost, the name of Richard Cokkys, Cox, Cokks, Coxe, or Cocks, appears as Magister Informator from 1530 to 1534. At 1534 is placed Nicholas Woddall, or Woodal. Roger Lupton was then Provost, and he is stated in the list to have resigned 6th March, 1535-6, and his successor was elected the following day. Udall's appointment to the Mastership is later than has been hitherto supposed; and from the dedication to his scholars of the first edition of his "Flovres of Latine Spekyng," it is certain that he had been engaged in tuition before he was elected to Eton.

² Life of Sir Thomas Pope, p. 226.

³ Hist. Engl. Dram. Poet., vol. ii., p. 446.

⁴ See Dyce's edit. of his works, vol. i., p. xlv.

Court?"¹ and the same worthy is referred to as a ballad-maker in Udall's comedy, (act ii., sc. 1), Mr. Collier quotes this as something like a proof of the early date of the comedy.² Certain, however, it is that it was the custom at Eton, about the feast of St. Andrew, for the Master to choose some Latin stage-play for the boys to act in the following Christmas holidays, and that he might sometimes order smart and witty English plays.³ "Among the writings of Udall about the year 1540," says Warton,⁴ "are recited 'Plures Comediæ,' and a tragedy 'De Papatu,' on the Papacy, written probably to be acted by his scholars," and it is equally probable that the English comedy was written with a like object, for it is admirably adapted to be a good acting play, and the author avows in the prologue that his models were Plautus and Terence, with whose writings his scholars were familiar.

The popular saying was, that the "best master was the greatest beater;" and of the severity with which Udall inculcated his classical instruction at Eton we have curious evidence in the often quoted lines of Tusser.⁵

From Pauls I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways, the latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes, given to me
At once I had,
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass, thus beat I was ·
See *Udall*, see, the mercy of thee,
To me, poor lad.

¹ See post, p. 27, note 4.

² The references in p. 8 to the heroes of the romances do not aid us in fixing the date, for the romance of *Lancelot du Lac* is one of the works recommended by Vives, the tutor of the Princess Mary, in his treatise on female education, dedicated to Queen Catherine, and dated at Bruges, 5 April, 1523, and *Guy, Earl of Warwick*, was printed in 4to. by William Copland without date, but the story must have been popular long before.

³ Warton, H. E. P., vol ii., p. 529.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ The Author's life, p. 317, ed. 1812.

Whilst Roger Ascham, in the preface to his "Scholemaster," (1570), says that divers of the scholars of Eton ran away from thence for fear of him. His discipline, however, was in other matters rather lax, and in the year 1541 his own irregularities were the cause of an abrupt termination of his connection with Eton school. There was a robbery of silver images and other plate from the college, and the matter was brought before the privy council at Westminster on the 12th March, 32 Henry VIII.,¹ (1541-2) when—

William Emlar of London Goldsmyth was examyned before the Counsell for the byeing of certain images of silver and other plate, which wer stolen from the college of Eton: and beyng suspected to have used hym self lewdly in the handlyng of the matter was cōmitted to the porter's ward.

On the same day—

John Hoorde late scoler of Eton beyng examined of a certain robbery surmised to have been done at Eton by the sayd Hoorde and others, and confessing the fact, as apperith by his confession in writing, was cōmitted to the keeping of the clerk of the check of the garde.

The next day, 13th March—

Thomas Cheney, late scoler of Eton, beyng examined of a certain robbery, which he was suspected to have cōmitted with others at the collage of Eton aforesayd, and confessing the fact, as apperith by his confession in writing, was delyverd to the custody of John Peirs clerk of the check of the Kinges gard.

And, finally, on the 14th March—

Nycolas Uvedale scoolemaster of Eton beyng sent for as suspect to be counsail of a robbery lately cōmitted at Eton by Thomas Cheney John Hoorde, scolers of the saydscole, and Gregory a servant to the sayd scolemaster, and having certain interrogatoryes ministred unto hym toching the sayd fact and other felonious trespasses wherof he was suspected did confess that he did comitt a heinous offence with the sayd

¹ Nicolas' Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council, vol. 7, p. 152-3.

Cheney sundry tymes heitofore and of late the vjth day of this present monethe in this present yerc at London· wherupon he was committed to the Marshalsey.

Antony à Wood says only that "he was near losing his place upon a shrewd suspicion of being conscious"¹ of the robbery, and adds, as regards Udall, "What became of the matter I know not;" but Sir Henry Ellis has since published the following letter from the Cotton MSS.,² and says,³ "there can be no doubt that Udall was dismissed from his mastership, and failed in his application to be restored. To whom this letter was addressed does not appear by any superscription. Sir Thomas Wriothesley and Sir Ralph Sadler were then the Secretaries of State. No scholar of Udall's ever solicited remission of punishment more earnestly than Udall himself does from the person to whom it is addressed."

Right worshipfull and my singlar good maister, Although I perceive your labour for my restitution to the rounge of Scholemaister in Eton not to have taken suche effecte as your maistirshippes good will and mynd was, yet dooe I (as I am moste bound to dooe) for your gret travaill, penes, and trouble in that behalf susteined, rendre noo lesse thankes then if it had succeeded and cum to passe accordyng to my request and your maistirshippes expectacion. And havynge your maistirshippes fauour, I am and shalbee as well cōtented that my sute hath not taken place, as I wold haue been glad to haue recovered that rounge which I was never desirous to obtain, but oonly of an honest purpose to discharge my debtes, and by litle and litle as I might to paye every man his own, most humbly besechyng your maistership to extend your benigne fauour towards that purpose and of your aboundaunt pitie to sette your helpyng hand to the bestowyng of me to suche condicion where I maye by sohre

¹ Athen. Oxon., Bliss' Edit., vol. 1., coll., 211-212.

² Titus, B viii., p. 371.

³ Letters of Eminent Literary Men, *Camden Society's Publications*, p. 1. In a MS. Note to Allen's List of Provosts, Fellows, and Scholars of King's College, Cambridge, preserved at Eton under date of 1540, Wood is called for his notice "that wholesale dealer in scandal," because he said "he knew not what became of the affair, notwithstanding he was certain Mr. Udall was made canon of Windsor," &c.

lyvng bee recovered to sum state of an honest man. Leat not despair soo depely entre into your moste gentle herte to thynke me past emendemente, but rather call to mynd that Plynus saith *tum demum præcipuam esse clementiæ laudem, cum iræ causa iustissima est*. He needeth noo mercie nor forgevenes that hath not offended. *Et quis tandem mortalium sapit horis omnibus ? Imò (quod ait poeta.)*

*Si quoties peccant homines sua fulmina mittat
Juppiter, exiguu tempore inermis, erit.*

What servant hath not contynuall neede of the clemencie of his maister ? For my parte, as I cannot excuse myself but that I haue deserved your displeasure and indignacion, so I trust myn offenses *humana quidem esse, et emendari posse*. And if pitie and compassion maye move you to receiue me to your grace and fauour, I trust ye shall finde that this your correpcion shalbee a sufficiente scourge to make me, duryng my lif, more wise and more ware utterly for ever to eschewe and avoid all kindes of all maner excesses and abuses that haue been reported to reigne in me. For the love of Christ considre in what extremittee and distresse I am constitute. Considre that if ye should reiecte me and cast me of, though I wer in noo manness daunger, yet noo man of honor or honestee wold either receiue me, or dooe for me, or fauour me, or looke on me. Considre that forgoing your fauour I shall therewith also lese *amicos, fortunas, spesque omnes, existimationem denique ac vitam*, nor live vj daies out of preson; all whiche thynges (I trust to your hertes rejoycyng in tyme to cum) your oonly goodnes may save and redresse. Sens the tyme that your maistuship, at the intercession of my good fiendes, promised upon myn honest demeanure from thensforthe to be my good maister, to my knowlege I haue not cftsons offended. And in what heavynes, in what sorowe, in what pensifues of herte I haue lived sens my cummyng from Tichefeld though I wer hable to expresse (as indeede noo man is) it wold bee to your maistership incredible. Noo sikeness, noo losse of worldly goddes, none ympresonyng, noo tormentes, noo death, noo kind of other mysfortune could haue persed my herte, or made in it soo depe a wound as hath this your displeasure, whiche wound, if it might please your goodnes with the salue of your mercifull compassion to bryng for this oon tyme *ad cicatricem*, ye should not neede in all your life again to feare *ne quando mea culpa vitioque recrudesceret*. Bee good maister to me this oons, if ever I shalbee found again to offend in any suche kind of transgression as at this tyme hath provoked and accended your indignacion against me, I shall not oonly bee myn own

judge to be accounted for ever moste vnworthie the fauor and good will either of your maistirship or of any other honest frend, but also to bee moste extremely punished to thensample of all others; οὐ γὰρ ἀγνοήσεις, αὐθις ἔνθα ὁ καυχαστος ἐστίν, οὐδ' ἀπορήσεις δεσμῶν ἢν τι τεχνάξων ἀπισκομαι, *ut ait Lucianicus ille Prometheus*.¹ Though I bee not wortie to receiue any fauor at the handes of your maistership, yet is your excellente herte and noble stomak wortie to shewe fauour. And like as it cannot bee chosen but that the more tendrely your maistirship hath fauoured and loved me, the more greuously the same must take my lewdnes and foly, even so can I not despair but that the more hatred of vices that is rooted in your moste honest and heroicall herte, the more propense the same is to shewe mercie and forgevenes to all suche as with wholl herte and purpose of emendement without dissimulation return to the holsome pathe of honestee, from whiche by youth or frailtee thei haue chaunced for a tyme to swerve. I canot perswad myself that your maistership hateth in me or elswhom, any thyng excepte vices. Neither can I any other thynke or judge then all this seueritee towardes me to haue proceded of your moste tendre zeale and good mynd oonly of purpose to haue my foly therby redressed, which effecte if ye wer certain might therof ensue (as I trust in God ye shall find it) I haue conceiued that hope of your goodnes that ye wold rather my person to bee saved then spilled; rather to bee reformed then destroyed, rather to emend then to perishe. All vices of which I haue been noted or to your maistirship accused being oons by the rootes extirped, and in their places the contrary vertues with constaunt purpose of good contynuaunce in the same depely planted, I trust ye wold become better maister vnto me aftr myn emendyng and reformation then if I had never in suche wise transgressed. And forasmoeche as experimete herof cannot bee had without a prouf, it maye please your maistirship to use towardes me sum moderacon, and in this to foloe the good facion of an indulgent and tendre parente, *qui delinquentibus liberi non ante extrema supplicia admouet, quam remedia consumperit*. If it maye please your goodnes to forget that is past, καὶ δευτέρων ἀμεινόνων, *quod Greci dicunt*, to proue me oons again, I doubte not by Goddes grace so honestly to redubbe all thynges that haue been amys, and soo to use myself in all maner thynges from hensforth, that I woll (God helpyng) geve you more cause to bee glad of me then euer ye had to take displeasure with me. And I doubte not but that it shall

¹ See Lucian, Deor. Dialog., Ed. Hemsterhusii. Amst. 1743, Tom. i., p. 205.

more redounde to your worship, by your clemencie to haue made of an unthrifte an honest man, then through your extreme seueritee to suffre me vtterly to bee cast awaye. To hurte, to vndoe, to spill a man is a thyng of small glorie, and easie for every man to dooe, but to preserue, or to recover a man from present extinction, *hoc demum magni excel-sique ac generosi est animi*. The Greke and Romain histories bee full of the ymmortall laud, glorie, and commendacion of suche as in cases like to this haue, in steede of rigor and seueritee, vsed such moderacion of mynde, suche lenitee, suche gentlenes and clemencie, that thei haue thereby woonne to goodnes innumerable persons which by extremittee of rigor must needes vtterly have been lost. *Nec est, vti confido, usque adeo perditā vita mea, quin tua bonitate ad frugem revocari atque reduci queam; nec adeo deplorata ut nullus ne spei quidem locus relinquatur*. Scipio Africanus the eldier (to whom the gentile histories dooe attribute this honourable testimone that the Goddes ymmortall wold hym to bee borne in to this world that there might bee sum man in whom vertue, goodnes, and honestie should in all pointes singularly excelle, passe and shewe itself) is by the self same historie mencioned to had been of a veray riottous and dissolute sorte of livyng in his youth, and the rather therby to haue growen aftirward to the moche more excellencie of all vertues in the rest of his tyme, when he had oons shaken of that ympotencie of voluptuous appetites. It is also read of C. Valerius Flaccus, that he was in his youth a famous example of all riotousnes, and the same, when he had in processe of tyme conuerted his lif to the contrarie, becam an example of all frugalitee, religion, sobriete, and holynes, infinitely more holsome and profitable to the cōmen weale then he had afore been pernicious in the same. Noo man at those daies lived in more slaundre and infamie then did Q. Fabius Maximus, being a yong man; nor after his sooden conuersion and chaunging of lif, any man for honestee, wisdom, and gravitee with the same Fabius worthe to be compared. Oon Polemon of Athens a phi^rer¹ a man in his youth not oonly drowned in voluptuousnes, but also setting his moste delite and felicitie in the veray infamie of the same; newly arisen from banquettyng and revellyng, not in the evenyng aftir soome sette, but in the morne aftir soonne risyng, and espyng the doore of Xenocrates schoole open, resorted thither drunken as he was, wilfully to disturbe not oonly the said Xenocrates, then readyng a publike lecture in philosophie, but also all his auditorie; Xenocrates, not chaungeing countenance at his cumyng in but altreing the matter of his readyng, began sumwhat to declare of the feditee of riot

¹ Philosopher.

and drunkennes, and of the comelynes of sobriete, whiche Polemon hearyng was soodenly conuerted, and from thensforthe becam a ph'ler of singular graunte, of incomparable sobrenes, of moste constancie & vertuousnes, and so contynued all his lif aftir. If these peisones, and others innumerable of like sorte, had been taken at the wurst, neither thei had aspired to those degre'es of moste laudable honestee and vertue, nor suche as saved them from the perils and daungers thereof, and by their exceeding gret tolerancie brought them to goodnes, had purchased that prease of moderacion to their ymmoitall glorie. Leat these examples sumwhat move your maistirship to pitie and compassion for that that is past, and to hope that I maye ere now bee emended for the tyme to cum. That if ye can entreate your moste gentle heite not to bee inexorable nor inflexible towardes me your poor servant, noo lesse myndyng then to make full emendes for all that in tyme past hath been amysse, for His sake that of his infinite mercie freely forgave and dayly still forgaveth to vs, being moste vnwortheie, all our offenses, and casteth them behind his backe never aftir to entwite or to remembre them again, bee for this oon tyme pitfull towardes me, who by your mercie maye bee recovered, and by your indignacion must needes remediles perishe for ever. Heare and accepte this my moste piteous lamentacion, procedyng from the botom of my heite, being moste sorrowfull that it should bee my chaunce to incurre your indignacion. Accepte this myn honest chaunge from vice to vertue, from prodigalitee to frugall livyng, from negligence of teachyng to assiduitee, from play to studie, from lightnes to gravitee; nor este'me it the wuse or the lighter, for that it begynneth of repentaunce, but rather persuade yourself that the same repentaunce shall still remein within my brest as a contynuall spurre or thorne to pricke and to quicken me to goodnes from tyme to tyme, as often as neede shall require. And that ye thynke not that I meane any wurse or any lesse then to approve myn honest maner of livyng, and to contente and satisfie the myndes of all suche as vpon any occasion have conceived any ill opynion of me, I shall not requie of your maistirship any thing, but oonly that without which noo man can live, and which shall please your maistirship to allowe me as ye see cause, and none otherwise, besecchyng the same if ye possibly maye to forget that is past and cannot nowe be again vndone, and oons again to take experimente of me, and as ye shall find me soo to vse me, considering alwayes that as an other besides me maye happen to dooe amys, so maye I as well as an other emend, and where percase *aris alieni magnitudo animum tuum deterret*, I doubt not, havyng your maistirshippes favour and good helpe, to be hable to shake it of within ij or

ij yerres at the vttermust by suche meanes as I shall declare vnto your maistirship if it maye please the same to heare me, and help me, whereby I shalbee (as I am alreadie) moste bounden to praye to God to preserve and contynue your good maistirship long in helth and prosperitee.

The authorities at Eton, indeed, lost no time in supplying Udall's place, for under the year 1541 (which must therefore have been a few days only after Udall's committal) the name of Mr. Smyth¹ appears as Magister Informator, or Head Master. But his appointment was only temporary: Udall's permanent successor was Mr. Tyndall. Robert (Aldrich) Bishop of Carlisle writes² to "My Lord of the Privy Seale,"

Right honorable and myne especiall good Lorde, my most bounden duty humbly fulfilledde, I signifye vnto youre good lordshipe that as on the viij daye of this moneth³ I receyvide your too Letters by the hande of Mr. Vdall, late Scholemestre, wose roome now enioyeth Mr. Tyndall, your own true scholere and bedman.

The remainder of the letter has nothing to do with either Udall or Tyndall. It is dated "ffrom Eton the vij day of Octobre. Your owne Bedman, ROBERT KARLIOLEN."⁴

It is almost certain that Udall was at this time vicar of Braintree in Essex, and that he continued to hold that living

¹ Provost Goodall's list.

² Misc. Corresp., Stat. Pap. Off., 2nd series, vol. v., art. 2. For this reference and copy of the letter we are indebted to Sir Henry Ellis.

³ "The viij daye of this moneth" does not exactly tally with the date at the end of the letter.

⁴ Robert Aldrich was nominated by the King to the Bishoprick of Carlisle July 18, 1537, had the royal assent to his election August 7, and the temporalities restored the 24th of the same month. *Le Neve Fasti*, p. 335.

for three years and a half after his examination by the Council. On the 27th September, 1537,¹ Nic. "Wodall," A.M., was presented by the Prior² and convent of the Charter House to the vicarage of Braintree: and he was the last vicar of their presentation. Henry VIII., on the 14th December, 1544, presented James Lodge, A.M., on the resignation of "Udall," as the name is spelt in the registers of the diocese of London,³ and there can be but little doubt that the Master of Eton and the Vicar of Braintree were one and the same person, although in his letter he complained severely of his poverty, and made no mention of his church preferment; Braintree was a benefice of a very trifling value; and his continuance in the living is not inconsistent with the failure of his efforts to be restored to Eton; his letter shows distinctly that persons high in office made great exertions for him, and must have disbelieved the most serious part of the charge against him: he was the bearer of the Lord Privy Seal's letter to the Bishop of Carlisle, then resident at Eton; and a very short period elapsed ere the dismissed master was received into the full favour of the court, and became allied in literature with the Princess Mary.

Notwithstanding the admissions of Udall himself, he must have satisfactorily explained away the gravamen of the charges, for we can find no trace of any further proceeding on either charge, and he was at large when he wrote the letter alluding to his "coming from Tichefield," in his native county.

Henceforth, for many years, Udall devoted himself to the pursuits of literature, and in the month of September, 1542, published an English translation of "Apophthegmes, that is to saie, prompte, quicke, wittie and sentencious sayynges, of

¹ Newcourt's *Repertorium*, vol. ii, p. 89.

² William Trafford, the good-natured man, who persuaded his fellows to surrender the convent of which he had been recently elected Prior.

³ Bonner, 149, m.

certain Emperours, Kynges, Capitaines, Philosophiers, and Oratours, as well Grekes, as Romaines, bothe veraye pleasaunt and profitable to reade, partely for all maner of persones, and especially Gentlemen. First gathered and compiled in Latine by the ryght famous clerke, Maister Erasmus of Rotcredame. And now translated into Englyshe by Nicolas Vdall." From this manual of the wise and witty sayings of the ancients, Sir Egerton Brydges has printed¹ the introduction by Udall, and some interesting extracts, declaring that it "has not obtained that notice, which from its date and value might be justly expected. Were its claim only founded on the colloquial notes of Udall, it is entitled to consideration, as therein may be traced several of the familiar phrases and common-place idioms, which have occasioned many conjectural speculations among the annotators upon our early English drama." The translation contains only two books, the third and fourth, of the original; and in his preface, thus addressed, "*Nicholas Vdall vnto the gentle and honeste harted readers well to fare,*" he says, "I have laboured to discharge the duetec of a translatour, that is, keping and folowing the sense of my booke to interprete and tourne the Latine into Englishe with as moche grace of our vulgar tounge as in my slender power and knowledge hath lien;" he goes on to say, "I haue in many places entermixed Greke and Latine with the Englishe; for in all thinges that I haue alreadie² heretofore, or hereafter shall set foorth, I haue an especiaall regarde vnto young scholars and studentes, vnto whom it is not possible to bee expressed, what great vtilitie, benefite, and knowlege doeth redounde, of conferring one straunge language with an other;" then excusing himself with those, who may "auouche the same confused medling of sondrie tounge, rather to contein some spiecc of ostentacion and bragge of the printed sheath, then any argumente or proof of erudi-

¹ *Restituta*, vol. ii., p. 59.

² This refers to those works of which, with the exception of the Terence, copies have not come down to us. They are mentioned by Bale.

cion," he declares that "my onely will and desire is to further honest knowlege and to call (awaie the studious youth in especiall) from hauing delite in reading phantasticall trifles (which cōtein in maner nothing, but the seminarie of pernicious sectes and sedicious doctrine) vnto a more frutfull sort of spending good houres, and by inuiting the same youth vnto the imitacion of honest exercises, to doe good if I maie." and he winds up thus humorously: "truly for the Englisheman to bee offended with the admixtion of Latine, or the Latine manne to mislike the poutheryng of Groke, appereth vnto me a moche like thing, as if at a feast with varietee of good meates and drinkes furnished, one that loneth to feede of a capon, should take displeasure that an other man hath appetite to a coney, or one that serueth his stomake with a pertridge, should be angrie with an other that hath a mind to a quaille, or one that drinketh single beere, should be greued with his next feloe for drinking ale or wine."

In the spring of the year 1544-5, Berthelet published a reprint of the second edition of his "Flovres of Latine Spekyunge," which was still addressed to his scholars, though Udall's mastership had long ceased. Leland, in one of his *Encomia*,¹ speaks distinctly of his friend's living among the Brigantes;² but at what exact period this was we have been unable to ascertain.

Ad Nicolaum Odouallum.

Odoualle, novem comes sororum,
Doctas pectore litteras benigno
Qui totus deamas, sinistra plane

¹ Coll., vol. v., p. 105.

² The Rev. Joseph Hunter supposes Yorkshire to be the place in which Udall resided, but "he has endeavoured in vain to find out when, where, or in what capacity. There was a Stephen Udall, a little later, living in that county, who had a daughter well married there." Leland implies that Udall was still engaged in tuition, and a search among the records of the public schools north of the Humber may clear up the doubt as to the place and time.

Mœstus sidera nunc vocare possum,
 Quæ te tam niveum mihi sodalem,
 Quæ te tam veterem intimumque amicum
 Fato non placido mihi abstulere,
 Translatum ad rigidos quidem Brigantes,
 Quo vix crediderim migrasse Musas.
 Nani Mavors ibi regnat, ac cruentos
 Exercet gladios, premens subinde
 Scottos, & valida manu Britannos.
 Quid Musis modo Marte cum furenti ?
 At si fata negant, tuos penates
 Ut dulces repetas, precor deserto
 Te Septentrio barbarus patrono
 Linguis floreat undecunque doctis.

Between the years 1542 and 1545, and before the death of Henry, Udall was engaged in his most famous work, the translation into English of "The first tome or volume of the paraphrase of Erasmus vpon the new Testament." Udall translated the paraphrase upon St. Luke, which he finished in 1545: it was dedicated to Queen Katherine, "which makes me suppose," says Strype,¹ "that these paraphrases were countenanced by that king, and had been set forth by his order if he had lived;" and indeed, Udall, in his preface, by his praise of Henry's desire to let the people read the Scriptures, suggests the same fact. The remainder of the Gospels and the Acts were also translated by different hands, "by the procurement and charge of that pious good Lady Katherin Par, Queen Dowager; for the helping of the ignorant multitude towards more knowledge of the holy scriptures and of their duty towards God and their neighbours."² The gospel of St. John was undertaken and partially translated by the Princess Mary,³

¹ Ecclesiastical Memorials, vol. ii., part i., p. 48.

² *Ibid.*, p. 45.

³ Queen Katherine Parr's letter to Mary, asking for a copy of this "beautiful and useful book," when corrected, is dated from Hanworth, 20th September, 1544.

but "being cast in sickness, partly by over-much study in this work, after she had made some progress therein, she left the doing of the rest to Dr. Malet, her chaplain."¹ The whole of the first tome, comprising the Acts and Gospels, was published "at London the last of January, 1548." Udall digested and placed the texts throughout all the Gospels (except the Gospel of St. Mark) to show how the paraphrase answered to the text, and how it was joined with it: and he wrote an introduction to the Gospels in three epistles: one to the King (Edward); another to the reader; and the third to "the most vertuous Ladie Queene Katerine." In another epistle to Katherine, prefacing her daughter's translation of St. John, he paid a just tribute to the learning of the Princess Mary, and bore the following testimony to the general knowledge and acquirements of the women of that age: of which, when compared with the women of his own time, Strype says, "we may judge and wonder."²

But now in this gracious and blissful time of knowledge, in which it hath pleased God Almighty to reveal and shew abroad the light of his most holy Gospel, what a number is there of noble women, especially here in this realm of England; yea, and how many in the years of tender virginity, not only as well seen, and as familiarly traded in the Latin and Greek tongues, as in their own mother language; but also both in all kinds of profane literature and liberal arts, exacted, studied, and exercised; and in the holy Scripture and theology so ripe, that they are able aptly, cunningly, and with much grace, either to indite or translate into the vulgar tongue, for the public instruction and edifying of the unlearned multitude? Neither is it now a strange thing to hear gentlewomen, instead of most vain communication about the moon shining in the water, to use grave and substantial talk in Latin and Greek, with their husbands, of godly matters. It is now no news in England, for young damsels in noble houses, and in the Courts of Princes instead of cards and

¹ Strype's *Eccl. Mem.*, vol. ii., part 1, p. 46. See also Sir Frederick Madden's Introduction to the Privy Purse Expences of the Princess Mary, cxxxiv.

² Strype's *Parker*, vol. 1., p. 358.

other instruments of idle trifling, to have continually in their hands either Psalms, Homilies, and other devout meditations, or else Paul's Epistles, or some book of holy Scripture matters; and as familiarly to read or reason thereof in Greek, Latin, French, or Italian, as in English. It is now a common thing to see young Virgins so nused and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other vain pastimes at nought for learning's sake. It is now no news at all to see Queens and ladies of most high state and progeny, instead of courtly dalliance, to embrace virtuous exercises of reading and writing, and with most earnest study, both early and late, to apply themselves to the acquiring of knowledge, as well in all other liberal arts and disciplines, as also most or especially of God and his most holy word.

The rest of the New Testament was not then ready for the press, Udall had no share in it, and the "second tome," containing the epistles, with a preface by Miles Coverdale and John Olde, was first printed 16th August, 1549. There was another folio edition of both volumes published in 1551, during the same reign. Both editions were printed by Edward Whitchurche.

The interest taken by Udall in the religious questions which at that time agitated England was also displayed in the year 1549, in an elaborate reply to "Certen artycles of us the cōmoners of Devonsheir and Cornwall in divers campes by Est and West of Exeter,"¹ in which they demanded the restoration of the mass, of the Abbey lands, and of the law of the six articles, together with the recall of Cardinal Pole from exile. A MS. copy of the reply is preserved in the British Museum,² and contains eighty closely written folio pages: it is entitled, "An answer to the articles of the comōners of Devonsheir and Cornowall, declaring to the same howe they haue been seduced by evell persons and howe their

¹ "A copyc of a letter contaynyng certayne news and the articles or requests of the Devonshier and Cornyshe rebels" was printed by Edward Whitchurche. The insurrection broke out 10th June, 1549, and was suppressed by Russell in August.

² Royal MSS., 18 B. 11.

consciencs may be satysfyed and stayed, concerning the sayd artycles, sette forth by a countryman of theirs,¹ much tendering the welth, bothe of their bodyes and solles." In this letter Udall reasons with great force and closeness against the objections to the royal ordinance and authority in matters of religion, and condemns most strongly any relapse into Popery. He also, in 1551, translated Peter Martyr's "*Tractatus de Eucharistia et Disputatio de Eucharistia*," wherein he declared his "whole and determinate iudgment of the Lord's supper," which was published by Udall at London, in 4to., under authority of a royal patent.² He was at the same time an active preacher.

Such services did not long remain unrewarded by Edward, and accordingly, in the month of November, 1551,³ we find a presentation to admit Udall "to a Prebend of Windsor, void by the death of Anthony Barker:" he did not for some months take up his residence, but occupied himself in preaching, by which he lost his right to the perquisites as canon: the royal favour came to his aid, and in September, 1552,⁴ a letter was written by the King to the Dean and Chapter to let Udall

¹ Hence it has been inferred, though erroneously, that Hampshire, as the county of his birth, has been wrongly stated.

² "Edward the Sixte, &c. To all maner of Printers Booksellers &c. we lett you witt that in consideration that our well beloved Nicholas Udall mundeth and entendeth to preintt and sette forth the manie good and profitable bookes we give and graunt puvilege and lycense to our said well beloved Nicholas Udall and to his factors and assignes to preynt repreynt utter, and sell that the worke of Peter Marter w^{ch} is entituled *tractatus de Eucharistia*, and also that the worke of y^e same Peter Marter w^{ch} is intituled *Disputatio de Eucharistia*, translatyd into Englyshe by the said Nicholas Udall, and to preynt the Bible in Englyshe as well in the large volume for the use of the churches wthin this our Realme and other Dominions as also in any other convenient volume." Pat. 4, Edward VI., p. 5., m. 5.—Lansdowne MSS., 980, fol. 226 b.

³ Strype's *Eccl. Mem.*, vol. ii., pt. ii., p. 267.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 273.

“have his dividend and other commodities growing to him by his prebend there during the time of his absence thence; in consideration that he hath been occupied in preaching:” and on the 26th March, 1553,¹ he received a more substantial mark of his sovereign’s regard by a presentation to John Bishop of Winchester to admit him “to the Parsonage [a rectory] of Calborne in the Isle of Wight, void by the promoting of John Goodacre to the Archbishopric of Cashel in Ireland.”

His ecclesiastical preferment and his preaching did not immediately withdraw him from his literary pursuits, and he not only published “*Epistolæ et Carmina ad Gul. Hermanum et ad Joh. Leland*,” but in the year 1552 he edited a folio and beautifully embellished edition of T. Geminie’s *Anatomy*, with the following preface, dated from Windsor, the 20th July.

*To the jentill readers and Surgeons of Englande, Nicolas Udall in the
Lorde gretyng with encrease of good knowelage.*

That whiche Galene in the syxth booke entituled de Sanitate tuenda saith that he would have men for the diete and preservacion of their bodies not to live like bruit beastes, nothing regardynge what is good or ill for them, but rather diligently to observe and marke what agreeth with them, and what not, and what serveth for their helth, and what is hurtefull, the same thyng woulde I wishe that all men should dooe in all other pointes also, concernyng the state and habite of their bodye to bee knowen, whiche if it so wer, some parsones perchaunce in a luxacion or unknytyng of their owne lymes or of their childrens armes and legges should lesse marvayl at the case, and be better hable wyth lesse coste to help the same. And not onely for luxacions and wrenches doe I this saie, but also for the reducyng of the bodye within foorth agreued, to a better temperature, which might the more easly be dooen, if every person, or at leste wise suche as wer moste apte, did knowe all the membres and partes of y^e bodye, together with the placyng, the natures, the propertes, the use, and the operacions of the same. For by knowynge the office of every parte and membre, in case there should happen any impedimente, thei shoulde easly bee hable to knowe and to judge where the

¹ Rymer, xv., 330: it was not, as Strype states, in November, 1552.

impediment laie, how it grewe, and how the same wer to bee removed. And for so muche as vnto this purpose nothyng is so effectual, as the Anatomie of mannes bodye, that is to saye, the cuttyng of euery parte and percel severally. I cannot but commend the studious industrie and labour of suche, as either by description of the partes of mannes bodye and womans bodye with their penne, or els by the lively setting foorth of the same to the yie by apte figures and porturatures, have travailled to shewe unto all men, where every membre and lymme and other parte of oure bodyes lyeth, where it taketh his beegynnyng, where it endeth, what the nature of it is, and what operacion, what vertue, what effecte, or propretie is annexed unto it. Neither can I well determine whether of bothe dooeth more effectually helpe towarde the knowelage of the premisses, he that by his high learnyng and profound science of naturall thynges doeth sette it foorth in wrytyng, or els he that by playn figures and pictures dooeth proporcion out everye thing to the yie of the unlearned. For some have we knowen, which beeyng unlettred have been hable to sette in again any membre that by anye violent injurie hath bene broken or sette out of jointe and veray fewe there bee, whiche by the description of the learned have been hable to espye how to dooe the same in mennes jointes or lymmes, except suche as after longe practise and experience, have by Incision and cuttyng of deade mennes bodyes (whiche we calle Anatomie) gotten a perfect knowelage of the premisses. And not vnto many, nor but in fewe places, hath this knowelage or experience happened (wheras harmes are common in all places and to a greate nombre) but vnto a veraye fewe, chiefly Surgeons, which have for their better knowelage been fain to begge dead mennes bodyes and them to cutte, and some partes to view and the rest to let alone till an other tyme, because of the putrefaccion soone commynge in matter so subject to corrupcion, as mannes fleshe is. If therefore any persone through the helpe, partely of bookes written by cunnyng men of experience, and partely by practise of incision, which they have been present at, and partely by imitation of other expert artificers in this misterie, hath employed his industrious studie and peinesfull labour, not without great costes and charges, to teache every man that is disposed to serche and marke it, how he may knowe every Bone, Jointe, Vene, Arterie, Sineau, Tendon, or Ligament of the bodye, where it lyeth and how it standeth in the bodye. is woorthy of immortall thankses, not onely of Surgeons for whose ease and profitable instruccion this present weorke is sette foorth, but also of all others that maye in tyme of nede receive any benefite or commodetee thereby. Accepte therefore in good parte, jentill reader,

this tractise of Anatomic and thankfully take the use therof, jently interpreting the labours of Thomas Gemini the workman. And in case any shal by his cunnyng or experience see where it maye be amended or better perfected he that with his greate charge, watche, and travaill hath so lively sette out this in fygure and porturature, will (I doubte not) shewe hym selfe most willing, bothe to amende the same his owne weorkmanship, and also to honour and folowe the partie, by whom he shall bee admonished how this maye bee made more perfeite. Thus willing and wyshing every one man thakefully to take and entreprete another mannes good studies and labours, I bidde the o rentill reader moste hertely well to fare, at windesore the xx of July 1552.

His repute as a dramatic writer was still fresh; for in 1553 and 1554 there were two warrants from Queen Mary,¹ the first directing a dramatic entertainment to be performed at the feast of her coronation: and the second respecting the preparation of Dialogues and Interludes to be performed in the royal presence, the same to be prepared by Nicholas Udall, and directing such dresses and apparel to be delivered to him from the office of the revels from time to time as he might require; so that he evidently superintended the representation of his own work:² and so great was his reputation for entertainments performed before the sovereigns of this country, that one of his works was selected for performance before Elizabeth on her visit to Cambridge; we find it thus recorded.³ "1564. This day (Aug. 8) was nothing done publique, save that at 9 of the clocke at night an English play called Ezekias, made by Mr. Udall, and handled by King's College men only."⁴

Towards the close of his life, Udall once more returned to

¹ Arch: xxi, p. 551, communicated by Mr. Wm. Bray.

² After a very careful search in the books and among the papers in the Audit Office, Mr. P. Cunningham has failed in finding any notice of Udall.

³ Nichols's *Progresses of Elizabeth*, vol. iii, p. 177.

⁴ No doubt the King's College men, from their Eton recollections, selected one of the plays, with which they had been long familiar. Ezekias could not have been written by Udall for this occasion: it must have been one of the *Plures Comediarum*.

his former occupation of schoolmaster, and was appointed to the Head Mastership of the school, which had been settled at Westminster by Henry VIII. in 1540.¹ The exact year of Udall's appointment is not known. Alexander Nowell was master from 1543 to 1553, and Udall's name appears after him in 1555.² Udall continued master till the re-establishment of the Monastery by Mary in November, 1556.

In the following month he died, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on 23rd December, 1556.³ In the records of the canons of St. George's, Windsor, between 1549 and 1559, the exact years in which any of the canons were installed do not plainly appear,⁴ but after 1559 the records are perfect: no canon is mentioned as installed in the place of Udall: and although no records are preserved at Calborne of an earlier date than 1562, the name of the then rector was Mr. Snow.⁵

There is no will of Nicholas Udall to be found in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury,⁶ or at Winchester: and the earliest will preserved in the registry of the peculiar of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster is in 1587.

¹ Elizabeth's charter of 1560 regulated the manner of electing scholars on the foundation.

² Widmore's *Westminster Abbey*, app., xvii., p. 227.

³ The death has hitherto rested on the authority of a MS. note by Bale, where the year 1557 is given: among the registers of burials in the parish of St. Margaret's in December, anno 1556, the entry stands—

“23 die Nicolas Yevedall.”

In the registers of the same parish are the following entries relating to the Udalls, and perhaps to some members of the poet's family—

“(Buried) The ii day of December, 1556. Katherin Woodall.

(Buried) The viij day July 1559. Elizabeth Udall.

(Christened) November 1 day 1577. Agnes Udall.

(Buried) 18 Feby 1602[3] John Udall.”

⁴ Le Neve's *Fasti eccl.*, p. 382.

⁵ The Bishop of Winchester's register of Inductions does not extend to so early a date

⁶ The will of a Nicholas Udall proved there in 1595 is the will of a Lincolnshire yeoman.

THOMAS NORTON.

THOMAS NORTON, of Sharpenhoe, a manor and hamlet in the parish of Streatley,¹ Bedfordshire, was a native of that county, and born in 1532.² Wood not inaptly calls him “a forward and busy Calvinist, and noted zealot;” but Strype incorrectly describes him as “a minister of good parts and learning,”³ conferring upon him the unattained degree of D.D.⁴: a mistake into which the style and subjects of Norton’s writings might well have led men more accurate than Strype. His father was of a respectable family in the county,⁵ and belonged to the class of small landed proprietors from which have sprung so many eminent and learned men, but which has well nigh passed away. Thomas Norton was the eldest son by his first marriage; the mother dying, the father, when advanced in life, married a second wife—a lady who had been brought

¹ Æt. 51, “et amplius,” in March, 1582-3. See Inquisition p. m., taken at Luton 27th December, 26th Elizabeth, on his father’s death. In the parliaments holden 4 and 5 P. and M. and 1st Elizabeth, Thomas Norton sat as member for Gatton; and in 13th and 14th Elizabeth Thomas Norton, a freeman of the Grocers’ Company, sat for the city of London, and was an active member. There is reason to suppose that he was our author’s father.

² Six miles from Luton. In the Lansd. MSS., 27, 61 (1578), is a pedigree of the Yorkshire “Nortons, the rebels,” of whom Christopher and Thomas were executed for high treason at Tyburn 27th May, 1570. They were connected by marriage with the Plumpton, Mortons, Thurlands, Tanckerdes of Boroughbridge, and other Roman Catholics of the North. They are of different blood, and are the family of Nortons referred to in Strype’s *Annals*, vol. ii., part i., p. 577-8: and in Wordsworth’s “*White Doe of Rylstone*.” They were ancestors of Sir Fletcher Norton.

³ Strype’s *Parker*, vol. ii., p. 142. ⁴ *Annals*, vol. ii., part ii., p. 363

⁵ The arms of Norton of Streatley were—Gu. a fret ar. over all a bend vary, or. and of the first. Lansd. MSS. 854, p. 18.

up in the family of Sir Thomas More—and by her he had several sons.¹ He was still living, though extremely ill when he lost his second wife in the year 1581: and died at Sharp-enhoe, 10th March, 1582-3,² having witnessed nearly all his sons' career. He held for life, with remainder to his son Thomas, the advowson and right of presentation to Streatley, together with the rectorial tithes of Streatley and Sharp-enhoe,³ as well as the manor and mansion of Sharp-enhoe, and other land there.

There is no trace of the school in which Norton was taught the rudiments of the Latin tongue, of which, at an early period of his life (although he had not then proceeded to either University), he was a complete master; but he very soon obtained the substantial patronage of the Protector Somerset: and was in such favour, that he is thought by Herbert⁴ “to have been the *stato amanuensis*.” When only eighteen years of age his first work appeared: it was printed in October, 1550,⁵ and was a very well executed translation of Peter Martyr's letter to Somerset,⁶ rendered into English at the desire of Norton's patron. Somerset did not long live to patronize and assist; and Norton, turning his attention to the law as a profession, entered himself, in 1555, as a student of the Inner Temple.⁷ His success in his profession shows that he must have studied the law diligently; and yet, during the very period of his keeping his terms, he found time for those literary labours, which have commended him to us.

Calvin dated from Geneva, on 1st August, 1559, the last corrected edition of his work, “The Institutions of the

¹ See Fletewoode's Letter, *post.*, p. liii.

² Inquisition p. m., 26th Elizabeth, No. 12.

³ These tithes were granted to him by Henry VIII., by patent, in 1525.

⁴ Typogr. Antiq., 674.

⁵ Warton, H. E. P., vol. iii., p. 149.

⁶ It is curious that the last work of the writer of our earliest comedy, and the first work of Norton, should be translations of the works of the same author, published nearly at the same time.

⁷ “1555, Thomas Norton, of London.” Records of Inner Temple.

Christian Religion ;” and immediately afterwards, Norton, at the special request of his “ dear friends,” Reginald Woolfe and Edward Whitechurche,¹ translated it “ out of Latin into English for the commodity of the Church of Christ,” that “ so great a jewel might be made most beneficial ; that is to say, applied to most common use.”² The work was published in 1561, and in Norton’s lifetime went through five editions. Of the mode in which he executed his task, and of its success, he has given us³ a full account.

“ I performed my work in the house of my friend Edward Whitechurche.” He says he determined “ to follow the words so neere as the phrase of the English tongue would suffer me.” * * “ All that I wrote, the grave, learned, and vertuous man, Mr. David Whitehead (whom I name with honorable remembrance), did among other compare with the Latine, examining every sentence thorowout the whole booke.” * * “ Since which time I have not beene advertised by any man of any thing which they would require to be altered. Neither had I myselve, by reason of my profession, being otherwise occupied, leisure to peruse it ; and that is the cause why not only at the second and third time, but also at this impression, you have no change at all in the worke, but altogether as it was before.” And he concludes by saying, “ I confesse indeed it is not finely and pleasantly written, nor carrieth with it such delightfull grace of speech as some great, wise men have bestowed upon some foolisher things, yet it containeth sound truth, set forth with faithfull plainness, without wrong done to the author’s meaning.”

This book was by no means a light labour, yet it was not Norton’s only literary effort at this time. At the Christmas of the same year, he had written, in conjunction with Thomas Sackville, the Tragedy of “ Gorboduc.” Norton had previously courted the Muses in some recommendatory verses prefixed to “ Turner’s Preservative,” a tract against the Pelagians, dedicated to Hugh Latimer, and printed in 1551.⁴

In 1562 appeared the first entire version of the Psalter in English metre, to which Norton contributed, and studiously supplied the deficient numbers. “ The initials⁵ T. N. are to

¹ See his Preface to the fourth edition.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Warton, II. E. P., vol. iii., p. 289, note.

⁵ Cens. Lat., vol. x., p. 8.

a second translation of 51; but the usual distinguishment was only the N., as prefixed to 75, 101, 102, 105, 106, 108, 109, 110, 115, 116, 117, 118, 129,¹ 131,² 135, 136,³ 138 to 145 inclusive, 147, 149 and 150. in all twenty-eight.”⁴ Of the want of poetical merit in Sternhold and Hopkins’ Psalter, the baldness of expression, the bad construction of the metre, and the shifts and transposition of words to lengthen out a stanza and form a rhyme, only one opinion now prevails; and it is certain, says Warton,⁵ “that in Norton’s Psalms we see none of those sublime strokes which Sir Philip Sydney discovered in that venerable drama,” Gorboduc.⁶ But we have two better specimens of Norton’s versification, preserved among the Cotton MSS.,⁷ the second has been already printed by Ellis in his specimens,⁸ but with some errors. The first has not been met with in print.

¹ This was a substitute for Whittingham’s.

² Letter M (Mardley), in edition of 1581; the other authorities N. This accounts for the common error of ascribing twenty seven only to Norton.

³ A second version by T. C. (Thomas Churchyard?) added at some period after 1583.

⁴ The Psalms, with Norton’s initial afterwards varied, versions by other hands appearing instead of Norton’s. For instance, in Field’s Bible, 1657, No. 132, has the initial M., and differs in some few words from Norton’s version, in that Bible and in the recent edition of the Common Prayer, 1800, numbers 75 and 108 are Hopkins; and in the same edition of the Common Prayer, 101, 102, 105, 106, 109, 110, 111, 115, 116, 117, 118, 129, 131, 132, 135, 136, 138 to 145 inclusive, 147, 149 and 150, are the twenty-seven ascribed to Norton; but 109 is a different version from Norton’s, and he did not write 111 or 132.

⁵ Hist. E. P., vol. iii., p. 149.

⁶ Gabriell Harvey, in his *Pierce’s Supererogation*, (1593) says, “How few may wage comparison with Reynolds, Stubbes, Mulcaster, Norton, Lambert, and the Lord Henry Howard? whose several writings the silver file of the workman recommendeth to the plausible entertainment of the daintiest censure.”

⁷ Titus A., xxiv., fol. 79 b and 80 b.

⁸ Vol. ii., p. 136.

Stay, gentle friend, that passest by,
 And learn the lore, that ledythe all ·
 From whence they come, with haste to gye,
 To live, to die, to stand, to fall.
 And learn that strength and lusty age,
 That wealth, with want of worldly woc,
 Can not resist the mighty rage
 Of death, our best unwelcome foe.
 For hopefull youth had hyghte me health,
 My lust to last, till time to dye ·
 And fortune found my virtue wealth,
 But yet for all that here I lye.
 Learn also this, to ease thy mind,
 When death in corps hath wrought his spite,
 A time of triumph shalt thou find
 With me to scorn him in delight ·
 For one day shall we meet again
 Maugore death's dart, in life to dwell;
 Then shall I thank thee of thy pain—
 Thus mark my words, and fare thou well.

A man may live thrice Nestor's life,
 Thrice wander out Ulysses' race,
 Yet never find Ulysses' wife;
 Such change hath chaunced in this case,
 Less time will serve than Paris had,
 Small pain (if none be small moughe)
 To find great¹ store of Helen's trade,
 Such sap the root doth yield the bowghe!
 For one good wife Ulysses slew
 A worthy knot of gentle blood;
 For an² ill wife Greecc overthrew
 The town of Troy. Both³ bad and good
 Work mischief; Lord let be thy will
 To keep me free from either ill¹

Norton for a time turned his thoughts from the law, and entered himself, in 1565, at Pembroke Hall, Oxford, where he

¹ "Good." Ellis.

² "One." Ellis.

³ "Sixth." Ellis.

was resident when the first edition of his play was published, and where he took his degree of M.A. in 1569. It is not improbable that, as his friend and recent patron, Sackville, had by a lavish expenditure become involved, and was travelling in Italy, and as Norton's religious opinions were very strong, not to say puritanical, he intended to devote himself to a religious life. Whilst at college, and in the year 1567, his excess of zeal displayed itself in three pamphlets, published by his printer, John Daye, but without the author's name.

"A bull graunted by the pope to Doctor Harding and other, by reconcilement and assoyling of English papistes, to undermyne faith and allegiance to the Quene; with a true declaration of the intention and frutes thereof, &c."

"A disclosing of the great bull, and certain calves that he hath gotten, and specially the monster bull that roared at my lord byshops gate." Reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. vii., p. 535, where the name of the writer is misprinted Morton; and

"An addition declaratorie to the bulles, with a searching of the maze."

The close of the year in which he left the University was marked by the great northern insurrection, which broke out in Yorkshire in the beginning of November, and was quelled by Sussex at the end of December, 1569. The opportunity was too tempting, and Norton¹ addressed an eloquent letter, published by Henry Bynnenham "To the Queene's Maiestes poore deceyved subiectes of the north countrey, drawn into rebellion by the Earles of Northumberland and Westmerland."² They had "purified Durham Cathedral" by burning the versions of the Bible and the books of public devotion, and for this they are soundly rated: "Christians I cannot term you, that have defaced the communion of Christians, and, in destroying the

¹ Strype, *Annals*, vol. i., part ii., p. 603, erroneously states this letter to have been written by Sir Thomas Smith.

² Extracts are given in *Cens. Lit.*, x, p. 98, and also in the *Restituta*, v n 33

booke of Christes most holie testament, renounced your partes by his testament bequethed vnto you." This tirade did not suffice; and in 1570 Norton published, at John Daye's,¹ his "Warning against the dangerous practices of the Papists, and specially the Partners of the late rebellion;" and in it he gave a curious but evidently exaggerated account of the diligence of the disaffected in spreading rumours and news.

Another knot of such good companie be common rumor-spreaders, of whom the publike fame is, that there be or have bene certaine notable and noted walkers in Paule's and such places of resort, so common that the very usuall places of their being there are ordinarily known by the name of *Papist's corner*, and *Lier's bench*, saving that I heare say now of late many of them flocke more into the middle isle, which is supposed to be done partly to shunne publike noting, partly for better hearkening, and partly for more commodious publishing. The suspicion, grudge, and talke goeth among the Quene's good subjectes, how such fellows be the coyneres of newes; in the beginning of the rebellion how lustie they were, how their countenances, their fleeing, their flinging paces, their whisperings, shewed their hartes; how they had newes of every cncrese, of every going forward, and every advantageable doing of the rebelles, how they have newes out of Fraunce and Flaunders with the soonest, God knoweth what they send thither, and with what reciprocation they requite such newes againe; how they had newes of the late horrible murder ere it was done, as if they had ben accessaries before the fact; how they write letters at home directed to themselves; how with these pretty letters, while they be fresh bleeding, that is, so scarcely drie that the ink blotteth, with their great countenances, and their wondrous intelligence and great insightes in secrets of princes, as if they were kinges' cousines, and with their offerings of wagers, and such other braggeries, they deface (as men say) all that can be brought or reported never so truly of any good successe to the Quene or her frendes.

Another politico-religious work of the same period was "A discourse touching the pretended match betwene the duke of Norfoleke and the Quene of Scottes," published anonymously; and a more valuable and more popular work was also published by him in 1570, "A translation of Dean Nowell's Catechism," which went through four editions in seven years.

¹ Wright's *Queen Elizabeth*, vol. i., p. 346, note.

On leaving Oxford, Norton gave up any notion, he might have had, of entering the church, and applied himself to his profession; not abandoning, however, either his love of polemical writing, or his unceasing attacks upon the "Papists," whom he called "the common enemies of all sides of Christians." He had become a retainer at the court.¹ He was already well known to the Lord Treasurer, and his writings had made him acquainted with Whitgift. When that prelate contemplated an answer to "An admonition to the parliament," Norton took it upon himself to address to him a long letter, dated 20th October, 1572,² to dissuade him from the work—doubting whether it were not "best policy to let the matter die quietly," declaring that it was "good to contain controversies within schools, and not to carry them to Paul's Cross and elsewhere abroad;" referring to the hurt which the division of the Lutherans and Zuinglians had done; and recommending the "Good Mr. Doctor, before he went any further with the book, to confer with some grave, wise men, and especially such as have been rather beholders than actors in this tragedy." Whitgift combated his views, and the other side continuing to write, Norton changed his opinion. Nevertheless, he became an object of suspicion to Archbishop Parker, with whom he had to set himself right. Strype³ tells us, that

This man was thought to stand somewhat affected to the Puritans, because he would often blame the favour of the state towards Papists, and the forbearance of the execution of laws, that were made against them. These and such like expressions falling from him, having long before this given some jealousies to the Archbishop, Norton now, to set himself right with his Grace, assured him that he would be no disturber of the peace of the Church, nor did dislike the constitution of it; but that he disliked the defect in the ministration of justice, and that good laws made for the good state of religion were not put in force as they should be: which gave licence to the open adversaries of it. To

¹ Strype's *Parker*, vol. ii., p. 142.

² The letter is printed at length by Strype. *Whitgift*, vol. i., p. 58.

³ *Parker*, vol. ii., p. 142, where the letter is inserted at length.

which the Archbishop himself agreed. So that the Archbishop seemed to dismiss him with good satisfaction. But now Whitgift's book being yet hardly out of the press, a report came to the Archbishop's ears, that Norton was framing, or did intend to frame, an answer thereunto. Norton was known to Whitgift, and had indeed advised him, while he was meditating upon writing a book on behalf of the Church against these men, to consult with some wise men, whether it were not better to forbear writing, and to let the thing sleep of itself, than to blow up the controversy by more writing *pro* and *con*. But when he saw the scribbling humour of the other side, that they would not be quiet, then he told Whitgift plainly, that thus keeping up the quarrel was on their part, and their fault, not his. And in fine he let the Archbishop know that he was so far from writing against Whitgift, that he could not but approve him and his cause: expressing a great trouble that the Archbishop should have any such belief of him.

On 16th January, 1572-3, Norton in his letter stated that he was moved with some grief that Parker could believe upon his respect such matter as Mr. Daly told him, that he should be writing against Mr. Whitgift; his Grace knew, and Mr. Whitgift himself knew, that he was not of that mind; and after referring to his former conduct with respect to Whitgift's answer, he proceeded:

You see how far this is from that you have heard. It is one thing to mislike the state and doctrine of our Church, as they do, and another thing to dislike the corrupt ministration of justice, and evil executing of the laws as they be. Which is the fault of men, and may without slander of our Church, but rather with honour thereof, be reformed. And yet these very reformatiōns, which your grace desired as much as any man, are not to be sought in such manner as they do; but in such sort as may be hopeful to prevail. But what need all this? Your Grace knoweth long ago my whole mind therein. God keep the Church from being troubled with greater things.

Professional business grew upon him apace, and left him no leisure for any further publications, or for revising the editions of those works, which he had already published. He was very soon in good practice as counsel; and on 8th of August, 1575, the recorder Fletewoode, writing to Lord Burghley,¹ says,

¹ Lansd. MSS., 20, 8.

Yesterdaye, being Fridaye, in the afternoone, Mr. Hemmage, Mr. Wotton, Mr. Norton and I, were with the Master of the Colles, occupied in passing Mrs. Hester Pickering's joynter, in which we have agreed of, if your Lordship and others of our William Pickering's fryendes shall well like of it." He also became a married man, and had the cares of a family upon him. He did not amass wealth; but he was confided in by the Lord Treasurer Burghley and by Sir Christopher Hatton. With such interest, in those days used without scruple, it is not surprising that he should become Counsel as well to the City of London¹ as to the Stationers' Company;² and also a licenser of books,³ by the appointment of the Bishop of London.

Norton's connection with the citizens was made available to

¹ At this period, the office of City Solicitor as distinct from city counsel did not exist. The earliest record in the Solicitor's office is in 1607.

² From the Warden's accounts of the Company, Mr. C. Rivington has kindly supplied us with the following extracts.

The first entry concerning Norton is in the Warden's accounts, July, 1561, to July, 1562.

"Item, payd to Maister Norton for his counsell in drawynge o' ordenannces.....	} xl "
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The second, in the Warden's accounts, July, 1562, to July, 1563.

"Payde to Mr. Norton for his hole yere's fee, due at o' Lady Daye last paste	xx "
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There is a like fee entered in the next year, and entries of payments to him of 20s. or 40s. appear constantly, until the account ending July, 1583, inclusive, frequently describing him as "Our Counsellor." In the Warden's accounts of the year ending July, 1584, are the following payments, viz. :—

"Item, paid to Mr. Norton's man for his paines to helpe us to speake w ^t his M ^r	j "
---	-----


"Item, paid to Mr. Norton for his Counsell for Cambridge matters	x "
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The above is the last entry of any payment to Norton; and on 26th day, 1584, Richard Grafton was appointed his successor. William Norton, who was possibly a relative, was an active and useful member of the newly-chartered Company.

³ In addition to the instances given by Warton, his approbation, under the appointment of the Bishop of London, is to two of Ch. Merbury's works.

the Lord Treasurer in matters of finance and in matters of religion. Among the letters of Norton, hitherto unpublished, is the following,¹ which contains a fair specimen of the state of economical science, in the days when commerce was making the most rapid strides in all parts of the world :

It may please your good Lordship. The last yere when it pleased you to call me touching the mater of wines, I informed your Lordship that ij Citesens of London, Antonie Radclif and Henrie Pranell, had an intention in fitt time of yere to offer your Lordship their deuise and tra-uaille for a good meane for restrayning bothe of the excessive expense and unmeasurable price of wines of France, and then you apointed me, when fitt time served, to putt you in mynde of it, which service I am now to do. Those men haue now endeavored to performe it, and to that end haue found the meanes to call together those that occupie that trade, and perswaded them to agree to make no provision for those wines before November at the soonest, wherof shall growe the commodities, and the incommodities be auoyded, that are mentioned in the petition w^{ch} they herewth exhibit unto you.² The onely perill is, if the order shold not be generally observed. The time of yere now present may not be overlapped, wherein they besecche your Lordship to have spedy resolution. If there seme to your Lordship any thing doutfull or difficult or wherein you desire to be satisfied, I shalbe redie at your Lordship's cōmandement to deliver you such answer for satisfaction as they in ther trade and experience understand. And so I most humbly cōmit your Lordship to the tuition of the almightie. At London this 24 of June 1580.

 T^o most honorable
Thomas Norton.

To the right honorable my singular good Lord,
the L. High Tresorer of England.

¹ Lansd. MSS., 65, 41. In the Index the date is wrongly given as 1590.

² They attributed the high price to the greedy buying and hastily bringing in of the wines of France, by which the prices were enhanced, the wines worse made, the spurying on ship-board what should have

His most congenial occupation, however, was busying himself in finding out and reporting to his patrons the proceedings of the Roman Catholics: and though he did not relish his proper description of a "busy body," he was never better pleased than when he was fairly earning that title, and putting in force the laws against the professors of the ancient faith. In the same month of June, 1580, he wrote¹ thus to Burghley:—

My dutie most humbly done, with my wonted petition that my zeale in signifying mater to your Lordship, being so great a personage of her Majesties Counsel, be not imputed to me for a busie qualitie. Your Lordship best knoweth that the place of seriantes is semmariū of Judges, and the place of Judges not only in their autoritie and function, but also in their countenance to all that growe in that profession of learnyng, hath no small swey in the state, and therefore verie requisite that such as be called to seriantie of law be men well disposed in religion, or at least not notoriously opposed to her Majesties profession and lawes in that behalf. There are now (as is sayd abroad) named ij of everie house to be seriantes, and of Lincolnes inne thre. The od man of that house, Mr. Wamslow, in shew a verie yong man and puisne to diverse grave learned auncientes of that house, is of verie many not thought a protestant. It is sayd that upon her Majesties late cōmission directed into Lank shere, where he dwelleth, it hath been found that a great part of that corner is much infected that way, that his wife and familie do refuse other church service and cōmunion, and that it is doubted whether his children were baptised after the maner of our Englishe church or no. And as I heare there be enditeementes against him or some of his in those cases.

It may now please your good Lordship to send for Mr. Randolph Hurlston of the inner Temple, who was lately Cōmissioner from her Majestie for those maters in that shere, and to comaund him to declare to your Lordship what did fall out afore him in that cōmission touchyng M^r Wamslow, and how he and his familie are noted in that contrie,

staid longer on land in France, whereby the leakage was excessive, and men bought "they knew not what," and they proposed as the remedy, that they should not send any ship from England, or buy any wines in France, prior to a particular day in November.

¹ Lansd. MSS., 31, 6. We have printed in full only such letters as have not been before printed, or have not been given entire.

that thereupon your Lordship may informe your self what your godly wisdoms shal think meete in this behalf. For the state of that shere, as it hath ben lately reported and openly preached to bee, may and doth to some good Christians seme to require, that at this time specially persons so notoriously touched as by publike detection or enditement, and that so lately done, and somewhat perilous to be rewarded with such worshipfull preferment and degree toward gouernance, or to be suffred in place of Justice of peace in that shere, yea scarce safely to be permitted to be in that contrie unpurged till stormes blowe over.

Withall humblenesse I submit my self to your Lordship's good thinking, and so commit you to the almightie, whom I hartly beseeche long to preserve you. At London this 6 of June 1580.

To the right Honorable my singular good Lord
the L. Tresorer of England.

And on 30th December, 1580, he wrote to Sir Christopher Hatton,¹ complaining of a book written in French, intituled "*La innocence de la très illustre Rayne, &c.*" at the end of which was a treatise on the cause of the Duke of Norfolk, "written to the defamacion of her Majestic and of his Peers, and of some speciall persones of her Highnes' counsell." He declared that the book, though pretended to be written in French, had been written in English and translated into French; and suggested whether Sir Christopher would not think "it good to inquire the auctor:" adding that Dr. Hammond was well acquainted with his style. He further said, "Your Honor may also send to Mr. Dalton, and aske him whether the same party have not used at Mrs. Arundell's to mayntayne open disputations in defence of papistrie, and chalenged Mr. Dalton and others in that case, uppon wagers."

¹ Wright's *Elizabeth*, vol. II., p. 123. Nicolas' *Life of Hatton*, p. 161.

At length, Norton found employment quite to his taste, in some of those proceedings which disgraced alike the name of Burghley and the reign of Elizabeth. Edmund Campion, the Jesuit, and his fellows, were close prisoners in the Tower, where, in the intervals between the application of the rack, Campion maintained—and for a long time with great success with the public—conferences with Protestants, selected for the purpose, on disputed points of doctrine. Strype¹ tells us, that “the course at first taken wanted either order or moderation, or convenient respect of admitting men to be bearers, and so became both fruitless and hurtful; being subject to great harm by reporters; especially the Popishly affected; who cried out *Victory* every where on Campion’s side.” Norton’s zeal fired at these failures, and accordingly he² prepared, and on 28th September, 1581, submitted to the Lord Treasurer several heads of advice for proceeding with the disputations: in these³ he recommended that there should be a certain number of disputers to continue without changing, and a few hearers or moderators only present, with two or three writers to take down the arguments, and that every thing objected to Campion should be written and repeated before the answer. The advice was adopted, and the last conference took place on the following day, Norton himself acting as taker of the notes. The plan proved perfect; and Norton, in sending his notes, pursuant to the Lord Treasurer’s request, accompanied by the letter, which we give

¹ *Parker*, vol. ii., p. 165.

² Warton (H. E. P., vol. iii, 289, note) says, “In the conferences in the Tower with Campion the Jesuit in 1581, one Norton, but *not* our author, seems to have been employed as a notary” But it was the same man, as is evident not only from the allusion in the following letter to the order sent to the Lord Mayor about buildings, but also from the handwriting in the several letters. We have given fac-similes, to place this point beyond doubt. In the general Index to Strype, Norton the counsel, and Norton as employed in these conferences, &c., appear as different men.

³ They are printed in Strype’s *Parker*, vol. iii., p. 212, App.

in full, boasted of the merits of his plan ; but “ where one party¹ argued with the rack in the background, and the executioner within call, the disputation can hardly have been said to have taken place on equal terms ; and the inferiority of Campion to his opponents may be accounted for without detracting from his capacity.” He seems to have been a man of mild character and accomplished talents · and his “ Ten reasons in Defence of the Church of Rome” are admitted by his adversaries to have been ingenious and polite.

My dutie² most humbly done to your Lordship. Immediatly upon my comyng to London, about iij this afternone I received your Lordships letter to have my notes of the last conference with Campion sent unto you. Whereupon I did furthwith goe to your Lordships house to present it unto you. Bicause you were gone to the court, I have according to my dutie sent it you with as good spede as I can, and the rather this mornyng that it may come time enough, if your Lordship do thereupon gather any cause with the rest of the most honorable to think of any emendement of the order in that course of treatie that hath ben with that Jesurte,³ * * I pray your Lordship to pardon me to say that I think the course hetherto taken either by lack of order or moderacon, or convenient respect of admitting men to be hearers, hath ben bothe frutelesse & hurtfull, and subject to great harme by reportes. The last time I was a meane by advise to have it in some such forme as did better content, and the order to sett down the objections and answers, & to repete them written so as the parties shold acknowlege them to be their owne before any answer or replie made unto them did greatly satisfie the hearers, being so sincerely used that in the whole day Campion could not complaine that I did him wrong in any one word, but allway confessed that his sayengs were rightly conceived & truely set downe, by which meane confusion was avoided, byetalk was cutt of, he

¹ Mackintosh's *Hist. Eng.*, vol. iii., 286.

² MS. Lands., 33, 61.

³ The portion of this letter between asterisks is quoted by Strype in his life of John Aylmer, p. 199 ; and the latter part is paraphrased in his life of Parker, vol. ii, p. 165, and in his *Annals of Reformation*, vol. ii, part ii., p. 363, where the portion from the latter asterisk to the end of the sentence is given at length.

was hardly dryven to the wall, what he ones had granted he could not resume, and our cause is not so subject to false reportes of his favorers.* * My poore opinion herin, which my good frend Mr. Dr. Hamond doth also allow, I am bolde to send to your Lordship. I beseeche you pardon me with your accustomed goodnesse. What service I can do to the church of God, to her Majestie, or your Lordship, I trust you retein favorable opinion of my redinesse so farr as I am hable.

I humbly cōmend to your favorable remembraunce, the letter of warrant from your Lordship, etc. to the Lord Archebishop, to grant licence to my Lord Cheyne for removing the bodie of his father & some other of his ancestors to more honorable sepulture in the church of Munster in Sheppey.

Your Lordship and the rest of my Lords have lately written to my Lord Maire for execucon of that part of her Majesties proclamacon which concerneth setting up of new byldinges. I beseeche your Lordship to geve me leave at your repaire to London, or where it shal please you to cōmaund me, to informe you of some defectes that way, as I suppose, meete to be offred to your consideracon, because they concurre with her Majesties purpose, but not yet mett withall by the words of the letter. And so I humbly leave to trouble your Lordships greater affiares w^{ch} I beseeche Almighty God to prosper with your honorable estate. At London this last of September 1581.¹

*my Lth m. p. humbly
Daily praying for you
J^h. Norbth*

To the right honorable my singular good Lord
the L. high Tresorer of England.

He took other part also against the prisoners: he was one of the commissioners who, in conjunction with Thomas Egerton and others, had subscribed, on 7th May, 1581, the exa-

¹ Strype, in his life of Parker, vol. ii., p. 165, says, "This happened the latter end of September, 1580," but he gives the correct date, 1581, in the Appendix, vol. iii.

mination of Alexander Briant;¹ and on 1st August, 1581, the examination of Campion, in which he refused to answer the interrogatory as to the force of Pius the Fifth's Bull excommunicating the Queen; and at Campion's trial, on 20th November following, Norton and his friend Hamond² were called to verify that examination. These proceedings made Norton equally notorious to and disliked by the Catholics, both abroad and at home. In a work published in 1585, probably under the sanction of the Duke of Guise, entitled "*Descriptiones quædam illius inhumanæ et multiplicis persecutionis quam in Angliâ propter fidem sustinent Catholicæ Christiani*,"³ the plates in which are attributed to Thomas De Lew, the third plate, headed "*Tormenta in carceribus inflicta*," contains a representation or portrait of Norton, who is thus unenviably referred to: "*Nortonus archicarnifex cum suis satellitibus auctoritatem suam in Catholicis laniandis immaniter exercet*."

His attacks upon the Catholics did not cease with Campion's execution, for he proposed an oath to be administered to "recusants," embodying an oath of allegiance and a denial of the authority of the Pope's bull, by which he had "choked off Campion and others," whereby the "Jury and hearers were satisfied."⁴ He recommended it to be sent to every port, to be administered to all persons landing, as "it would keep out Jesuits and traiterous practicers." His zeal, however, far outstripped his discretion, and within a few weeks of Campion's sentence his interrogator was himself in disgrace and imprisoned. The Puritans were extremely violent against the queen's

¹ Howell's *State Trials*, vol. i., p. 1078.

² *Ibid.*, p. 1062.

³ See Cens. Lit., vol. vii., p. 75.

⁴ Lands. MSS., 155, No. 32, p. 84. The paper is headed "Mr. Norton's devises;" and it is followed by a long series of suggestions for proceedings in the Universities, Schools, Inns of Court, &c., to keep down the Catholics; which, though not directly ascribed to Norton, are assuredly his.

marriage with the Duke D'Anjou, and printed the most flagitious libels upon him and the professors of his faith. Stubbs, of Lincoln's Inn, had been severely punished for one of these mischievous pamphlets, and Norton's offence appears to have been one of his own publications on that subject. On 28th February, 1581-2, he dates from his "close prison home in London" a Letter¹ to Sir Christopher Hatton, beseeching him to give his good testimony to the Lord Treasurer of his "obsequiousness in her Majesty's service;" but his vehement hatred of his fellow Christians, and his controversial spirit, could not be restrained even by a prison. He prays Hatton

"To be assured that I am still, as you have ever knowne me, a true foole at the worst. For the matter of your Letter, I am so throwne downe in harte, and in loathing of myne arrogancie, in offending her whom I least should, and never willinghe would, I take God to witnes, that since my last check, I never durst enter into any matter of state uncommanded, and I do so flee the perill of offence that way, that I have not conceived the hardines once to go aboute any such work. I feare lest the Queen's ould enemies and myne, the papistes, have spred this rumour of me, to increase my trouble, as of one that even in re-straynte cannot have grace or patience to be silent. Neverthelesse, if I were commanded by my lorde Treasurer, my singular good Lorde, to deale in it, whom it toucheth especially, and who, by employment in her Majestie's service that way, hath some understanding of this case, the papistes should knowe that howsoever I lye on the grounde and crye on my knees to my soverayne lorde and lady, God and the Quene, that yet Norton, with a true man's harte and face, can and dare speake on tiptoe." "And for the printing I must not forgett that I have your Honor's letters."²

He was soon released through the intercession of Sir Christopher and the Lord Treasurer; and writing to Sir Christopher on 10th April following, since her Majesty had extended to him her merciful grace in his enlargement, he thanked Sir

¹ Wright's *Elizabeth*, vol. ii., p. 167. Nicolas' *Life of Hatton*, p. 234.

² Nicolas' *Life of Hatton*, p. 234.

Christopher and Lord Bughley, "to whom I am most highly bounden for my delyverie by his mediation;" and speaks of his "so greate hope to so poore a man, so burthened with charge as I am, and the lamentable estate of my poor wife, whereof I am not yet in full hope of recoverie, and her losse were my utter worldly destruction."

The year 1581 was otherwise unfortunate to Norton, for he then lost, by drowning, his mother-in-law. The recorder Flete-woode,¹ in making Secretary Walsingham aware of the case and asking for the protection of the Court of Wards, gives an account of the calamity:

"The truth is, that within these twoo dayes Mr. Norton's mother hath drowned her self. His father being very aged and extreme sick is not lyke to lyve. His habitation is nere to Bedford. * * This woman was but mother-in-lawe to Tho. Norton. She in her youth was brought up in Sir Tho. More's howse, in which place she dyd lerne the idolatries, toyes, and usages in the night seasons, as thereby she was ledd by evill spirittes some tyme to hange her self, and some tyme to drowne her self. Some parte of her lewd demeanor was in the exercise of Nicromancia that is to saye, in conferences and speeches had (as she thought) with dead bodies, being of her old acqayntances." The recorder wrote the account of this accident, because she had "left behind her divers children, who are but half brothers to Tho. Norton, the which are shrewddie given. And if the old man shuld die, it is to be feared all his goods will come to a spoile. And therefore if Mr. Peter Osborne² had any commandement, I thinke he could devise some good order for the saving of things that may be lost. I beseeche your honor to make my lord Treasurer," who was master of the wards, "acquaynted with this unfortunat case, for surely I am lothe to trouble his honor with such unpleasant matters."

In his capacity of Counsel to the Stationers' Company, Norton was very energetic in the enforcement of penalties against the

¹ Lansd. MSS., 32, 9. Incorrectly quoted in Strype's Annals, v. iii., pt. i., p. 92.

² Strype calls him "a worthy citizen and remembrancer of the Exchequer." Ibid.

contumacious printers. He had been "appointed¹ by the Privy Council one of a commission to inquire into certain disputes respecting the trade of printing;" and in the following letter² he particularly complains of Wolfe, (whom at Mr. George Goring's intercession he had released from prison,) "who had procured his freedom from the Fishmongers' Company." The first sentence is a very early, if not the earliest mention of a regular series of the Bills of Mortality³: the constant recurrence of the plague gave an additional and temporary interest to Norton's compilation.

It may please your good Lordship to accept of your most bounden, this simple boke of note of the death etc. wekely in London the out parishes adjoyning, from the yere 1577 hetherto.

May it further please you to know, that of late certaine inferior persons of the stationers setting up presses moe than I think England may beare, having not wherewith to finde their presses worke, did contrarie to the Q. lettres patents and a decree in the starre chamber, enterprise to print other mens copies forbidden to them and privileged to other by her Majesties lettres patents, wherof some were obteyned by your Lordships good meanes, specially for your old honest servant Mr. Seres & his sonne. This autorite of privileging your Lordship knoweth to be due to her Majestie, to have ben used by her progenitors and to be used by all Christian princes.

These inferiors have printed those privileged copies, and have made petition to the Counsel that they may be allowed so to do. And having their petition they putt it in execution, by order from my Lords signified by Mr. Secretarie. Mr. Dr. Hamond, and I travailed to accord the cause. The Queenes patentees yelded as much as in courtesie or reason we could desire. One Wolf a fishmonger using printing taking upon him as a capitaine, was content with no agreement but generally affirmed that he may & will print any lawfull boke notwithstanding any commandment of the Quene, and to that end he hath incensed the popularitie of London as in a cōmon cause, somewhat dangerously against the Queenes proclamation; he is gone to the court, under pretense that he is servant to

¹ Collier's *Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. ii., p. 482.

² Lands. MSS., 48, 81.

³ They were first compiled in 1562.

Mr. George Goring, whome he stirreth to mainteine him in this case. Mr. Goring¹ hath writtten to me for him, as appereth by his letter which I send your Lordship, and therin semeth to signifie that he will seke to your Lordship for relefe of Wolf his man. That your Lordship may be informed of the case when he shall sue to you, I have sent you bothe his

¹ From Norton's answer to Mr. Goring, also dated 23 October, the following list of printers thus privileged is interesting and worthy of extract :—

“The privileges now extant are these.

“Barker the Quenes printer by office and patent hath, Bibles, Statutes, proclamacons and other English bokes published for the Quene.

“Mr. Plowre the Quene's latine printer hath the grammar and accidence as his predecessor...[h]ad, yet he hath dispersed it among 5 householders of the companie.

“Tottel, at sute of the Judges hath the comon law bokes, whereof Mr. Nicasius hath reversion.

“John Daie at sute of my Lord of Leicester hath the psalmes in meeter, and the litle A. B. C. and catechisme, which A. B. C. and catechisme, he hath dispersed to vij or eight householders of the Companie, and if he had it not the Quene's printer shold have it by office.

“William Seres at sute of my L. Treasurer hath primers and psalters, which if he had not, the Quene's printer shold have by office, he hath also all bokes of privat prayers, but for those he hath yelded that if your man or any other brother shal procure any such boke to be made, whereof the patentee is not the first printer, they shall have it notwithstanding his privilege; also he hath dispersed the use of his priviledge to vij or viij householders of the companie, and will abide any reasonable order.

“Bird, and Tallys her majestie servante have musike bokes with note, which the complainante confesse they wold not print nor be furnished to print though there were no previlege. They have also ruled paper for musike.

“Binneman at the sute of my Lord of Leicester and Mr. Vicechamberlaine, hath Dictionaries and Chronicles, wherein yet he yeldeth as much as Seres, and in the meane tyme hath dispersed a great part of his privilege, and is redy to disperse more among householders of the companie.

“Marshe and Vautrollicr have certaine speciall scholebokes, wherein yet when they be spoken with it is thought they wilbe reasonable.

“Otherwise we finde none to have privilege, but generally as your man, and all other printers have, which is to have the sole printing of

letters & a copie of my answer, wherin the truthe shal appere, which I besecche your Lordship to consider. A more ample declaration of the mater and the decree of the Sterr Chamber remaineth with Mr. Secretarie, whoe hath dealt in this case for the Quene and justice honorably. Mr. Hamond and I in our conscience have done truely dutiefully, and as we know your Lordship will mainteine the Quenes just autoritie, so we trust we having served sincerely shal not be defamed. I besecche your Lordship to take all my poore services in good part. And so I leave to trouble your Lordship.

At London this 23 of Octob. 1582.

Your Lordships most humble
& bounden,

THO. NORTON.

He had just brought Henry Bynneman to account; and on the 5th January, 1582-3, Norton wrote to Hatton¹ that Bynneman "being charged with complaints of some of his company for obtaining her Majesty's privilege for printing of certain books, hath in his defence exhibited Her Majesty's letters patent," to which the Company submitted; but as he had "yet upon charitable motions for relief of the poor of that company yielded some good part of his right," the fact is notified to Hatton that he may have the more cause to continue to him his accustomed goodness.

At this period, Norton's high attainments as a lawyer and as city adviser remained unimpaired. He advised the Lord Mayor (Sir Thomas Blanke) in reforming the catalogue of victuallers' houses infected by the plague within the city, and as his lordship, on 14th January, 1582-3, wrote to Lord Burghley,² Norton had "therem speciaall regarde to two thinges, the one to give suche plaine description and note of

such bookes as any learned man shall make at their charge or geve unto them. And it wer greatly to the hurt of the universities and learning to take from them the reward for travailing in making or translating of bokes, which must nedes be, if he that rewardeth the learned man shold not have the profit thereof"

¹ Nicolas' *Hatton*, p. 305

² Lauds MSS., 37, 4.

the stretes and places as maye serve for easy notice to suche as repaire to this citie, the other that it be in suche shortenes as maye be brought into lesse than one face of a shete of paper to be fixed in places convenyent." On the 19th of the same month, (January) by commission from Mr. Secretary, as Fletewoode records,¹ " Mr. Attorney,² Solicitor Norton, and myself, sat in the Temple Hall, about the Isle of Serke, and for the execution of justice there. The strife is betweene Sir Thomas Layton and a gentleman of Gersey."

In the spring of the following year (1584), Norton was staying at Sharpenhoc, or Shapnoll, as it was then called, where he was taken seriously ill and died, having survived his father only a single year. On his father's death, he had come into possession of his estates; and in the month of May, 1583, he made a provision for his wife and children, by giving to her the mansion of Sharpenhoe for life, with an annuity, and by conveying the remainder of his real estate to his brother, Lucas Norton, of the Inner Temple,³ for his children. On his deathbed he disposed of his personal property by a nuncupative will, which was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on 15th April, 1584, by his brother and executor, Thomas Cranmer.

In the name of God Amen, Thomas Norton of Shapnoll in the Countie of Bedford Esquier A daye or twoo before his deathe or thereaboutes beinge sicke and weake of boddy But yet of good and perfect remembrance made his last Will and Testamente nuncupative And thereof made his brother Thomas Cranmer his Executour To whome hee comytted the ordering and disposing of all his goods to be ymployed to the vse and behooffe of his wiffe and childrenn. Thaise beinge wittnesses William Horne, vicar of Luton in the saide Countie of Bedford, the saide Maister Nortons Phisition and divers others.

Of his children, or of their descendants, we have not been able to find direct trace. The registers of Streatley commence

¹ Lands. MSS., 37, 5.

² Popham.

³ Inquist. p. m, taken at Luton, 27 June, 26th Elizabeth, No. 38.

only in 1693, and the name does not occur in them, nor are there any tombs or inscriptions ; and in the visitations of Bedfordshire there are the arms of two families of Norton, without any pedigree. His widow, Elizabeth, was residing in Holborn, when the inquisition post mortem was taken, in June, 1584 ; and his brother Lucas, who had been admitted to the Inner Temple in the previous year, was resident there. The family of Norton were owners of Sharpenhoe for more than a century after Thomas Norton's death. In 1613, Luke Norton and Lettice his wife were in possession. They had a son named Gravely Norton. Richard Norton, who lived at Mitcham, Surrey, by his will, dated 10th August, 1686, founded at Sharpenhoe a school (still in existence) for eight children, and charged his manor of Sharpenhoe with the annual payment of £10 for its support.¹ He left a son John and a daughter Dorothy, who married Richard Laurence ; she died in 1701.² The manor afterwards passed to the Snryths, the present owners.

¹ Charity Commis. Report, vol. 5, p. 42.

² On a monument against the north wall of the north aisle of the chancel in the old church of Mitcham was a monument with this inscription : (Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, vol. ii., p. 501.) " Near this place lye the bodys of Dorothy, late wife of Richard Laurence, and daughter of Richard Norton, Esq., formerly of this parish, who departed this life the 9th day of December, 1701 : together with her three sons—William, Willam, and Richard, as also her daughter Ellen · her three sons being removed from the parish church of St. Mildred, in the Poultry, London, by her direction, to be buried with her here.

To her perpetual memory, here she lies,
The best of mothers, friends, and wives."

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

The Life of Thomas Sackville, afterwards successively Lord Buckehurst and Earl of Dorset, belongs to the general rather than to the literary history of our country : but, as he was in his youth the poet who formed the connecting link between Lydgate and Spenser, we cannot, in reprinting his Tragedy, omit all reference to the events of his most important life. We can fix some hitherto doubtful dates, although we regret that a careful search made for us by Earl Amherst among the muniments at Knole has resulted in disappointment,¹ and that his Lordship has been able to meet with no document relating to Thomas Sackville. We had hoped to have found some letters illustrative of his literary and political career, and possibly some notice of an intercourse with Shakespeare ; but the absence of any memorial may be owing to a fire, which is recorded to have destroyed a considerable portion of Knole in Charles the First's time, to the ravages committed in the house at a later period by the Parliamentary Commissioners, or to the burning of Dorset House, Fleet Street, in the fire of London.²

Sackville was born at Buckhurst, in the parish of Withyham, Sussex, at the close of the year 1536,³ and from "his childhood was distinguished for his wit and manly behaviour."⁴ His

¹ It appears by a memorandum at Knole that in 1797 Sir Nathaniel Wraxall looked through the Dorset Papers with a like result.

² Dorset House at Southover, near Lewes, built by Lord Buckhurst, on part of the grounds formerly belonging to the priory of St. Pancras, was also destroyed by fire at the close of the seventeenth century.

³ *Æt.* "29 et amplius," in inquisition taken at Southwark, 10th May, 1566, on his father's death ; and 72 on his own in 1608 ; see Abbot's *Sermon*. This proves Chalmers' date of 1527 to be wrong.

⁴ Collins' *Baronage*, ed. 1727, p. 399.

father, Sir Richard Sackville,—a privy councillor and chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, who was so careful that he acquired the title of *Fill-sack*,—was descended from one and connected with others of the oldest and most important families in Sussex and Kent. His grandmother Margaret was the daughter of Sir Wm. Bulleyne, sister to Thomas Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and was therefore aunt to Queen Elizabeth's mother, Anne Bulleyne. This relationship brought him into immediate contact with Elizabeth; and, to use his own words, he says¹ “that in his younger years” he was “by her particular choice and liking selected to a continuall private attendance upon her own person.” He was first sent to Oxford, probably to Hart Hall, but he took no degree there, and removed to Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A. He was celebrated at both Universities for his Latin and English poetry, not a line of which has reached us. On leaving the University, Milles² describes him as becoming a student at the Inner Temple, and afterwards a barrister, but the admission books of that Inn are perfect from the commencement of the reign of Edward VI., and on a careful search, Thomas Sackville's³ name does not appear. He never practised at the bar; and it is most probable that he was only a frequenter of the Inn close by which was his father's mansion.⁴

This conjecture receives confirmation from the events of his life. In the first year of Philip and Mary, (1554 or 1555) being under twenty, he married⁵ his kinswoman, Cicely, daughter of Sir John Baker, of Sessinghurst, Kent, who was a privy councillor in the three reigns of Henry, Edward, and Mary. At

¹ His Will printed at length in Collins' *Baronage*, p. 421.

² Cat. of Honor., p. 412, followed by Collins and all other writers.

³ His cousin, John Sackville of Dorking, was admitted 1555 at the Inner Temple. Search has also been made without effect at the Middle Temple.

⁴ Sackville, afterwards Dorset House, in Salisbury Court.

⁵ See inscription on her monument.

the age of twenty-one he commenced his political life, and was returned to the parliament, which met 20th January, 4th and 5th Philip and Mary, (1557-8) for the county of Westmoreland and for the borough of East Grinstead: he elected to sit for Westmoreland;¹ on the death of Mary he was elected for Sussex, his father being chosen for Kent; and in the parliament elected 5th Elizabeth he was chosen for the borough of Aylesbury,² Sussex returning his father.

It was, however, whilst Norton was a student at the Inner Temple that a poetical alliance was formed between Sackville and him; the first fruits of which seem to have been a collection of sonnets.

Jasper Heywood, in a poetical address before his translation of the tragedy of *Thyestes* of Seneca, 1560, has the following lines:—

There Sackvylde's Sonnets sweetly sauste,
 And featly fyned bee:
 There Norton's Ditties do delight,
 There Yelverton's do flee
 Well pewrde with pen: such yong men three
 As weene thou mightst agayne,
 To be begotte as Pallas was
 Of myghtie Jove his brayne.

Warton, in a note on the first line, remarks; "I have never seen his Sonnets, which would be a valuable accession to our old poetry. But probably the term Sonnets here means only verses in general, and may signify nothing more than his part in the *Mirror of Magistrates* and his *Gorboduc*." "An oversight of the critic," says Mr. Haslewood,³ "leaves this conjecture without any weight. The above lines were in print before

¹ *Journals of House of Commons*, vol. i., p. 47. He was an active member, and in the Journals are several entries of bills introduced by him in 1558 and subsequent years. The act reviving first fruits and tenths was his.

² Willis' *Notitia Parl.* Collins says for Buckinghamshire.

³ Preface to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, ed. 1815.

either the communication was made to the Mirror for Magistrates or the play performed. Several other writers are named by Heywood, in the same address, also their works, and those works known; the sonnets of Sackville and the ditties of Norton and Yelverton excepted. This circumstance may well support a belief of their having been published as well as the others: neither is there anything improbable that the sonnets and ditties of ‘such yong men three’ were united in one volume, however it has hitherto escaped all research.” One sonnet by Sackville has been preserved. It is prefixed to “The Courtier of Count Baldessar Castilio done into English by Sir Thomas Hoby,”¹ which was printed 1561.

Thomas Sackeuyl in commendation of the worke.

To the Reader.

These royall kinges, that reare vp to the skye
 Their pallace tops, and deck them all with gold:
 With rare and curious workes they feede the eye:
 And shew what riches here great princes hold.
 A rarer worke and richer far in worth,
 Castilio's hand presenteth here to thee:
 No proude, ne golden court doth he set forth,
 But what in court a Courtie ought to be.
 The Prince he raiseth huge and mightie walles,
 Castilio frames a wight of noble fame:
 The king with gorgeous tissue clads his halles,
 The Count with golden vertue deckes the same;
 Whose passing skill, lo, Illobbie's pen displaies,
 To Britaine folk, a work of worthy praise.

When the celebrated Christmas of 1561 was kept with excess of festivity at the Inner Temple, of which Sackville's father was then governor, Norton and Sackville produced the Tragedy we now reprint: and in 1563 Sackville's literary labours ceased with the publication in the second part of the “*Mirreour for Magistrates*” of his Induction and the story of Henry

¹ He died 13 July, 1566, æt. 36, whilst ambassador at Paris, and is buried at Bisham, Berks.

Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, in Richard the Second's time. We do not intend to enter upon the vexed question, argued with such earnestness by Mr. Haslewood, as to the right of Sackville to the title of primary inventor of the plan of that work : it is certain that he intended to perfect more had he not been prevented by the calls of state affairs upon his time ;¹ and every one admits with Mr. Hallam² that in his contribution Sackville displays a "fertility of imagination, vividness of description, and strength of language, which not only leave his predecessors far behind, but may fairly be compared with the most poetical passages in Spenser ;" although the treatment of the story is sombre ; and the induction has been truly styled by Campbell "a landscape on which the sun never shines."

Sackville was not over-provident, and his taste for splendour, added to the expenses of his family,³ led him into pecuniary difficulties. His father had paid a large price for portions of the lands of the dissolved monasteries, and Thomas Sackville, together with Sir John Baker, had a grant from Elizabeth of the manor of Aldwicke,⁴ in Sussex, but he could not keep it ; and having obtained a license of alienation, released his right by deed, dated 15th July, 2 Elizabeth, (1560) to John Dingly,⁵ the signature to which we copy, as it is the only autograph we have met with of the period, when the future statesman was still a poet.

 Thomas: Sackville

¹ Nicolls' introduction to ed. of 1610.

² Hist. of Lit., vol. ii., p. 121.

³ His eldest son Robert was born 1561, and he had daughters older.

⁴ On which the greater part of the town of Bognor is now built.

⁵ The deeds are with Mr. Rodd, whom the Shakespeare Society has to thank for the means of making the fac-simile.

With the young Queen Sackville was a great favourite, and in D'Ewes' Journal he is named, March 17, 1563, as conveying a message from her to the Commons, as to making provision for justices' diets, &c: but his prodigality led him into disgrace, and his relative declared that "she would not know him till he knew himself." Either by her persuasion,¹ or owing to disgust at some want of courtesy in being kept waiting by an alderman to whom he went for a loan,² he determined upon a change of life, and turned "a thrifty improver of his estate." To effect his object, he commenced a continental tour, and visited France and Italy. At Rome, however, he was a prisoner for fourteen days. Whilst he was in that city, he heard of the death of his father, which took place on 10th April, 1566, and he hastened home, a prudent and reformed man, to enter upon his great inheritance.

His change of life had completely propitiated the Queen's favour; and on 8th June, 1567, he was knighted in her presence by the Duke of Norfolk, and on the same day created Baron Buckhurst. From her, also, he then received a grant of the princely seat at Knole, which Leycester had surrendered to her. Henceforth, he devoted himself wholly to state affairs.³ His first public employment was in Feb., 1570-1, when he was sent ambassador to Charles IX. of France, to congratulate him on his marriage with the Emperor Maximilian's daughter, and at the

¹ Naunton's *Fragmenta regalia*.

² Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 105.

³ He studiously cultivated his political influence in the district with which he was connected by property, and his interference in elections is curiously shown in a letter, a copy of which is preserved in the Harl. MSS., 703, 12.—

"To the Right Worshipfull my very good cosen, Mr. Walter Covert,
Esquire, High Sheriff of Sussex and Surry.

"Cosyn Covert—I hear that Mr. Harbert Pelham and Mr. G. Goringe do stand to be the knights of the shyre, and as you friendlie offered me your furtherance yf need were: so now, though I doubt not of any great need, yet would I be glad to use the help of my friends in this cause for

samo time "concerning a secreate treatie of a marriage betwixt her Majestie and Henry, the 4th sonne of Harrie the 2nd of Fraunce, begun with her by Katherine de Medicis"¹ (the Duke d'Anjou). On the 16th of January, 1571-2, he sat on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk: and in 1586 he was one of the commissioners named for the trial of the Queen of Scots: he did not act at Fotheringay Castle with the peers, who condemned her, but he was selected to inform her that the parliament had confirmed the sentence.² From March, 1586-7, to July following, he was employed as ambassador to the "Low Countries about motion of a peace betwixt her Majesty and Spain under hand first moved to her Highness, even by the Duke of Parma himself, and by me [Buckehurst] to be imparted to the states, and with them to debate the consideration thereof;"³ and also to obviate the discontent which had been caused by the Earl of Leycester's proceedings.⁴ Many of Sr Thomas Shirlie and my son, and so, leaving it to yourself to write to such as you shall think good, I commit you to God, this 30th of October, 1584.

"Al yours assured,

"T BUCKEHURST"

In the same collection there are copies of other letters from him, relating to official matters connected with Sussex.

¹ See Will. Collins' *Bar.*, p. 434. Hollinshed's *Chron.*, v.ii, p. 1224, b 30

² His Instructions, dated in November, are in Harl. MSS., 290, 99.

³ See Will.

⁴ In July, 1586, Lord Leycester, before his recall, in his letters to Secretary Walsingham, had especially pointed out Lord Buckehurst as a fit person to be sent over, in consequence of the growth of dissatisfaction and the critical position of affairs. In Leycester's letter of 27th July, he says, "Well, sir, of all these things I referre to the next, and heare leaue you, still hopinge to heare of some person of good qualitee to come hether speedilye, yf you thinke these causes worthy regard. My Lord of Buckhurst mythinks would doe great good here:" and on 30th he presses still more, saying "all wilbe lost if her majestie deall not speedilie and substancialle, and all wilbe saved and most surely established, yf she will protest yt, and yet not to be at anie great charges more then she is at. My lord of Buckhurst would be a very fitt man; I prae

Buckhurst's letters from the Low Countries have been preserved and printed in the *Cabala sive Scrinia Sacra* (1691).¹ His faithful discharge of his trust so displeased Leycester, who, after his return, was in settled favour with Elizabeth, that he and Lord Burghley procured Buckhurst's confinement to his house by the Queen's command. At the end of nine months the Earl died, and Buckhurst received especial marks of the Queen's esteem. On 24th April, 1588, he was elected in his absence, and without his knowledge, a Knight Companion of the Garter, though he was not installed till 18th December, 32 Elizabeth, in which year he sat on the trial of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and was made a privy councillor. On the death of Sir Christopher Hatton, in November, 1591, Buckhurst was one of the commissioners who held the great seal. The chancellorship of the University of Oxford became void by the death; Essex and Buckhurst were candidates: the contest was doubtful, but the Queen determined the choice of her relative by a letter in his favour, and he was elected chancellor 17th December, 1591. He joined with Lord Burghley in promoting the peace with Spain: and upon that nobleman's death, "after 14 years' service and ten years following her court,"² "you further him to it; he shall never live to doe a better service."—*Leycester Correspondence*, Camden Society Publications, pp. 364-378.

¹ They are in the second part: the first is dated 26th March, and the last 10th June. In p. 13, is a letter from Sackville to Lord Walsingham, dated 13th April, 1587, which contains the following passage, showing Lord Buckhurst's honesty and ability. "And, Sir, I beseech you to send over with the said 1000 as few court captains as may be; but that they may rather be furnished with captains here, such as by their worthiness and long service do merit it, and do further seek to shine in the field with vertue and valiance against the enemy, than with gold lace and gay garments in court at home, leaving their charge and soldiers here without leading them, and yet can be content to fill their purses with the Queen's pay, without doing the service for which they are hired, which I assure you is a woefull thing to be suffered." The draft of his instructions, dated 3 March, 1586-7, is in the Harl. MSS., 285, 121.

² See Will. Collins' *Bar.*, p. 432.

Buckehurst, on 15th May, 1599, was made by the Queen Lord High Treasurer, "notwithstanding a most earnest opposition of some greater persons, who then mightily withstood the same"¹ He held the office till her death. On 17th April, 1603, James granted him a patent of the same office for life, and on 13th March ensuing, created him Earl of Dorset. Age had crept upon him, and health began to fail him. In the beginning of June, 1607, he was so dangerously ill at his mansion, Horsley House, Surrey, that he was "commonly reported to be dead." During his illness, the King sent him by Lord Hay a ring, with a wish that he might recover and live "as long as the diamonds in that ring did endure."² He survived but for a short time, and died suddenly at the council-table at Whitehall, 19th April, 1608 and, being taken to Dorset House, was disembowelled, and so much of him buried on the 20th at St. Bride's, Fleet Street. The body was conveyed in great state to Westminster Abbey on 20th May, where the funeral solemnities were performed, the sermon³ being preached by his chaplain, Dr. Abbot, then Dean of Winchester, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. By his Will, he desired to be buried at Withyham, "within the Isle and chapel there appropriate to the Sackvilles his ancestors, and amongst the rest of his progenitors there interred," and his wish was complied with by the removal of his body from the Abbey to Withyham. His coffin is still found in the Dorset vault there, but the chapel itself, together with the original church, was destroyed by lightning 16th June, 1663. His wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, survived till 1st October, 1615: by her he had four sons and three daughters. He had also, as a consequence of his youthful indiscretions, an illegitimate son, who bore the name of Thomas Sackville, alias Footes.⁴

¹ See Will. Collins' *Bar*, p. 434.

² *Ibid*, p. 431.

³ It was published in 4to., and long extracts are given by Collins.

⁴ MS. Pedigree Heralds' College.

Naunton in his "Fragmenta regalia," Dr Abbot in his funeral sermon, Sir Richard Baker in his Chronicle, and Bacon in one of his letters, all eulogize his person, his eloquence, his learning, his charity, and his integrity; and more than one person describe his taste to be so good, that "his secretaries did little for him by the way of inditement, wherein they could seldom please him, he was so facete and choice in his phrases and style." Very few specimens have come down to us, besides those already mentioned, we know only of a Latin letter to Dr. Bartholomew Clerke, prefixed to his translation of Bartholomew Castilio's *De curiali sive Aulico*, printed in 1571; a letter to the Earl of Sussex, in Howard's collection, p. 297; one dated 30th August, 1581, to Sir Christopher Hatton, in Sir H. Nicolas' Life and Times of Hatton, p. 190; and four letters to Lord Ellesmere, in 1594 and 1595 (Camden Society's Publ., pp. 198, 199, 201, and 205).

Of his tact and integrity as a minister there is good evidence, in the continued confidence of Elizabeth and of James, and in the saying of "Exchequer men," that "there never was a better treasurer both for the King's profit and the good of the subject."¹ His love of splendour, which continued till his last days, became then his wealth and station: in his embassy to France, Stow² says his charge was great in furnishing himself and train: he entertained Elizabeth at Buckhurst and at Oxford; and James, with his Queen and the Prince, was also his guest at the University for several days: indeed, his whole life seems to have been an exemplification of his motto, "*Aut nunquam tentes, aut perlice.*"

An agreeable portrait, taken during his Lord Treasurership, when he was nearly seventy, is given in Lodge

¹ Baker's Chron. 2nd ed., p. 596.

² Annals, ed. 1614, 668.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER,

A COMEDY,

BY NICHOLAS UDALL.

ENTERED ON THE BOOKS OF THE STATIONERS' COMPANY,

1566.

IN WHICH YEAR THOMAS HACKETT HAD A LICENSE FOR PRINTING

"A PLAY INTITLED RAUF RUYSTER DUSTER."

REPRINTED FROM

THE UNIQUE COPY DEPOSITED IN ETON COLLEGE.

The Prologue.

What creature is in health, either young or olde,
But some mirth with modestie will be glad to use,
As we in this Enterlude shall now unfold^e ?
Wherein all scurilitie we utterly refuse ;
Avoiding such mirth wherein is abuse
Knowing nothing more commendable for a man's recreation,
Than mirth which is used in an honest fashion.

For mirth prolongeth lyfe, and causeth health ;
Mirth recreates our spirits, and voydeth pensivenesse ;
Mirth increaseth amitie, (not hind'ring our wealth ;)
Mirth is to be used both of more and lesse,¹
Being mixed with vertue in decent comlynesse,
As we trust no good-nature can gainsaye the same.
Which mirth we intende to use, avoidyng all blame.

The wyse Poets, long time heretofore,
Under merrie Comedies, secretes did declare,
Wherein was contained very vertuous lore,
With mysteries and forewarnings very rare.
Such to write, neither Plautus nor Terence dyd spare,
Whiche among the learned at this day beares the bell.
These, with such other, therein dyd excell.

Our Comedic or Enterlude,² which we intende to play,
Is named ROISTER DOYSTER in deede,
Which against the vayne glorious doth invey,
Whose humour the roysting sort continually doth feede.
Thus, by your pacience, we intende to proceede
In this our Enterlude, by God's leave and grace :
And here I take my leave for a certain space.

FINIS.

¹ *Of more and lesse.*] i.e., by rich and poor; or, by great and little.
See *Macbeth*, act v., sc. 4.

² The then common term for a dramatic entertainment.

ROISTER DOISTER.¹

ACTUS j. SCÆNA j.

MATTHEWE MERYGREEKE. *He entereth singing.*

As long lyveth the mery man (they say,)
As doth the sory man, and longer by a day ;
Yet the Grassehopper, for all his Sommer pipyng,
Storveth in Winter wyth hungrie gripyng :
Therefore, another sayd sawe doth men advise
That they be together both mery and wise.

¹ The title-page is wanting, and the play begins at the back of the Prologue, without any list of Dramatis Personæ. They are—

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER, { A vain-glorious, cowardly
Blockhead.

MATTHEW MERYGREEKE, a needy Humorist.

GAWYN GOODLUCK, a Merchant.

TRISTRAM TRUSTY, Friend of Gawyn Goodluck.

DOBINET DOUGHTY, {
ILARPAX, } Servants of Ralph.

TRUEPENNY, Servant of Dame Custance.

SYM SURESBY, Captain of a ship of Gawyn Goodluck.

A Scrivener.

DAME CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, { A Widow, betrothed to Gawyn
Goodluck.

MADGE MUMBLECRUST, {
TIBET TALKAPACE, } Servants of Dame Custance.
ANNOT ALYFACE, }

This lesson must I practise, or else, ere long,
 With mee, Mathew Merygreeke, it will be wrong.
 Indcede, men so call me, for, by him that us bought,
 Whatever chaunce betide, I can take no thought.
 Yet, wisdom would that I did myselfe betunke
 Where to be provided this day of meate and drinke,
 For, knowe ye that, for all this merie note of mine,
 He might appose me now, that should aske where I dine.
 My lyving leth heere and there, of God's grace,
 Sometime wyth this good man, sometyne in that place;
 Sometime Lewis Loytrer biddeth me come neere;
 Somewhyles Watkin Waster maketh vs good cheere;
 Sometime Davy Diceplayer when he hath well cast
 Maketh revell route, as long as it will last;
 Sometime Tom Titivile¹ maketh vs a feast,
 Sometime with sir Hugh Pye I am a bidden guest;
 Sometime at Nichol Neverthrive's I get a soppe,
 Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsoppe;
 Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddydodie's sleeve;
 But this day on Ralph Royster Doyster's, by hys leeve:
 For, truly, of all men he is my chiefe banker,
 Both for meate and money, and my chiefe shoot-auker.
 For sooth Roister Doister in that he doth say,
 And require what ye will, ye shall have no nay.
 But now, of Roister Doister somewhat to expresse,
 That ye may esteeme him after hys worthinesse,
 In these twentie townes, and seeke them throughout,
 Is not the like stocke whereon to graffe a lout.
 All the day long is he facing and craking²
 Of his great actes in fighting and fray making;

¹ *Titivile.*] One of the names of the devil in the old Morals.

² *Facing and craking.*] Impudently vaunting and boasting.

You preserve

A race of idle people here about you,

Facers and talkers

Maid's Tragedy, Act iv., sc. 2.

But, when Roister Doister is put to his prooffe,
 To keepe the Queene's peace¹ is more for his behoofe.
 If any woman smyle, or cast on hym an eye,
 Up is he to the harde eares in love, by and by ;
 And in alle the hotte haste must she be hys wife,
 Else farewell hys good days, and farewell his life :
 Maister Raufe Royster Doister is but dead and gon,
 Except she on hym take some compassion.
 Then, chiefe of counsell must be Mathew Merygreeke,—
 What, if I for mariage to such an one seeke ?
 Then must I sooth it, whatever it is ;
 For, what he sayth or doth cannot be amisse.
 Holde by his yea and nay, be his nowne white sonne :²
 Prayse and rouse him well, and ye have his heart wonne ;
 For, so well liketh he his owne fonde fashions,
 That he taketh pride of false commendations.
 But, such sporto have I with him, as I would not leese,
 Though I should be bounde to lyve with bread and cheese.
 For, exalt hym, and have him as ye lust, in deede ;
 Yea, to hold his finger in a hole for a neede.
 I can with a worde make him fayne or loth ;
 I can with as much make him pleased or wroth ;
 I can, when I will, make him mery and glad ;
 I can, when mo lust, make him sory and sad ;
 I can set him in hope, and eke in dispaire ;
 I can make hun speake rough, and make him speake faire.

¹ In all probability an alteration to mean Elizabeth, in whose reign the play was printed ; for in act iii., sc. 4, M. Merygreeke talks of the “ armes of Calceys,” and so does R. Roister, act iv., sc. 7 : Calais was lost in 5th Mary, and the play was quoted by Wilson in 1551, when Edward was on the throne.

² *White sonne.*] *White boy* is a common expression of endearment in old plays, and to this day white-headed boy is an expression of fondness in Ireland, though the locks of the individual to whom it is applied may be “black as the raven's plume.”

But, I marvell I see hym not all thys same day ;
 I wyll seeke him out. But loe ! he commeth thys way.
 I have yond espied him sadly conuning,
 And in love, for twentie pounde, by hys glonmyng.

ACTUS j. SCENZÆ ij.

RAFE ROISTER DOISTER—MATHEW MERYGREEKE.

R. Royster. Come, death, when thou wilt, I am weary of my life.

M. Mery. I told you I we should wowe another wife.

R. Royster. Why did God make me suche a goodly person ?

M. Mery. He is in, by the weke, we shall have sport anon.

R. Royster. And where is my trustie friende, Mathew Merygreeke ?

M. Mery. I wyll make as I sawe him not : he doth me seeke.

R. Roister. I have hym espyed, me thinketh, yond is hee.—
 Hough ! Mathew Merygreeke, my friend, a worde with thee.

M. Mery. I wyll not heare him, but make as I had haste.
 Farewell, all my good friendes, the tyme away dothe waste ;
 And the tide, they say, tarieth for no man.

R. Roister. Thou must, with thy good counsell, helpe me, if thou can.

M. Mery. God keepe thee, worshypfull Maister Roister Doister,

And fare well the lustie Maister Roister Doister.

R. Royster. I must needes speake with thee a worde or twaine.

M. Mery. Within a month or two I will be here againe.
 Negligence in greate affaires, ye knowe, may marre all.

R. Roister. Attende vpon me now, and well rewarde thee I shall.

M. Mery. I have take my leave, and the tyde is well spent.

R. Roister. I die, except thou helpe ; I pray thee be content.

Doe thy parte wel nowe, and aske what thou wilt ;
For, without thy aide, my matter is all spilt.

M. Mery. Then, to serve your turne I will some paines take,
And let all myne owne affaires alone for your sake.

R. Royster. My whole hope and trust resteth onely in thee.

M. Mery. Then can ye not doe amisse, what ever it be.

R. Royster. Gramercies, Merygreeke, most bounde to thee I
am.

M. Mery. But, vp with that heart, and speake out like a
ramme ;

Ye speake like a Capon that had the cough now :
Bee of good cheere ; anon ye shall doe well ynow.

R. Royster. Upon thy comforte, I will all things well handle.

M. Mery. So loe ! that is a breast to blowe out a candle.¹

But, what is this great matter, I woulde faine knowe ?

We shall fynde remedie therefore, I trowe.

Doe ye lacke money ? ye knowe myne olde offers :

Ye have always a key to my purse and coffers.

R. Royster. I thanke thee : had ever man suche a frende !

M. Mery. Ye gyve unto me : I must needes to you lende.

R. Royster. Nay, I have money plentie all things to discharge.

M. Mery. That knewe I ryght well, when I made offer so
large.

R. Royster. But, it is no suche matter.

M. Mery. What is it, than ?²

Are ye in daunger of debte to any man ?

If ye be, take no thought, nor be not afraide ;

Let them hardly take thought how they shall be paid.

¹ *Breast.*] Voice.

I syng not nusycall,
For my *breast* is decayd.

Armonye of Byrdes, p. 5.

See Halliwell's *Archaic and Provincial Words*.

² *Than.*] Then : frequently so spelt, especially when required by the
rhime ; and so sometimes with *when* and *whan* : see p. 7, &c.

R. Royster. Tut, I owe nought.

M. Mery. What then? fear ye imprisonment?

R. Royster. No.

M. Mery. No, I wist ye offende not so to be shent,
But, if ye had, the Toure coulde not you so holde,
But to break out at all times ye woulde be bolde.
What is it? hath any man threatned you to beate?

R. Royster. What is he that durst have put me in that heate?
He that beateth me, by his armes, shall well fynde
That I will not be farre from him, nor runne behinde.

M. Mery. That thing knowe all men, ever since ye over-
threwe

The fellow of the lion which Hercules slewe.

But what is it than?

R. Royster. Of love I make my mone.

M. Mery. Ah, this foolishhe love! wil't nea're let vs alone?
But, because ye were refused the last day,
Ye sayd ye woulde ne're more be intangled that way.
I would medle no more, since I fynde all so unkinde.

R. Royster. Yea, but I can not so put love out of my minde.

M. Mery. But, is your love, tell me first, in any wise,
In the way of Mariage, or of Merchandise?
If it may otherwise than lawfull be founde,
Ye get none of my helpe for an hundred pounce.

R. Royster. No, by my trouth, I woulde have hir to my Wife.

M. Mery. Then are ye a good man, and God save your life!
And what or who is she, with whome ye are in love?

R. Royster. A woman, whome I knowe not by what meanes
to move.

M. Mery. Who is it?

R. Royster. A woman yond.

M. Mery. What is hir name?

R. Royster. Hir yonder.

M. Mery. Whom?

R. Royster. Mistresse, ah—

M. Mery. Fy, fy for shame !

Love ye, and knowe not whome ? but hir yonde,—a woman ?
We shall then get you a Wyfe, I cannot tell whan.

R. Royster. The faire woman that supped with us yesternyght ;

And I hearde hir name twice or thrice, and had it ryght.

M. Mery. Yea, ye may see ye nere take me to good cheere with you,

If ye had, I coulde have tolde you hir name now.

R. Royster. I was to blame in deede, but the nexte tyme perchaunce :

And she dwelloth in this house.

M. Mery. What, Christian Custance ?

R. Royster. Except I have hir to my wife, I shall runne madde.

M. Mery. Nay, vnwise perhaps ; but, I warrant you for¹ madde.

R. Royster. I am vtterly dead, vnlesse I have my desire.

M. Mery. Where be the bellows that blewe this sodeine fire ?

R. Royster. I heare she is worthe a thousande ponde and more.

M. Mery. Yea, but learne this one lesson of me afore :

An hundred ponde of marriage Money doubtlesse,

Is euer thirtie ponde sterlyng, or somewhat lesse ;

So that hir thousande ponde, yf she be thriftie,

Is much neere aboute two hundred and fiftie.

Howbeit, wowers and Widowes are never poore.

R. Royster. Is she a Widowe ? I love hir better therefore.

M. Mery. But I heare she hath made promise to another.

R. Royster. He shall goe without hir, and he were my brother.

M. Mery. I have hearde say, I am right well advised,
That she hath to Gawyn Goodlucke promised.

R. Royster. What is that Gawyn Goodlucke ?

¹ *For madde.*] From?

M. Mery. A merchant man.

R. Royster. Shall he speede afore me? Nay, Sir, by sweet Sainet Anne!

Ah Sir! Backare, quod Mortimer to his sowe:¹

I will have hir myne owne selfe, I make God a vow;

For, I tell thee, she is worthe a thousande pounde.

M. Mery. Yet, a fitter wife for your maship² might be founde;

Suche a goodly man as you might get one wyth lande,

Besides poundes of golde a thousande and a thousande,

And a thousande, and a thousande, and a thousande,

And so to the summe of twentie hundred thousande:

Your most goodly personage is worthie of no lesse.

R. Royster. I am sorie God made me so comely, doubtlesse For that maketh me eche where so highly favoured, And all women on me so enamoured.

M. Mery Enamoured, quod you? have ye spied out that?

Ah, Sir, mary nowe I see you know what is what.

Enamoured, ka!³ mary, Sir, say that againe;

But I thought not ye had marked it so plaine.

R. Royster. Yes, eche where they gaze all upon me, and stare

M. Mery. Yea, malkyn, I warrant you, as muche as they dare.

And ye will not beleve what they say in the streete,

When your mashyp passeth by, all suche as I meete,

That sometimes I can scarce finde what aunswere to make.

Who is this (sayth one) Sir Launcelot du Lake?⁴

Who is this, greate Guy of Warwicke, sayth an other?

No, (say I) it is the thirteenth Hercules brother.

¹ This was a proverbial expression. See Heywood's Proverbs, an "Taming of the Shrew," act ii, sc. 1. *Backare* probably means *Back there!* or *Go back!*

² *Your maship.*] Your mastership.

³ *Ka.*] Quotha

⁴ Some of these are the heroes of romances.

Who is this? noble Hector of Troy? sayth the thirde :
No, but of the same nest (say I) it is a birde.

Who is this? greate Goliah, Sampson, or Colbrande?

No, (say I) but it is a brute of the Alie lande.

Who is this? greate Alexander? or Charle le Maigne?

No, it is the tenth Worthie, say I to them agayne:

I knowe not if I sayd well—

R. Royster. Yes, for so I am.

M. Mery. Yea, for there were but nine worthies before ye came.

To some others, the thurde Cato I doe you call,¹

And so, as well as I can, I aunswere them all.

Sir, I pray you what lorde or great gentleman is this?

Maister Ralph Roister Doister, dame, (say I) y'wis.

O Lorde (sayth she than) what a goodly man it is!

Woulde Christ I had such a husbände as he is!

O Lorde (say some) that the sight of his face we lacke:

It is inough for you (say I) to see his backe;

His face is for ladies of high and noble parages,

With whome he hardly scapeth great mariages.

With muche more than this, and much otherwise.

R. Royster. I can thee thanke,² that thou canst suche answeres devise:

But I perceyve thou doste me throughly knowe.

M. Mery. I marke your maners for myne owne learnyng, I trowe.

But suche is your beautie, and suche are your actes,

Suche is your personage, and suche are your factes,³

That all women, faire and fowle, more and lesse,

—

¹ Tertius à cælo cecidit Cato. Juv., Sat., II., 40.

² *I can thee thanke.*] I give thee thanks.

³ *Factes.*] Feats or deeds, from the Latin *factum*—

And rattle forth his *facts* of war and blood.

Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, Part I. 1590.

They eye you, they lubbe you, they talke of you doubtlesse.
 Your pleasant looke maketh them all merie,
 Ye passe not by, but they laugh till they be werie;
 Yea, and money coulde I have, the truthe to tell,
 Of many to bryng you that way where they dwell.

R. Royster. Merygreeke, for this thy reporting well of me—

M. Mery. What shoulde I else, sir? it is my ductie,
 pardee.

R. Royster. I promise thou shalt not lacke, while I have a
 grote.

M. Mery. Faith sir, and I ne're had more nede of a newe
 cote.

R. Royster. Thou shalt have one to morrowe, and golde for
 to spende.

M. Mery. Then, I trust to bring the day to a good ende.

For, as for myne owne parte, having money inowe,

I coulde lyve onely with the remembrance of you.

But nowe to your widowe, whome you love so hotte.

R. Royster. By cocke, thou sayest truthe, I had almost
 forgotte.

M. Mery. What, if Christian Custance will not have you,
 what?

R. Royster. Have me? yes I warrant you, never doubt of
 that :

I knowe she loveth me, but she dare not speake.

M. Mery. In deede, meete it were some body should it breake.

R. Royster. She looked on me twentie tymes yesternight,
 And laughed so

M. Mery. That she coulde not sitte upright.

R. Royster. No, faith, coulde she not.

M. Mery. No, even such a thing I cast.

R. Royster. But, for wowyng, thou knowest, women are
 shamefast.

But, and she knewe my minde, I knowe she would be glad,
 And thinke it the best chaunce that ever she had.

M. Mery. To hir, then, like a man, and be bolde forth to starte :

Wowers never speede well that have a false harte.

R. Royster. What may I best doe ?

M. Mery. Sir, remaine ye a while [here];¹

Ere long one or other of hir house will appere.

Ye knowe my minde.

R. Royster. Yea, now hardly lette me alone.

M. Mery. In the mean time, Sir, if you please, I wyll home,
And call your Musitians; for, in this your case,
It woulde sette you forth, and all your wowyng grace.
Ye may not lacke your instrumentes to play and sing.

R. Royster. Thou knowest I can doe that.

M. Mery. As well as any thing.

Shall I go call your folkes, that we may shewe a cast ?

R. Royster. Yea, runne, I besecche thee, in all possible haste.

M. Mery. I goe. [Exeat.]

R. Royster. Yea, for I love singyng out of measure,
It comforteth my spirites, and doth me great pleasure.
But who commeth forth yond from my swete-hearte Custance?
My matter frameth well; thys is a luckie chaunce.

ACTUS j. SCÆNA ij.

MAGE MUMBLECRUST² *spinning on the distaffe*—TIBET TALK-
APACE *souryng*—ANNOT ALYFACE *knittyng*—R. ROISTER.

M. Mumb. If thys distaffe were spoonne, Margerie Mumble-
crust—

¹ The word "here," which is not in the original, seems necessary to complete the metre and rhyme.

² Jack Mumblecrust is the name of one of the beggars who dine with Sir Owen Meredith :

"Peace! hear my lady. Jack Mumblecrust steal no more penny loaves"—*Patient Grissel*, act iv., sc 3., p. 66

It is also a name given to the widow Minever by Captain Tucca in

Tib. Talk. Where good stale ale is, will drinke no water I trust.

M. Mumb. Dame Custance hath promised vs good ale and white bread.

Tib. Talk. If she kepe not promise, I will beshrewe hir head. But it will be starke nyght before I shall have done.

R. Royster. I will stande here awhile, and talke with them anon.

I heare them speake of Custance, which doth my heart good ;
To hear hir name spoken doth even comfort my blood.

M. Mumb. Sit down to your worke, Tibet, like a good girle.

Tib. Talk. Nourse, medle you with your spyndle and your whirle.

No haste but good, Madge Mumblecrust ; for, whip andwhurre,¹
The old proverb doth say, never made good furre.

M. Mumb. Well, ye wyll sytte downe to your worke anon,
I trust.

Tib. Talk. Soft fire maketh sweete malte,² good Madge Mumblecrust.

M. Mumb. And sweete malte maketh ioly good ale for the nones.³

Tib. Talk. Which will slide downe the lane without any bones. [*Cantol.*⁴

Old browne-bread crustes must have much good mumblyng ;
But, good ale downe your throte hath good easie tumblyng.

Dekker's *Satirionastix*. Madge Mumblecrust is mentioned in the MS. comedy of *Misogonus*, 1577.

¹ *Whurre*] Scolding.—“ *Whur*, to snarl like a dog.”—*Bailey*.

² “Soft fier makes swet malt,” see “*Wit and Wisdom*,” edited by Halliwell, p. 13.

³ *Nones*] i.e. Nonce ; for the occasion.

⁴ Songs introduced in our old plays are often not found in the printed copies. Some of those in this piece are, however, given at the end, and others are introduced in the body of the play. In the above instance, perhaps, only an air was to be hummed.

R. Royster. The ioliest wenche that ere I hearde ! Little mouse ;

May I not rejoyce that she shall dwell in my house ?

Tib. Talk. So, Sirrha,¹ nowe this geare beginneth for to frame.

M. Mumb. Thanks to God, though your work stand stil, your tong is not lame.

Tib. Talk. And though your teeth be gone, both so sharpe & so fine,

Yet your tongue can renne on patins as well as mine.

M. Mumb. Ye were not for nought named Tyb Talkeapace.

Tib. Talk. Doth my talke grieve you ? Alack, God save your grace !

M. Mumb. I holde a grote, ye will drinke anon for this geare.

Tib. Talk. And I wyll not, pray you the stripes for me to beare.

M. Mumb. I holde a penny, ye will drinke without a cup.

Tib. Talk. Whercin so ere ye drinke, I wote ye drinke all up.

An. Alyface. By cock,² and well sowed, my good Tibet Talkcapace.

Tib. Talk. And o'en as well knitte, my nowne Annot Alyface.

R. Royster. See what a sort she kepeth that must be my wife : Shall not I, when I have hir, leade a merrie life ?

Tib. Talk. Welcome, my good wenche, and sitte here by me just.

An. Alyface. And howe doth our olde beldame here, Mage Mumblecrust ?

¹ *Sirrha.*] The terms *Sirrah* and *Sir* appear to have been frequently applied indifferently both to male and female. In Whetstone's "*Promos and Cassandra*," 1578, Grymball says to his mistress—

"Ah, syr, you woulde, belike, let my cocke-sparrowes go."

² *By Cock.*] A corruption of the sacred name. See also p. 10.

M. Mumbl. Nay, we will go both of's, and see what he is.

R. Royster. One that hearde all your talke and synging y'wis.

Tib. Talk. The more to blame you : a good thriftie husbände
Woulde elsewhere have had some better matters in hande.

R. Royster. I did it for no harme ; but for good love I beare
To your dame, Mistresse Custance, I did your talke heare.
And, mistresse nource, I will kisse you for acquaintance.

M. Mumbl. I come anon, sir

Tib. Talk. Faith, I woulde our dame Custance
Sawe this geare.

M. Mumbl. I must first wipe al cleane, yea I must.

Tib. Talk. Ill chieve it, dotyng foole, but it must be cust.

M. Mumbl. God yelde you, sir ; chad not so much, i chotte
not whan :

Nere since chwas born, chwine,¹ of such a gay gentleman.

R. Royster. I will kisse you too, mayden, for the good will
I beare ye.

Tib. Talk. No, forsoth, by your leave, ye shall not kisse me.

R. Royster. Yes, be not afearde ; I doe not disdayne you a
whit.

Tib. Talk. Why should I feare you ? I have not so little wit ;
Ye are but a man, I know very well.

R. Royster. Why, then ?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, for I wyll not : I use not to kisse men.

R. Royster. I would faine kisse you too, good maiden, if I
myght.

Tib. Talk. What shold that neede ?

R. Royster. But to honor you, by this light.

I use to kisse all them that I love, to God I vowe.

Tib. Talk. Yea, sir ? I pray you, when dyd ye last kisse
your cove ?

R. Royster. Ye might be proude to kisse me, if ye were wise.

Tib. Talk. What promotion were therin ?

¹ i.e. I had not so much, I wot not when : never since I was born, I
ween. She here speaks a rustic dialect.

R. Royster. Nourse is not so nice.

Tib. Talk. Well, I have not been taught to kissing and licking.

R. Royster. Yet, I thanke you, mistresse Nourse, ye made no sticking.

M. Mumbl. I will not sticke for a kosse, with such a man as you.

Tib. Talk. They that lust: I will againe to my sewyng now.

*An. Alyface.*¹ Tidings hough! tidings! dame Custance greeteth you well.

R. Royster. Whome me?

An. Alyface. You Sir? No, Sir: I do no suche tale tell.

R. Royster. But, and she knewe me here.

An. Alyface. Tibet Talk Apace,
Your mistresse Custance, and mine, must speake with your grace.

Tib. Talk. With me?

An. Alyface. You must come in to hir, out of all doutes.

Tib. Talk. And my work not half done? a mischuef on all loutes!
Ex. am.

R. Royster. Ah, good sweet nourse.

M. Mumbl. A good swete gentleman.

R. Royster. What?²

M. Mumbl. Nay, I can not tel Sir, but what thing would you?

R. Royster. Howe dothe sweete Custance, my heart of gold, tell me how?

M. Mumbl. She dothe very well Sir, and commaunde me to you.

R. Royster. To me?

M. Mumbl. Yea, to you Sir.

R. Royster. To me? nurse, tel me plain,
To me?

¹ Her re-entrance is not marked.

² "Who?" would seem to make out the rhyme and the sense more perfectly; and it is so printed in the edition of 1821. Our principle, however, is to adhere to the old copy with minute fidelity.

M. Mumbl. Yea.

R. Royster. That word maketh me alive again.

M. Mumbl. She commaund me to one, last day, who ere it was.

R. Royster. That was e'en to me, and none other, by the Masse.

M. Mumbl. I can not tell you surely, but one it was.

R. Royster. It was I, and none other. — this commeth to good passe.

I promise thee, nourse, I favour hir.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, Sir.

R. Royster. Bid hir sue to me for mariage.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, Sir.

R. Royster. And surely for thy sake she shall speede.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, Sir.

R. Royster. I shall be contented to take hir.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, Sir.

R. Royster. But at thy request, and for thy sake.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, Sir.

R. Royster. And, come, hearke in thine eare what to say.

M. Mumbl. E'en so, Sir.

Here lette him tell hir a great long tale in hir eare.

ACTUS j. SCÆNA iij.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE—DOBINET DOUGHTIE—HARPAX—
RALPH ROYS TER—MARGERIE MUMBLECRIST.

M. Mery. Come on, Sirs, apace, and quite yourselves like men.

Your pains shalbe rewarded.

D. Dough. But, I wot not when.

M. Mery. Do your maister worship, as ye have done in time past.

D. Dough. Speake to them: of mine office he shall have a cast.

M. Mery. Harpax, looke that thou doe well too, and thy fellow.

Harpax I warrant, if he will myne example folowe.

M. Mery. Curtsie, whoresons' douke you and crouche at every worde.

D. Dough. Yes, whether our Maister speake earnest or borde.¹

M. Mery. For this lieth vpon his preferment in deede.

D. Dough. Oft is hee a wower, but never doth he speede.

M. Mery. But, with whome is he now so sadly roundyng² yond?

D. Dough. With *Nobs nicebecetur miserere* fonde.

Mery. God be at your wedding · be ye spedde alredie?

I did not suppose that your love was so greedie.

I percieve nowe ye have chose of devotion;

And ioi have ye, ladie, of your promotion.

R. Royster. Tushe, foole, thou art deceived, this is not she.

M. Mery. Well, mocke muche of hir, and keepe hir well, I 'vise ye.

I will take no charge of such a faire peece keeping.

M. Mumb. What ayleth thys fellowe? he driveth me to weeping

M. Mery. What, weepe on the wedding day? be merrie woman,

Though I say it, ye have chose a good gentleman.

R. Royster. Kock's nownes,³ what meanest thou man? tut, a whistle.

¹ *Borde.*] Joke.—*Borde, bourd, or boord*, as the word is spelled by Spenser, means a jest or sport; from the French *Bourde*.

“Of old adventures that fell white,
And some of *bourdes* and ribaudry”

Lay le Freine. See *Toone's Glossary*.

² *Sadly roundyng.*] Seriously whispering.

“And in his ear him *rounded* close behind.”

Faerie Queene, Book III., Canto 10.

³ *Kock's nownes.*] God's wounds.

M. Mery. Ah Sir, be good to hir; she is but a gristle.
Ah, sweete lambe and coney.

R. Royster. Tut, thou art deceived.

M. Mery. Weepe no more, lady, ye shall be well received.
Up wyth some mery noyse,¹ Sirs, to bring home the bride!

R. Royster. Gog's arnes, knave, art thou madde? I tell thee thou art wide.

M. Mery. Then, ye entende by nyght to have hir home brought.

R. Royster. I tell thee no.

M. Mery. How then?

R. Royster. 'Tis neither ment ne thought.

M. Mery. What shall we then doe with hir?

R. Royster. Ah, foolish harebrame,
This is not she.

M. Mery. No is. Why then unsayde again:
And what yong gille is this with your mashyp so bolde?

R. Royster. A gille?

M. Mery. Yea, I dare say, scarce yet three score yere olde.

R. Royster. This same is the faire widowe's nourse, of whome ye wotte.

M. Mery. Is she but a nourse of a house? hence home, olde trotte!

Hence, at once.

R. Royster. No, No.

M. Mery. What, an please your maship,
A nourse talke so homely with one of your worship?

R. Royster. I will have it so: it is my pleasure and will.

M. Mery. Then I am content. Nourse, come againe, tarry still.

R. Royster. What, she will helpe forward this my sute, for hir part.

M. Mery. Then is't mine own pygs nie, and blessing on my hart.

¹ Noise] Music. So often used of old.

R. Royster. This is our best frend, man.

M. Mery. Then teach hir what to say.

M. Mumbl. I am taught alreadie.

M. Mery. Then go, make no delay.

R. Royster. Yet hark, one worde in thine eare.

M. Mery. Back, sirs, from his taile !

R. Royster. Backe, vilaynes ! will ye be privie of my counsaile ?

M. Mery. Backe, sirs ! so : I tolde you afore, ye woulde be shent.

R. Royster. She shall have the first day a whole pecke of argent.

M. Mumbl. A pecke ! *Nomine Patris*, have ye so much [to]¹ spare ?

R. Royster. Yea, and a cart lode thereto, or else were it bare ; Besides other movables, housholde stuffe and lande.

M. Mumbl. Have ye lands too ?

R. Royster. An hundred marks.

M. Mery. Yea, a thousand.

M. Mumbl. And have ye cattel too ? and sheepe too ?

R. Royster. Yea, a fewe.

M. Mery. He is ashamed the numbre of them to shewe.
E'en rounde about him as many thousande sheepe goes,
As he and thou and I too have fingers and toes.

M. Mumbl. And how many yeares olde be you ?

R. Royster. Fortie at lest.

M. Mery. Yea, and thrice fortie to them.

R. Royster. Nay, thou dost iest.

I am not so olde : thou misreckonest my yeares.

M. Mery. I know that ; but my minde was on bullockes and steeres.

M. Mumbl. And what shall I shewe hir your mastership's name is ?

¹ The word within brackets is added to complete the sense, but perhaps the meaning is, "Have you so much *spare* cash ?"

R. Royster. Nay, she shall make sute, ere she know that
y[']wis.

M. Mumbl. Yet, let me somewhat knowe.

M. Mery. This is hee, understand
That killed the blewe spider in Blauchepouder lande.

M. Mumbl. Yea, Jesus William, zee law ! dyd he zo, law ?

M. Mery. Yea, and the last elephant that ever he sawe,
As the beast passed by, he start out of a buske,¹
And e'en with pure strength of armes pluckt out his great
tuske.

M. Mumbl. Jesus, *Nomine Patris*, what a thing was that !

R. Royster. Yea, but Merygreeke, one thing thou hast forgot.

M. Mery. What ?

R. Royster. Of thother elephant.

M. Mery. Oh, hym that fledde away ?

. *Royster.* Yea.

. *Mery.* Yea, he knewe that his match was in place that
day.

Tut, he bet the king of Crickets on Christmasse day,
That he crept in a hole, and not a worde to say.

M. Mumbl. A sore man, by zembletee.

M. Mery. Why, he wrong a club,
Once in a fray, out of the hande of Belzebub.

R. Royster. And how when Mumfision--

M. Mery. Oh, your coustrelyng
Bore the lanterne a-fielde so before the gozelyng—
Nay, that is too long a matter now to be tolde.
Never aske his name, Nurse, I warrant thee, he bolde :
He conquered in one day from Rome to Naples,
And womme townes, Nourse, as fast as thou caust make apples.

M. Mumbl. Oh Lorde ! my heart quaketh for feare, he is so
sore.

¹ *Buske.*] A copse or bush. See *Tempest*, act iv., sc. 1.

“ And every *bosky* bourn from side to side.”—MILTON.

R. Royster. Thou makest hir too much afearde, Merygreeke;
no more.

This tale woulde feare my sweete heart Custance right evill.

M. Mery. Nay, let hir take him, Nurse, and feare not the
devill.

But, thus is our song dasht.—Sirs, ye may home againe.

R. Royster. No, shall they not. I charge you all, here to
remaine.

The villaine slaves, a whole day, ere they can be founde.

M. Mery. Couche on your marybones, whooresons, down to
the ground.

Was it meete he should tarie so long in one place,

Without harmonic of musike, or some solace?

Whoso hath suche boes as your maister in hys head

Had neede to have his spiritcs with musike be fed.—

By your maistership's license.

R. Royster. What is that? a moate?

M. Mery. No, it was a foole's feather had light on your coate.

R. Royster. I was nigh no feathers, since I came from my bed.

M. Mery. No sir, it was a haire that was fall from your hed.

R. Royster. My men com when it plesc them.

M. Mery. By your leve.

R. Royster. What is that?

M. Mery. Your gowne was foule spotted with the foot of a
guat.

R. Royster. Their maister to offend they are nothing afearde.
What now?

M. Mery. A lousy haire from your maistership's beard.

And sir, for Nurse's sake, pardon this one offence.

Omnes Flumulae. We shall not after this shew the like neg-
ligence.

R. Royster. I pardon you this once; and come, sing ne're
the wurse.

M. Mery. How like you the goodnesse of this gentleman,
Nurse?

M. Mumbl. God save his maistership, that can so his men
forgeve ;

And I wyll heare them sing ere I go, by his leave.

R. Royster. Mary, and thou shalt, wenche : come, we two
will daunce.

M. Mumbl. Nay, I will by mine owne selfe foote the song
perchaunce.

R. Royster. Go it, Sirs, lustily.

M. Mumbl. Pipe up a mery note.

Let me heare it playde, I will foote it for a grote. [*Content.*]

R. Royster. Now, Nurse, take thys same letter here to thy
mistresse ;

And as my trust is in thee, plio my businesse.

M. Mumbl. It shal be done.

M. Mery. Who made it ?

R. Royster. I wrote it ech whit.

M. Mery. Then nodes it no mending.

R. Royster. No, no.

M. Mery. No, I know your wit.

R. Royster. I warrant it wel.

M. Mumbl. It shall be delivered ;

But, if ye speede, shall I be considered ?

M. Mery. Whough ! dost thou doubt of that ?

M. Mumbl. What shall I have ?

M. Mery. An hundred times more than thou canst devise
to crave.

M. Mumbl. Shall I have some newe geare ? for my olde is
all spent.

M. Mery. The worst kitchen wench shall goe in ladies' ray-
ment.

M. Mumbl. Yea ?

M. Mery. And the worst drudge in the house shal go better
Than your mistresse doth now.

M. Mumbl. Then I trudge with your letter.

¹ See the "seconde Song" at the end of the Play.

R. Royster. Now may I repose me : Custance is mine owne
Let us sing and play homeward, that it may be knowne.

M. Mery. But, are you sure that your letter is well enough ?

R. Royster. I wrote it my selfe.

M. Mery. Then sing we to dinner.

[*Here they sing, and go out singing*]

ACTUS j. SCÆNA v.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE—MARGERIE MUMBLECRUST.

C. Custance. Who tooke thee thys letter, Margerie Mumblecrust ?

M. Mumbl. A lustie gay bachelor tooke it me of trust,
And if ye seeke to him, he will loue your doing.

C. Custance. Yea, but where learned he that manner of
wowing ?

M. Mumbl. If to sue to him you will any paines take,
He will have you to hys wife (he sayth) for my sake.

C. Custance. Some wise gentleman belike : I am bespoken.
And I thought verily thys had bene some token
From my dere spouse,¹ Gawin Goodlucke, whom, when him
please,

God luckily sende home, to both our heartes ease !

M. Mumbl. A ioly man it is, I wote well by report,
And would have you to him for marriage resort.
Best open the writing, and see what it doth speake.

C. Custance. At thys time, Nourse, I will neither reade ne
breake.

M. Mumbl. He promised to give you a whole pecke of golde.

C. Custance. Perchaunce, lacke of a pynte, when it shal be
all tolde.

M. Mumbl. I would take a gay riche husbände, and I were
you.

¹ *From my dear spouse.*] The word *spouse* is here used for *betrothed lover*

C. Custance. In good sooth, Madge, e'en so would I, if I were thou.¹

But, no more of this fonde talke now, let us go in,
And see thou no more move me folly to begin;
Nor bring mee no mo letters, for no man's pleasure,
But thou know from whom.

M. Mumb. I warrant ye shall be sure.

ACTUS ij. SCENA i.²

DOBINET DOUGHTIE.

D. Dough. Where is the house I goe to, before or behinde?
I know not where, nor when, nor how I shall it finde.
If I had ten mens bodies, and legs, and strength,
Thus trotting that I have must needes lame me at length.
And now that my maister is new set on wowing,
I trust there shall none of us finde lacke of doying:
Two pare of shoes a day will nowe be too litle
To serve me, I must trotte to and fro so mickle
“Go beare me thys token; carrie me this letter,”
Nowe this is the best way; nowe that way is better.
“Up before day, sirs, I charge you, an houre or twaine,
“Trudge, do me thys message, and bring worde quicke againe.”
If one misse but a minute, then, his armes and woundes,
“I woulde not have slacked for ten thousand poundes.
“Nay see, I beseeche you, if my most trustie page
“Goe not now aboute to hinder my maiage.”
So fervent hotte wowing, and so farre from wiving,
I trowe, never was any creature hying;
With every woman is he in some loves pang,
Then up to our lute at midnight, twangledome twang.

¹ The idea is borrowed from Alexander's celebrated reply to Parmenio.

² A night has passed between the first and second acts.

Then twang with our sonets, and twang with our dumps,¹
 And heyhough, from our heart, as heavy as lead lumpes.
 Then to our recorder,² with toodleloodle poope,
 As the howlet out of an yvie bushe should hoope.
 Anon to our gitterne,³ thrumpledum thrumpledum thrum,
 Thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum,
 thrum.

Of songs and balades also he is a maker,
 And that can he as finely doe as Jacke Raker;⁴
 Yea, and extempore will he ditties compose,
 Foolishe Marsias nere made the like I suppose;
 Yet must we sing them, as good stuffe, I undertake,
 As for such a pen man is well fittyng to make.
 "Ah, for these long nights! heyhow! when will it be day?
 "I feare ere I come, she will be wowed away."
 Then, when aunswere is made, that it may not bee,
 "O death, why comest thou not?" by and by, (sayth he).
 But then, from his heart to put away sorowe,
 He is as farre in with some newe love next morowe.
 But, in the meane season, we trudge and we trot,
 From daysspring to midnight I sit not, nor rest not.
 And now am I sent to dame Christian Custance;
 But I feare it will ende with a mock for pastance.⁵

¹ *Our dumps*] A tune. generally a mournful one.

² *Our recorder.*] A flageolet.

³ *Our gitterne.*] A lute, or guitar.

⁴ *Jacke Raker.*] "What have ye of the Lord Dakers?"

He maketh vs *Jacke Rakers*;

He says we are but crackers."

Skelton's *Why come ye not to Court*? See also
 the same author's *Speke Parrot*.

⁵ *Pastance.*] Passe-temps, pastime, sport So in act iv., sc. vi.

"Do ye think, Dame Custance,

That in this wowing I have ment ought but *pastance*?"

Again, act v., scene 2.

"Truly, most dear spouse, nought was done but for *pastance*."

I bring hir a ring, with a token in a cloute,
 And, by all geesse, this same is hir house out of doute.
 I knowe it now perfect, I am in my right way;
 And loe ! yond the olde Nourse, that was wyth us last day.

ACTUS ij. SCENA ij.

MAGE MUMBLECRUST—DOBINET DOUGHTIE.

M. Mumb. I was nere so shoke up afore, since I was borne :

That our mistress couldo not have chid, I wold have sworne.
 And I pray God I die, if I ment any harme;
 But for my life tyme this shall be to me a charme.

D. Dough. God you save and see, Nurse, and howe is it with you?

M. Mumb. Mary, a great deale the worse it is, for suche as thou?

D. Dough. For me? Why so?

M. Mumb. Why, wer not thou one of them, say,
 That song and playde here with the gentleman last day?

D. Dough. Yes, and he would know if you have for him spoken;

And prayes you to deliv. r this ring and token.

M. Mumb. Nowe, by th' token that God tokened, brother,
 I will deliver no token, one nor other.

I have once ben so shent for your maister's pleasure,
 As I will not be agayne for all hys treasure.

D. Dough. He will thank you, woman.

M. Mumb. I will none of his thanke. [*Ex. D. Dough.*¹

D. Dough. I weene I am a prophete; this geare will prove blanke.

But what, should I home againe without answeres go?
 It were better go to Rome on my head, than so.

¹ *Sic in orig.*; but the exit of M. Mumblecrust takes place, and D. Doughtie remains on the stage.

I will tary here this moneth, but some of the house
 Shall take it of me, and then I care not a louse.
 But yonder commeth forth a wenche or a ladde:
 If he have not one Lumbarde's touche,¹ my lucke is bad.

ACTUS ij. SCENA iij.

TRUEPENIE—D. DOUGH.—TIBET T. ANOT AL.

Truepenie. I am cleane lost for lacke of mery companie;
 We 'grec not halfe well within, our wenches and I:
 They will commaunde like mistresses, they will forbyd;
 If they be not served, Trupeny must be chyd.
 Let them be as mery nowe, as ye can desire,
 With turnyng of a hande our mirth heth in the mire.
 I can not skill of such chaungeable mettle,
 There is nothing with them but In docke, out nettle.²

D. Dough. Whether is it better that I speake to him furst,
 Or he first to me? It is good to cast the wurst.
 If I begiune first, he will smell all my purpose,
 Otherwise I shall not neede any thyng to disclose.

Truepenie. What boy have we yonder? I will see what he is.

D. Dough. He commeth to me. It is hereabout, y'wis.

Trupenie. Wouldest thou ought, friende, that thou lookest
 so about?

D. Dough. Yea; but whether ye can helpe me or no, I dout.
 I secke to one Mistresse Custance house, here dwellyng.

Trupenie. It is my mistresse ye seeke too, by your telling.

D. Dough. Is there any of that name heere, but shee?

Trupenie. Not one in all the whole towne that I knowe, pardee.

D. Dough. A widowe she is, I trow.

Trupenie. And what and she be?

D. Dough. But ensured to an husbando.

¹ A Lombards touchstone, to try gold and silver. See *Richard III.*, act iv., sc. 2.

² A proverbial expression, relating to a still common practice

Trupenie. Yea, so thinke we.

D. Dough. And I dwell with hir husbände that trusteth to be.

Trupenie. In faith then must thou needes be welcome to me.
Let us, for acquaintance, shake handes together,
And, what ere thou be, heartily welcome hither.

*Tib. Talk.*¹ Well, Trupenie, never but flinging?

An. Alyface. And frisking?

Trupenie. Well, Tibet and Annot, still swingyng and
whiskyng?

Tib. Talk. But, ye roile abroad.

An. Alyface. In the streete evere where.

Trupenie. Where are ye twaine? in chambers, when ye mete
me there?

But, come hither, fooles: I have one nowe by the hande,
Servant to hym that must be our mistresse husbände;
Byd him welcome.

An. Alyface. To me truly is he welcome.

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, and, as I may say, heartily welcome.

D. Dough. I thank you, mistresse maides.

An. Alyface. I hope we shal better know.

Tib. Talk. And, when will our new master come?

D. Dough. Shortly, I trow.

Tib. Talk. I woulde it were to-morrowe; for, till he resorte,
Our mistresse, being a widowe, hath small comforte:
And, I hearde our Nourse speake of an husbände to-day,
Ready for our mistresse; a riche man and a gay.
And we shall go in our Frenche hoodes every day;
In our silke cassocks (I warrant you) freshe and gay;
In our tricke fordegews, and billiments of golde;
Brave in our sutes of chaunge, seven double fōlde.
Then shall ye see Tibet, sirs, treade the mosse so trimme;
Nay, why said I treade? ye shall see hir glide and swimme;
Not lumperdee, clumperdee, like our spaniell Rig.

¹ Tib and Annot would seem to enter here.

Trupenie. Mary, then, prickmedaintie; come, taste me a fig.
Who shall then know our Tib Talkeapace, trow ye?

An. Alyface. And why not Annot Alyface as fyne as she?

Trupenie. And what, had Tom Truepeny a father, or none?

An. Alyface. Then, our prety newe come man will looke to
be one.

Truepenie. We foure I trust shall be a ioily mery knot.
Shall we sing a fitte¹ to welcome our friende, Annot?

An. Alyface. Perchaunce, he can not sing.

D. Dough. I am at all assayes.

Tib. Talk. By cocke, and the better welcome to us alwayes.

Here they sing.

A thing very fitte	No man for despite,
For them that have witte,	By worde or by write,
And are felowes knitte,	His felowe to twite,
Servants in one house to bee;	But further in honestie;
As fast for to sitte,	No good turnes entwite,
And not oft to flitte,	Nor olde sores recite,
Nor varie a whitte,	But let all goe quite,
But lovingly to agree.	And lovingly to agree
 No man complainyng,	 After drudgerie,
Nor other disdayning,	When they be werie,
For losse or for gainyng.	Then to be merie,
But felowes or friends to bee;	To laugh and sing they be free;
No grudge remainyng,	With chip and cherie,
No worke refrainyng,	Heigh derie derie,
Nor helpe restraynyng,	Trill on the berie,
But lovingly to agree.	And lovingly to agree.

Finis.

Tib. Talk. Wyll you now in with us unto our mistresse go?

D. Dough. I have first for my maister an errand or two.

¹ *Sing a fitte.*] A fitte usually means the division of a ballad, but here it is to be understood as a song.

But, I have here from him a token and a ring ;
They shall have moste thanke of hir, that first doth it bring.

Tib. Talk. Mary, that will I.

Trupenie. See, and Tibet snatch not now.

Tib. Talk. And, why may not I, sir, got thanks as well as
you ? (*Exeat.*)

An. Alyface. Yet, get ye not all, we will go with you both,
And have part of your thanks, be ye never so loth.

[*Exeant omnes.*]

D. Dough. So my handes are ridde of it, I care for no more.
I may now returne home : so durst I not afore. [*Exeat.*]

ACTUS ij. SCÆNA iiij.

C. CUSTANCE—TIBET—ANNOT ALYFACE—TRUEPENY.

C. Custance. Nay, come forth all three ; and come hither,
pretie mayde :

Will not so many forewarnings make you afrayde ?

Tib. Talk. Yes, forsooth.

C. Custance. But stil be a runner up and downe ?

Still be a bringer of tidings and tokens to towne ?

Tib. Talk. No, forsooth, mistresse.

C. Custance. Is all your delite and ioy

In whiskeyng and ramping abroad, like a Tom boy ?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, these were there too, Annot and Tru-
penie.

Trupenie. Yea, but ye alone tooke it, ye can not denie.

An. Alyface. Yea, that ye did.

Tib. Talk. But, if I had not, ye twaine would.

C. Custance. You great calfe, ye shoulde have more witte, so
ye should.

But, why shoulde any of you take such things in hande ?

Tib. Talk. Bicause it came from him that must be your
husbande.

C. Custance. How do ye know that ?

Tib. Talk. Forsooth, the boy did say so.

C. Custance. What was his name?

An. Alyface. We asked not.

C. Custance. No did?

An. Alyface. He is not farre gone, of likelyhod.

Trupenie. I will see.

C. Custance. If thou canst finde him in the streete, bring him to me.

Trupenie. Yes. [*Exeat.*]

C. Custance. Well, ye naughty girles, if ever I perceive
That henceforth you do letters or tokens receive,
To bring unto me, from any person or place,
Except ye first shewe me the partie face to face,
Eythre thou or thou, full truly aby¹ thou shalt.

Tib. Talk. Pardon this, and the next time poulder me in salt.

C. Custance. I shall make all girles, by you twaine, to beware.

Tib. Talk. If I ever offende againe, do not me spare.

But, if ever I see that false boy any more,
By your mistreshyp's license, I tell you afore,
I will rather have my cote twentie times swinged,
Than on the naughtie wag not to be avenged.

C. Custance. Good wenches would not so rampe abroad,
ydelly,

But, keepe within doores, and plie their worke earnestly.
If one would speake with me, that is a man likely,
Ye shall have right good thanke to bring me worde quickly;
But, otherwyse, with messages to come in post,
From henceforth, I promise you, shall be to your cost.
Get you in to your work.

Tib. and Annot. Yes, forsooth.

C. Custance. Hence, both twaine.

And let me see you play me such a part againe.

[*Ex. Tib. and Annot.*]

¹ *Full truly aby^e thou shalt.*] i.e., *abide* the consequences, to rue, or suffer for. See *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii., scene 2.

Trupenie. Maistresse, I have runne past the farre ende of
the streete,

Yet can I not yonder craftie boy see nor meete.

C. Custance. No?

Trupenie. Yet I looked as farre beyonde the people,
As one may see out of the toppe of Paule's steeple.

C. Custance. Hence, in at doores, and let me no more be
vext!

Trupenie. Forgeve me this one fault, and lay on for the
next.¹

C. Custance. Now will I in too, for I thinke, so God me
mende,

This will prove some foolishe matter in the ende. [*Exeat.*

ACTUS iij. SCÆNA j.

MATHEWE MERYGREEKE.

M. Mery. Nowe say this againe: he hath somewhat to
dooing

Which followeth the trace of one that is wowyng;

Specially that hath no more witte in his hedde,

Than my cousin Roister Doister withall is ledde.

I am sent in all haste to espie and to marke

How our letters and tokens are likely to warke.

Maister Roister Doister must have aunswere in haste,

For he loveth not to spende much labour in waste.

Nowe, as for Christian Custance, by this light,

Though she had not hir trowth to Clawin Goodluck plight,

Yet, rather than with such a loutishe dolte to marie,

I dare say woulde lyve a poore lyfe solitarie.

But, fayne woulde I speake with Custance, if I wist how,

To laugh at the matter. Yond commeth one forth now.

¹ Truepenny goes out here, but the old copy omits his *exit*.

ACTUS iij. SCÆNA ij.

TIBET—M. MERYGREEKE—CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE.

Tib. Talk. Ah ! that I might but once in my life have a sight
Of him who made us all so yll shent ; by this light,
He shoulde never escape, if I had him by the eare,
But, even from his head, I woulde it bite or teare.
Yea, and if one of them were not inowe,
I would bite them both off, I make God avow.

M. Mery. What is he, whom this little mouse doth so
threaten ?

Tib. Talk. I woulde teache him, I trow, to make girles shent
or beaten.

M. Mery. I will call hir. — Maide, with whome are ye so
hastie ?

Tib. Talk. Not with you, Sir, but with a little wag-pastie ;
A deceiver of folkes, by subtill craft and guile.

M. Mery. I knowe where she is : Dobinet hath wrought
some wile.

Tib. Talk. He brought a ring and token, which he sayd was
sent

From our damo's husbando, but I wot well I was shent ;

For, it liked hir as well (to tell you no lies)

As water in her shyppe, or salt cast in her eies :

And yet, whence it came, neyther we nor she can tell.

M. Mery. We shall have sport anone : I like this very
well.

And, dwell ye here with mistresse Custance, faire maide ?

Tib. Talk. Yea, mary doe I, sir : what would ye have sayd ?

M. Mery. A little message unto hir, by worde of mouth.

Tib. Talk. No messages, by your leave, nor tokens, forsoth.

M. Mery. Then, helpe me to speke with hir.

Tib. Talk. With a good wil that.

Here she commeth forth. Now, speake ; ye know best what.

C. Custance. None other life with you, maide, but abrode to skip ?

Tib. Talk. Forsoth, here is one would speake with your mistressship.

C. Custance. Ah, have ye ben learning of mo messages now ?

Tib. Talk. I would not heare his minde, but bad him shewe it to you.

C. Custance. In at dores !

Tib. Talk. I am gon. [*Ex.*

M. Mery. Dame Custance, God ye save.

C. Custance. Welcome, friend Merygreeke : and, what thing wold ye have ?

M. Mery. I am come to you, a little matter to breake.

C. Custance. But see it be honest, else better not to speake.

M. Mery. Howe feele ye yourselfe affected here of late ?

C. Custance. I feele no maner change ; but, after the olde rate.

But, whereby do ye meane ?

M. Mery. Concerning mariage.

Doth not love lade you ?

C. Custance. I feele no such cariage.

M. Mery. Doe ye feele no pangues of dotage ? Aunswore me right.

C. Custance. I dote so, that I make but one sleepe all the night.

But, what neede all these wordes ?

M. Mery. Oh, Jesus ! will ye see

What dissemblyng creatures these same women be ?

The gentleman ye wote of, whome ye doe so love

That ye woulde fayne marrie hym, yf he durst it move,

Emong other riche widowes, which are of him glad,

Lest ye for lesing of him perchaunce might runne mad,

Is now contented that, upon your sute making,

Ye be as one in election of taking.

C. Custance. What a tale is this !—That I wote of! Whome I love !

M. Mery. Yea, and he is as loving a worme again as a dove. E'en of very pitie he is willyng you to take,
Bicause ye shall not destroy your selfe for his sake.

C. Custance. Mary, God yelde his maship: what ever he be, It is gentmanly spoken.

M. Mery. Is it not, trow ye?
If ye have the grace now to offer your self, ye speede.

C. Custance. As much as though I did; this time it shall not neede.

But what gentleman is it, I pray you tell me plaine,
That woweth so finely ?

M. Mery. Lo, where ye be againe ;
As though ye knewe him not.

C. Custance. Tush ! ye speake in iest.

M. Mery. Nay, sure the partie is in good knocking earnest,
And have you he will (he sayth) and have you he must.

C. Custance. I am promised duryng my lyfe; that is iust.

M. Mery. Mary, so thinketh he, unto him alone.

C. Custance. No creature hath my faith and trouth but one,
That is Gawin Goodlucke: and if it be not hee,
He hath no title this way, what ever he be,
For I knowe none to whome I have such worde spoken.

M. Mery. Ye knowe him not you, by his letter and token ?

C. Custance. Indede true it is, that a letter I have,
But I never reade it yet, as God me save.

M. Mery. Ye a woman? and your letter so long unredde !

C. Custance. Ye may therby know what hast I have to wedde.

But now, who is it for my hande, I knowe by gesse.

M. Mery. Ah ! well, I say.

C. Custance. It is Roister Doister, doubtlesse.

M. Mery. Will ye never leave this dissimulation?
Ye know hym not ?

C. Custance. But by imagination ;
 For, no man there is, but a very dolte and loute,
 That to wowe a widowe woulde so go about.
 He shall never have me hys wife while he doe live.

M. Mery. Then will he have you if he may, so mote I thrive;
 And he biddeth you sende him worde by me,
 That ye humbly beseech him ye may his wife be,
 And that there shall be no let in you, nor mistrust,
 But to be wedded on sunday next if he lust ;
 And biddeth you to looke for him.

C. Custance. Doth he byd so ?

M. Mery. When he cometh, aske hym whether he did
 or no ?

C. Custance. Goe say, that I bid him keepe him warme at
 home,
 For, if he come abroade, he shall cough me a mome.¹
 My mynde was vexed, I 'shrew his head, sottish dolt.

M. Mery. He hath in his head—

C. Custance. As much braine as a burbolt.²

M. Mery. Well, dame Custance, if he heare you thus play
 choploge.

C. Custance. What will he ?

M. Mery. Play the devill in the horologe.³

C. Custance. I defy him, loute.

M. Mery. Shall I tell hym what ye say ?

¹ *A mome.*] A fool, or blockhead. See act v., scenes 2 and 5.
 "Cough me a fool" is common in old plays.

² *A burbolt.*] A birdbolt, a short thick arrow, with a blunt head,
 chiefly made use of to kill rooks. It appears to have been looked upon
 as an emblem of dulness. So in Marston's "*What you Will*," 1607—
 "Ignorance should shoot

His gross-knobb'd *bird-bolt*."

³ *Horologe.*] "The divell is in th' *orloge*, the houres to trye :

Searche houres by the sun, the devyll's dyal will lie."

Heywood's *Proverbs*.

C. Custance. Yea, and adde what so ever thou canst, I thee pray,
And I will avouche it what so ever it bee.

M. Mery. Then let me alone ; we will laugh well, ye shall see :

It will not be long ere he will hither resorte.

C. Custance. Let hym come when hym lust, I wishe no better sporte.

Fare ye well, I will in, and read my great letter :

I shall to my wower make answeere the better. [*Exeat.*]

ACTUS iij. SCÆNA iij.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE—ROISTER DOISTER.

M. Mery. Nowe that the whole answeere in my devise doth rest,

I shall paint out our wower in colours of the best,

And all that I say shall be on Custance's mouth,

She is author of all that I shall speake forsoth.

But yond commeth Roister Doister nowe, in a traunce.

R. Royster. Iuno sende me this day good lucke and good chaunce !

I can not but come see howe Merygreeke doth speede.

M. Mery. I will not see him, but give him a iutte¹ indeede.
I crie your mastershype mercie !

R. Royster. And whither now ?

M. Mery. As fast as I could runne, sir, in poste against you.
But, why speake ye so faintly, or why are ye so sad ?

R. Royster. Thou knowest the proverbe,—bycause I can not be had.

Hast thou spoken with this woman ?

M. Mery. Yea, that I have.

R. Royster. And what, will this geare be ?

M. Mery. No, so God me save.

¹ *A jutte.*] A jostle.

R. Royster. Hast thou a flat answer?

M. Mery. Nay, a sharp answer.

R. Royster. What?

M. Mery. Ye shall not, (she sayth) by hir will, marry hir cat.

Ye are suche a calfe, such an asse, suche a blocke,
Such a lilburne, such a hoball, such a lobeocke;
And, bicause ye shoulde come to hir at no season,
She despised your maship out of all reason.

“Bawawe what ye say (ko I) of such a ientman!”

“Nay, I feare him not (ko she) doe the best he can.”

He vaunteth him selfe for a man of prowesse greate,
Where as, a good gander, I dare say, may him beate.

And where he is louted¹ and laughed to scorne,

For the veriest dolte that ever was borne;

And veriest lubber, sloven and beast,

Living in this worlde, from the west to the east;

Yet, of himselfe hath he suche opinion,

That in all the worlde is not the like minion.

He thinketh eche woman to be brought in dotage,

With the onely sight of his goodly personage:

Yet, none that will have hym: we do hym loute and flocke,

And make him among us, our common sporting stocke;

And so would I now (ko she) save onely bicause,—

“Better nay,” (ko I)—“I lust not medle with dawes.”

“Ye are happy (ko I) that ye are a woman,

This would cost you your life in case ye were a man.”

R. Royster. Yea, an hundred thousand pound should not
save hir life.

M. Mery. No, but that ye wowe hir to have hir to your
wife;

But I coulde not stoppe hir mouth.

R. Royster. Hoigh how, alas!

¹ *Louted.*] Mocked or despised for a lowt. See *First Part of Henry 6th*, act iv., scene 3.

M. Mery. Be of good cheere man, and let the worlde passe.¹

R. Royster. What shall I doe or say, nowe that it will not bee?

M. Mery. Ye shall have choise of a thousand as good as shee;

And ye must pardon hir; it is for lacke of witte.

R. Royster. Yea, for were not I an husbände for hir fitte? Well, what should I now doe?

M. Mery. In faith I can not tell.

R. Royster. I will go home and die.

M. Mery. Then, shall I bidde toll the bell?

R. Royster. No.

M. Mery. God have mercie on your soule: ah good gentleman! That er you shoulde thus dye for an unkinde woman. Will ye drinke once ere ye goe?

R. Royster. No, no, I will none.

M. Mery. How feele your soule to God?

R. Royster. I am nigh gone.

M. Mery. And shall we hence streight?

R. Royster. Yea.

M. Mery. *Placebo dilexi.* *ut infra.*²

Maister Roister Doister will streight go home and die.

R. Royster. Heigh how, alas! the pangs of death my hearte do breake.

M. Mery. Holde your peace, for shame, sir! a dead man may not speake.

Nequando: What mourners and what torches shall we have?

R. Royster. None.

M. Mery. *Dirige.* He will go darklyng to his grave,—
Neque luctus, neque crux, neque mourners, neque clinke,

¹ A proverbial expression of heedless jollity. See the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, where *Sly* exclaims—"Paucas pallabris; let the world slide; Sessa!"

² See the Psalmodie at the end of the Comedy.

He will steale to heaven, unknowing to God, I thinke ;
A porta inferi : who shall your goodes possesse ?

R. Royster. Thou shalt be my sectour,¹ and have all, more
 and losse.

M. Mery. Requiem eternam. Now, God reward your mastershype,

And I will erie halfeponie doale for your worshype.

Come forth, Sirs ; heare the doleful newes I shall you tell.

[*Evocat sercos milites.*

Our good maister here will no longer with us dwell,
 But in spite of Custance, which hath hym weried,
 Let us see his mashype solemnely buried ;
 And while some piece of his soule is yet hym within,
 Some part of his funeralls let us here begin.

Audivi vocem. All men take heed by this one gentleman,
 How you sette your love upon an unkinde woman :

For these women be all suche maddo, pievishe elves,
 They will not be wonne, except it please them selves.

But, in fayth, Custance, if ever ye come in hell,
 Maister Roister Doister shall serve you as well.

And will ye needes go from us thus in very deede ?

R. Royster. Yea, in good sadnesse.

M. Mery. Now, Jesus Christ be your speede.

Good night, Roger olde knave ! farewell Roger olde knave !

Good night, Roger olde knave, knave knap ! [*ut infra.*²

Pray for the late maister Roister Doister's soule,

And come forth, parish Clarke ; let the passing-bell toll.

[*Ad sercos militis.*

Pray for your mayster, Sirs ; and for hym ring a peale.

He was your right good maister while he was in heale.

R. Royster. Qui Lazarum.

Heigh how !

M. Mery. Dead men go not so fast. *In Paradisum.*

¹ *Sectour.*] Executor.

² See the end of the Comedy.

R. Royster. Heilhow!

M. Mery. Soft, heare what I have cast.

R. Royster. I will heare nothing, I am past.

M. Mery. Whough, wellaway!

Ye may tarie one houre, and heare what I shall say.

Ye were best, Sir, for a while to revive againe,

And quite them er ye go.

R. Royster. Trowest thou so?

M. Mery. Ye, plain.

R. Royster. How may I revive, being now so farre past?

M. Mery. I will rubbe your temples, and fette you againe
at last.

R. Royster. It will not be possible.

M. Mery. Yes, for twentie pounce.

R. Royster. Armes! what dost thou?

M. Mery. Fet you again out of your sound.

By this crosse, ye were nigh gone in deede; I might feele

Your soule departing within an inche of your heele.

Now, folow my counsell.

R. Royster. What is it?

M. Mery. If I wer you,

Custance should eft seeke to me, ere I woulde bowe.

R. Royster. Well, as thou wilt have me, even so will I doe.

M. Mery. Then, shall ye revive againe for an houre or two.

R. Royster. As thou wilt: I am content, for a little space.

M. Mery. Good happe is not hastie: yet in space comth
grace.

To speake with Custance your selfe, shoulde be very well;

What good therof may come, nor I, nor you can tell.

But now the matter standeth upon your mariage,

Ye must now take unto you a lustie courage.

Ye may not speake with a faint heart to Custance.

But with a lusty breast¹ and countenance,

That she may knowe she hath to answeare to a man.

¹ See ante, page 5, note 1.

R. Royster. Yes, I can do that as well as any can.

M. Mery. Then, bicause ye must Custance face to face wowe,
Let us see how to behave your selfe ye can doe.

Ye must have a portely bragge after your estate.

R. Royster. Tushe, I can handle that after the best rate.

M. Mery. Well done; so loe ' up, man, with your head and
chin;

Up with that snoute, man: so loe! nowe ye begin.

So, that is somewhat like; but prankie cote, nay whan?

That is a lustie brute; handes unto your side, man:

So loe! now is it even as it shoulde bee;

That is somewhat like, for a man of your degree.

Then must ye stately goe, ietting up and downe.¹

Tut! can ye no better shake the taile of your gowne?

There loe! such a lustie bragge it is ye must make.

R. Royster. To come behind, and make curtsie,² thou must
som pains take.

M. Mery. Else were I much to blame. I thanke your mas-
tershupp;

The Lorde onc day all to begrime you with worshupp.

Backe, Sir sauce! let gentlefolkes have elbow roome.

Voyde Sirs, see ye not Maister Roister Doister come?

Make place, my maisters.

R. Royster. Thou iustlest nowe to nigh.

M. Mery. Backe, al rude loutes.

R. Royster. Tush.

M. Mery. I crie your maship mercy.

Hoighdagh! if faire fine Mistresse Custance sawe you now,

Ralph Royster Doister were hir owne I warrant you.

R. Roister. Neare an M. by your girdle?

M. Mery. Your good Mastershupp's

Maistershupp, were hir owne mistreshyp's mistreshyp's.

¹ *Jetting up and down.*] Walking with an air or swing.

² *Curtsie.*] Formerly applied to any kind of obeisance, either of man or woman.

Ye were take up for haukes ; ye were gone, ye were gone :
But, now one other thing more yet I thinke upon.

R. Royster. Shewe what it is.

M. Mery. A wower, be he never so poore,
Must play and sing before his bestbelove's doore.
How much more than you ?

R. Royster. Thou speakest wel, out of dout.

M. Mery. And perchaunce that would make hir the sooner
come out.

R. Royster. Goe call my Musitians ; bydde them high apace.

M. Mery. I wyll be here with them, ere ye can say trey ace.
[*Exeat.*

R. Royster. This was well sayde of Merygreeke, I lowe hys
wit,

Before my sweete heart's dore wee will have a fit,
That if my love come forth, I may with hir talke :
I doubt not but this geare shall on my side walke.
But lo ! how well Merygreeke is returned sence.

*M. Mery.*¹ There hath grown no grasse on my heele since I
went hence ;

Lo ! here have I brought that shall make you pastance.²

R. Royster. Come, sirs, let us sing, to winne my deare love
Custance. [Cantent.³

M. Mery. Lo, where she commeth ! some countenance to
hir make ;

And ye shall heare me be plaine with hir for your sake.

ACTUS iij. SCENÆ iij.

CUSTANCE—MERYGREEKE—ROISTER DOISTER.

C. Custance. What gaudyng and foolyng is this afore my
doore ?

¹ The re-entry is not marked in the old copy.

² *Pastance.*] See ante, p. 27, note 5.

³ See the fourth song at the end of the Comedy.

M. Mer. May not folks be honest, pray you, though they be pore?

C. Custance. As that thing may be true, so rich folkes may be foolos.

R. Royster. Hir talke is as fine as she had learned in schooles.

M. Mery. Looke partly towarde hir, and drawe a little nere.

C. Custance. Get ye home, idle folkes.

M. Mery. Why may not we be here?

Nay, and ye will haze, haze;¹ otherwise, I tell you plaine,
And ye will not haze, then give us our geare againe.

C. Custance. In deede, I have of yours much gay things;
God save all.

R. Royster. Speake gently unto hir, and let her take all.

M. Mery. Ye are to tender hearted. Shall she make us dawes?

Nay, dame, I will be plaine with you in my friend's cause.

R. Royster. Let all this passe, sweete heart, and accept my service.

C. Custance. I will not be served with a foole, in no wise.
When I choose an husbände, I hope to take a man.

M. Mery. And, where will ye finde one which can doo that
he can?

Now, thys man towarde you being so kinde,

Why not make him an answer somewhat to his minde?

C. Custance. I sent him a full answer by you, dyd I not?

M. Mery. And I reported it.

C. Custance. Nay, I must speake it againe.

R. Royster. No, no, he tolde it all.

M. Mery. Was I not metely plaine?

R. Royster. Yes.

- *M. Mery.* But, I would not tell all; for, faith if I had,
With you, dame Custance, ere this houre, it had ben bad;
And, not without cause: for, this goodly personage,
Ment no lesse than to ioyne with you in mariage.

¹ i.e., if you will have us, have us.

C. Custance. Let him wast no more labour nor sute about me.

M. Mery. Ye know not where your preferment lieth I see;—
He sendeth you such a token, ring, and letter.

C. Custance. Mary, here it is; ye never sawe a better.

M. Mery. Let us see your letter.

C. Custance. Holde! reade it if ye can;
And see what letter it is to winne a woman.

M. Mery.

*To myne owne deare coney, birde, sweete heart, and pigsny,
Good Mistresse Custance, present these by and by.*

Of this superscription do ye blame the stile?

C. Custance. With the rest, as good stufte as ye redde a
great while.

M. Mery.

Sweete Mistresse, where as I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and riches chiefe of all;
For your personage, beautie, demeanour, and wit,
I commende me unto you never a whit.
Sorie to heare report of your good welfare,
For, (as I heare say) suche youre conditions are,
That ye be worthie favour of no living man;
To be abhorred of every honest man.
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice;
Nothing at all to vertue gyving hir due price.
Wherefore, concerning mariage, ye are thought
Such a fine Paragon as nere honest man bought.
And now, by these presentes, I do you advertise
That I am minded to marrie you in no wise.
For your goodes and substance, I coulde bee content
To take you as ye are. If ye mynde to bee my wyfe,
Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my lyfe
I will keepe ye ryght well from good rayment and fare;
Ye shall not be kepte but in sorrowe and care.
Ye shall in no wyse lyve at your owne libertie;
Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me;

But when ye are mery, I will be all sadde;
 When ye are sory, I will be very gladde;
 When ye seeke your hearte's ease, I will be unkinde;
 At no tyme in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde;
 But all things contrary to your will and minde
 Shall be done · otherwise I will not be behinde
 To speake. And as for all them that woulde do you wrong,
 I will so helpe and mainteyne, ye shall not lyve long.
 Nor any foolishe dolte shall cumbre you, but I;
 I, who ere say nay, wyll sticke by you tyll I die.
 Thus, good Mistresse Custance, the lorde you save and keepe
 From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe.
 Who favoureth you no lesse (ye may be bolde)
 Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold.¹

C. Custance. Howe, by this letter of love? is it not fine?

R. Royster. By the Armes of Calleys,² it is none of myne.

M. Mery. Fie! you are fowle to blame; this is your owne hand.

C. Custance. Might not a woman be proude of such an hus-
 bande?

M. Mery. Ah, that ye would in a letter shew such despite!

R. Royster. Oh, I would I had hym here, the which did it
 ondite!

M. Mery. Why, ye made it your selfe, ye tolde me, by this
 light!

R. Royster. Yea, I ment I wrote it myne owne selfe yester-
 night.

C. Custance. Y'wis, Sir, I would not have sent you such a
 mocke.

R. Royster. Ye may so take it; but, I ment it not so, by
 cocke.

¹ This is the passage quoted by T. Wilson in his "Rule of Reason, conteinyng the arte of Logique." Printed by Grafton in 1551.

² See ante, act i., scene 1, page 3, note 1.

M. Mery. Who can blame this woman, to fume, and frette,
and rage?

Tut, tut, your selfe nowe have marde your owne marriage.

Well, yet, Mistresse Custance, if ye can, this remitte;

This gentleman otherwise may your love requitte.

C. Custance. No, God be with you both, and seeke no more
to me. [Exeat.

R. Royster. Wough! she is gone for ever, I shall hir no
more see.

M. Mery. What weepe? Fye for shame! And blubber?
For manhod's sake,

Never lette your foe so muche pleasure of you take.

Rather play the man's parte, and doe love refraine:

If she despise you, e'en despise ye hir againe.

R. Royster. By gosse, and for thy sake, I defye hir in deede!

M. Mery. Yea, and perchaunce that way ye shall much
sooner speede;

For, one madde propertie these women have in fey,¹

When ye will, they will not: will not ye? then will they.

Ah, foolishe woman! ah, most unluckie Custance!

Ah, unfortunate woman! ah, pievishe Custance,

Art thou to thine harmes so obstinately bent,

That thou canst not see where lieth thine high preferment?

Canst thou not lub dis man, which coulde lub dee so well?

Art thou so much thine own foe?

R. Royster. Thou dost the truth tell.

M. Mery. Well, I lament.

R. Royster. So do I.

M. Mery. Wherfor?

R. Royster. For this thing,

Bicause she is gone.

M. Mery. I mourne for an other thing.

R. Royster. What is it, Merygreeke, wherfore thou dost
griefe take?

¹ *In fey.*] In faith: from the French, *foy*.

M. Mery. That I am not a woman my selfe, for your sake.
I would have you my selfe, and a strawe for yond' Gill,
And mocke much of you, though it were against my will.
I would not, I warrant you, fall in such a rage,
As so to refuse suche a goodly personage.

R. Royster. In faith, I heartily thanke thee, Merygreeke.

M. Mery. And I were a woman——

R. Royster. Thou wouldest to me seeke.

M. Mery. For, though I say it, a goodly person ye bee.

R. Royster. No, no.

M. Mery. Yes, a goodly man as e're I dyd see.

R. Royster. No, I am a poore homely man, as God made mee.

M. Mery. By the faith that I owe to God, sir, but ye bee.
Woulde I might, for your sake, spende a thousande pound
land.

R. Royster. I dare say thou wouldest have me to thy husbande.

M. Mery. Yea, and I were the fairest lady in the shiere,
And knewe you as I know you, and see you nowe here.
Well, I say no more.

R. Royster. Granorcies, with all my hart.

M. Mery. But, since that can not be, will ye play a wise
parto?

R. Royster. How should I?

M. Mery. Refraine from Custance a while now,
And I warrant hir soone right glad to seeke to you.
Ye shall see hir anon come on hir knees creeping,
And pray you to be good to hir, salte teares weeping.

R. Royster. But what, and she come not?

M. Mery. In faith, then, farewell she.

Or else, if ye be wroth, ye may avenged be.

R. Royster. By cocke's precious potsticke, and e'en so I shall;
I wyll utterly destroy hir, and house and all.
But, I woulde be avenged in the meane space,

On that vile scribler, that did my wowyng disgrace.

M. Mery. Scribler (ko you)? In deede, he is worthy no lesse.

I will call hym to you, and ye bidde me, doubtlesse.

R. Royster. Yes, for although he had as many lives
As a thousande widowes, and a thousande wives,
As a thousande lyons, and a thousande rattes,
A thousande wolves, and a thousande cattes,
A thousand bulles, and a thousande calves,
And a thousande legions divided in halves,
He shall never scape death on my sworde's point,
Though I shoulde be torne therfore joynt by joynt.

M. Mery. Nay, if ye will kyll him, I will not fette him,
I will not in so much extremitie sette him.

He may yet amonde, Sir, and be an honest man ;
Therefore, pardon him, good soule, as muche as ye can.

R. Royster. Well, for thy sake, this once with his lyfe he
shall passe ;

But, I wyll hewe hym all to pieces, by the Masse.

M. Mery. Nay, fayth, ye shall promise that he shall no
harm have,

Else I will not fet him.

R. Royster. I shall, so God me save !

But I may chide him a good.¹

M. Mery. Yea, that do hardely.

R. Royster. Go then.

M. Mery. I returne, and bring him to you, by and by.²

[*Ex.*

¹ *A good.*] In earnest—heartily. So in Marlowe's *Rich Jew of Malta*, 1633, act ii., scene 3 :—

—— “I have laugh'd *a good* to see the cripples

Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.”

² *By and by.*] This expression, though now generally used to denote some little lapse of time, formerly signified *immediately*. It is so used still in the North of England.

ACTUS iij. SCÆNA v.

ROISTER DOISTER—MATHEW MERYGREEKE—SCRIVENER.

R. Royster. What is a gentleman, but his worde and his promise?

[I must now save this vilaine's lyfe, in any wise;
And yet, at hym already my handes doe tickle,
I shall uneth¹ holde them, they will be so fickle.

But lo, and Merygreeke have not brought him sens!²

M. Mery. Nay, I woulde, I had of my purse payde fortie pens.

Scrivener. So woulde I too; but it needed not that stounde.³

M. Mery. But, the jentman had rather spent five thousande pounde;

For it disgraced him at least five tymes so mucho.

Scrivener. He disgraced hym selfe, his loutishnesse is suche.

R. Royster. Howe long they stande prating! Why com'st thou not away?

M. Mery. Come nowe to hymselfe, and hearken what he will say.

Scrivener. I am not afrayde in his presence to appeere.

R. Royster. Art thou come, fellow?

Scrivener. How thinke you? Am I not here?

R. Royster. What hindrance hast thou done me, and what villanie!

Scrivener. It hath come of thy selfe, if thou hast had any.

R. Royster. All the stocke thou comest of, later or rather,⁴

¹ *Uneth.*] With difficulty—scarcely. See *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, act ii., scene 4.

² *Sens.*] Already. The re-entrance of Merrygreeke with the Scrivener is not marked in the old copy.

³ *Stounde.*] Used by Spenser for a tumult or bustle, in which sense it appears to be used in the text.

⁴ *Rather.*] Earlier. *Rath*, for early, occurs in Chaucer and in Milton.

From thy fyrst father's grandfather's father's father,
 Nor all that shall come of thee, to the worlde's ende,
 Though to three score generations they descende,
 Can be able to make a just recompence,
 For this trespasse of thine, and this one offense.

Scrivener. Wherin?

R. Royster. Did not you make me a letter, brother?

Scrivener. Pay the like hire, I will make you suche an other.

R. Royster. Nay! see, and these whooreson Phariseys and
 Scribes

Doe not get their livyng by polling¹ and bribes.
 If it were not for shame——

Scrivener. Nay, holde thy handes still.²

M. Mery. Why, did ye not promise that ye would not him
 spill?³

Scrivener. Let him not spare me.

R. Royster. Why, wilt thou strike me again?

Scrivener. Ye shall have as good as ye bring of me, that is
 plaine.

M. Mery. I can not blame him, sir, though your blowes
 wold him greve;

For he knoweth present death to ensue of all ye geve.

R. Royster. Well, this man for once hath purchased thy
 pardon.

Scrivener. And, what say ye to me? or else I will be gon.

R. Royster. I say, the letter thou madest me was not good.

Scrivener. Then did ye wrong copy it, of likelyhood.

R. Royster. Yes, out of thy copy, worde for worde, I it
 wrote.

¹ *Polling.*] Plundering:—

“Which *polls* and pills the poor in piteous wise.”

Faerie Queen, Book v., canto 2.

² From the *Scrivener's* next speech, it seems as if this hemistic ought
 to be given to *Merygreeke*; but as usual we adhere to the old copy.

³ *Spill.*] Destroy. See *King Lear*, act iii., scene 2.

Scrivener. Then, was it as you prayed to have it, I wote :
but in reading and pointyng there was made some faulte.

R. Royster. I wote not ; but, it made all my matter to haulte.

Scrivener. Howe say you, is this mine originall or no?

R. Royster. The selfe same that I wrote out of, so mote I go.

Scrivener. Loke you on your owne fist, and I will looke on
this,

And let this man be judge whether I reade amisse.

*To myne owne dere coney, birde, sweete heart, and pigsny,
Good Mistresse Custance, present these by and by.*

How now ? doth not this superscription agree ?

R. Royster. Reade that is within, and there ye shall the
fault see.

Scrivener.

Sweete Mistresse, where as I love you ; nothing at all
Regarding your riches and substance ; chiefe of all
For your personage, beautie, demeanour, and witte,
I commende me unto you ; never a whitte
Sory to hear reporte of your good welfare ;
For, (as I heare say) suche youre conditions are,
That ye be worthie favour ; of no living man
To be abhorred ; of every honest man
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice
Nothing at all ; to vertue gyving hir due price.
Wherefore, concerning mariage, ye are thought
Such a fine Paragon as ne're honest man bought.
And now, by these presents, I do you advertise
That I am minded to marrie you ; in no wise
For your goodes and substance ; I can bee content
To take you as ye are. Yf ye will be my wife,
Ye shall be assured for the time of my lyfe,
I will keepe ye ryght well : from good rayment and fare
Ye shall not be kepte : but, in sorrowe and care
Ye shall in no wyse lyve ; at your owne libertie,
Doe and say what ye lust ; ye shall never please me

But when ye are merie; I will bee all sadde
 When ye are sorie; I wyll be very gladde
 When ye seeke your hearte's ease; I wyll be unkinde
 At no time; in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde.
 But, all things contrary to your will and minde
 Shall be done otherwise. I wyll not be behynde
 To speake; and as for all they that woulde do you wrong
 (I will so helpe and maintayne ye) shall not lyve long.
 Nor any foolishe dolte shall cumbre you; but I,
 I, who ere say nay, wyll stycke by you tyll I die.
 Thus, good Mistresse Custance, the Lorde you save and kepe!
 From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe,
 Who favoureth you no lesse (ye may be bolde)
 Than this letter purporteth which ye have unfold.

Now Sir, what default can ye finde in this letter?

R. Royster. Of truth, in my mynde, there can not be a better.

Scrivener. Then was the fault in readyng, and not in writyng,
 No, nor, I dare say, in the fourme of endityng.

But, who read this letter, that it sounded so nought?

M. Mery. I redde it in deede.

Scrivener. Ye red it not as ye ought.

R. Royster. Why, thou wretched villaine, was all this same
 fault in thee?

M. Mery. I knocke your costarde,¹ if ye offer to strike me.

R. Royster. Strikest thou in deede, and I offer but in jest?

M. Mery. Yea, and rappe ye againe, except ye can sit in rest.
 And I will no longer tarie here, me beleve.

R. Royster. What, wilt thou be angry, and I do thee for-
 geve?

Fare thou well, scribler; I crie thee mercie in deede.

Scrivener. Fare ye well, bibbler, and worthily may ye speede.

R. Royster. If it were an other than thou, it were a knave.

M. Mery. Ye are an other your selfe, sir, the lorde us both
 save;

¹ *Costarde.*] Head.

Albeit, in this matter I must your pardon crave.
 Alas ! woulde ye wyshe in me the witte that yo have ?
 But, as for my fault, I can quickly amende :
 I will shewe Custance it was I that did offende.

R. Royster. By so doing hir anger may be reformed.

M. Mery. But if by no entreatie she will be turned,
 Then sette lyght by hir, and bee as testie as shee,
 And doe your force upon hir with extremitie.

R. Royster. Come on, therefore, lette us go home in sadnesse.

M. Mery. That if force shall neede, all may be in readinesse.
 And as for thys letter, hardely let all go ;
 We wyl know whe're she refuse you for that or no.

[*Exeant. am.*

ACTUS iiij. SCÆNA j.

SYM. SURESBY.

Sym. Sure. Is there any man but I, Sym Suresby, alone,
 That would have taken such an enterprise him upon ;
 In suche an outrageous tempest as this was,
 Suche a daungerous gulfe of the sea to passe ?
 I thinke, verily, Neptune's mightie godshyp,
 Was angry with some that was in our shyp,
 And, but for the honestie which in me he founde,
 I thinke for the other's sake we had bene drownde.
 But, fye on that servant which for his maister's wealth¹
 Will sticke for to hazarde both his lyfe and his healt.
 My maister, Gawyn Goodlucke, after me a day,
 Bicause of the weather, thought best his shyppe to stay ;
 And, now that I have the rough sourges so well past,
 God graunt I may finde all things safe here at last :
 Then will I thinke all my travaile well spent.
 Nowe, the first poynt wherfore my maister hath me sent,

¹ *Wealth.*] Welfare. Udall uses the word in this sense in his letter to the Cornish men. See Introductory Memoir.

Is to salute dame Christian Custance, his wife
 Espoused, whome he tendreth no lesse than his life.
 I must see how it is with hir, well or wrong,
 And whether for him she doth not now thinke long.
 Then to other friendes I have a message or tway ;
 And then so to returne and mete him on the way.
 Now wyll I goe knocke, that I may dispatche with speede ;
 But loe ! forth commeth hir selfe happily in deede.

ACTUS iiij. SCENA ij.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE—SIM SURESBY.

C. Custance. I come to see if any more stirryng be here.
 But what straunger is this, which doth to me appere?

Sym. Sure. I will speake to hir.—Dame, the lorde you save
 and see.

C. Custance. What, friende Sym Suresby? Forsooth, right
 welcome ye be.

How doth mine owne Gawyn Goodlucke, I pray the tell?

Sym. Sure. When he knoweth of your health, he will be
 perfect well.

C. Custance. If he have perfect helth, I am as I would be.

Sym. Sure. Such newes will please him well. This is as it
 should be.

C. Custance. I thinke now long for him.

Sym. Sure. And he as long for you.

C. Custance. When will he be at home?

Sym. Sure. His heart is here e'en now ;
 His body commeth after.

C. Custance. I woulde see that faine.

Sym. Sure. As faste as wynde and sayle can cary it a
 maine.

But what two men are yonde comming hitherwarde?

C. Custance. Now, I shrew their best Christmasse chekes,
 both togetherward !

ACTUS iiij. SCÆNA iiij.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE—SYM. SURESBY—RALPH ROISTER—
—MATHEW MERYGREKE—TRUEPENY.

C. Custance. What meane these lewde felowes, thus to trouble me stil?

Sym Suresby here, perchaunce, shal thereof deme som yll,
And shall suspect in me some point of naughtinesse,
And they come hitherward.

Sym. Sure. What is their businesse?

C. Custance. I have nought to them, nor they to me, in sadnesse.¹

Sym. Sure. Let us hearken them; somewhat there is, I feare it.

R. Royster. I will speake out aloude best, that she may heare it.

M. Mery. Nay, alas! ye may so feare hir out of hir wit.

R. Royster. By the crosse of my sworde, I will hurt hir no whit.

M. Mery. Will ye doe no harme in deede? Shall I trust your worde?

R. Royster. By Roister Doister's fayth, I will speak but in borde.²

Sym. Sure. Let us hearken them: somewhat there is, I feare it.

R. Royster. I will speake out aloude, I care not who heare it.—

Sirs, see that my harnesse, my tergat, and my shield,
Be made as bright now, as when I was last in fielde,
As white as I shoulde to warre againe to morrowe:
For, sicke shall I be, but I worke some folke sorowe.
Therefore, see that all shine as bright as saint George,

¹ *In sadnesse.*] In seriousness.

² *In borde.*] In jest. See ante, page 19, n. 1.

Or as doth a key, newly come from the smith's forge.
 I woulde have my sworde and harnesse to shine so bright,
 That I might therwith dimme mine enimies' sight :
 I would have it cast beames as fast, I tell you playne,
 As doth the glittryng grasse after a showre of raine.
 And see that, in case I shoulde neede to come to arming,
 All things may be ready at a minute's warning.
 For such chaunce may chaunce in an houre, do ye heare ?

M. Mery. As perchance shall not chaunce againe in seven
 yeare.

R. Royster. Now, draw we neare to hir, and heare what
 shall be sayde.

M. Mery. But I woulde not have you make hir too muche
 afrayde.

R. Royster. Well founde, sweete wife, (I trust) for al this
 your soure looke.

C. Custance. Wife !—why cal ye me wife ?

Sym. Sure. Wife !—This gear goeth acrook.

M. Mery. Nay, Mistresse Custance, I warrant you, our letter
 Is not as we redde e'en now, but much better ;
 And, where ye halfe stomaked¹ this gentleman afore,
 For this same letter, ye wyll love hym nowe therefore ;
 Nor it is not this letter, though ye were a queene,
 That shoulde breake marriage betweene you twaine, I weene.

C. Custance. I did not refuse hym for the letter's sake.

R. Royster. Then, ye are content me for your husbände to
 take.

C. Custance. You for my husbände to take ! Nothing lesse,
 truely.

R. Royster. Yea, say so, sweete spouse ; afore straungers
 hardly.

M. Mery. And, though I have here his letter of love with me,
 Yet, his rings and tokens he sent, keepe safe with ye.

¹ *Stomaked.*] Disliked or resented. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii.,
 scene 4.

C. Custance. A mischiefe take his tokens, and him, and thee too !

But, what prate I with fooles ? Have I nought else to doo ?
Come in with me, Sym Suresby, to take some repast.

Sym. Sure. I must, ere I drinke, by your leave, goe in all hast

To a place or two, with earnest letters of his.

C. Custance. Then come drinke here with me.

Sym. Sure. I thanke you.

C. Custance. Do not misse.

You shall have a token to your maister with you.

Sym. Sure. No tokens this time, gramercies. God be with you. [*Exeat.*

C. Custance. Surely, this fellowe misdeemeth some yll in me ;
Which thing, but God helpe, will go neere to spill me.¹

R. Royster. Yea, farewell fellow, and tell thy maister Good-lucke,

That he commeth to late of thys blossome to plucke.

Let him keepe him there still, or at least wise make no hast ;
As for his labour hither he shall spende in wast.

His betters be in place nowe.

M. Mery. As long as it will hold.

C. Custance. I will be even with thee, thou beast, thou mayst be bolde.

R. Royster. Will ye have us then ?

C. Custance. I will never have thee.

R. Royster. Then, will I have you.

C. Custance. No, the devill shal have thee.

I have gotten this houre more shame and harme by thee,
Than all thy life days thou canst do me honestie.

M. Mery. Why, nowe may ye see what it comth too in the ende,

To make a deadly foe of your most loving frende :
And, y'wis this letter, if ye woulde heare it now—

¹ *Spill me.*] See ante, page 53, n. 3.

C. Custance. I will heare none of it.

M. Mery. In faith, would ravishe you.

C. Custance. He hath stained my name for ever, this is cleare.

R. Royster. I can make all as well in an houre.

M. Mery. As ten yeare.

How say ye, wil ye have him?

C. Custance. No.

M. Mery. Wil ye take him—

C. Custance. I defie him.

M. Mery. At my word?

C. Custance. A shame take him!

Waste no more wynde, for it will never bee.

M. Mery. This one fault with twaine shall be mended, ye shall see.

Gentle Mistresse Custance now, good Mistresse Custance,
Honey Mistresse Custance now, sweete Mistresse Custance,
Golden Mistresse Custance now, white Mistresse Custance,
Silken Mistresse Custance now, faire Mistresse Custance.

C. Custance. Faith, rather than to mary with suche a
doltishe loute,

I woulde matche myselfe with a begger, out of doute.

M. Mery. Then, I can say no more; to speede we are not like,
Except ye rappe out a ragge of your rhetorike.

C. Custance. Speak not of winnyng me; for it shall never
be so.

R. Royster. Yes, dame, I will have you, whether ye will or no.
I commaunde you to love me! wherfore shoulde ye not?
Is not my love to you chafing and burning hot?

M. Mery. Too hir! that is well sayd.

R. Royster. Shall I so breake my braine,¹
To dote upon you, and ye not love us againe?

¹ *Break my brain.*] So in *The Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600—

“In vain, I fear, *I beat my brains about.*” These expressions have the same signification as the “*Cudgel thy brains no more about it,*” of the *First Gravedigger* in *Hamlet*.

M. Mery. Well sayd yet.

C. Custance. Go to, thou goose.

R. Royster. I say, Kit Custance,
In case ye will not haze, well ; better yes, perchaunce.

C. Custance. Avaunt, lozell !¹ picke thee hence !

M. Mery. Wel sir, ye perceive,
For all your kinde offer, she will not you receive.

R. Royster. Then a strawe for hir, and a strawe for hir againe :
She shall not be my wife, woulde she never so faine ;
No, and though she would be at ten thousande pounde cost.

M. Mery. Lo dame, ye may see what an husbände ye have lost.

C. Custance. Yea, no force ;² a jewell muche better lost
than founde.

M. Mery. Ah, ye will not beleve how this doth my heart
wounde.

How shoulde a mariage betwene you be towards,
If both parties drawe backe, and become so frowarde ?

R. Royster. Nay dame, I will fire thee out of thy house,
[though I die ;³]

And destroy thee and all thine, and that by and by.

M. Mery. Nay, for the passion of God, sir, do not so.

R. Royster. Yes, except she will say yea to that she sayde no.

C. Custance. And what, be there no officers, trowe we, in
towne,

To checke idle loytrers, braggyng up and downe ?

Where be they by whome vacabunds shoulde be repress,

That poor sillie widowes might live in peace and rest ?

Shall I never ridde thee out of my companie ?

I will call for helpe. What hough ! come forth Trupenie !

*Trupenie.*⁴ Anon. What is your will, Mistrasse ? Dyd ye
call me ?

¹ *Lozell.*] A pitiful, worthless fellow. See *Winter's Tale*, act ii., sc. 3.

² *No force.*] No matter.

³ These words, not in the old copy, are necessary for the rhyme.

⁴ His entrance is not marked in the original.

C. Custance. Yea : go, runne apace, and, as fast as may be,
Pray Tristram Trusty, my moste assured frende,
To be here by and by, that he may me defende.

Trupenie. That message so quickly shall be done, by God's
grace,
That at my returne ye shall say, I went apace. [*Exeat.*

C. Custance. Then shall we see, I trowe, whether ye shall
do me harme.

R. Royster. Yes, in faith, Kitte, I shall thee and thine so
charme,
That all women incarnate by thee may beware.

C. Custance. Nay, as for charming me, come hither if thou
dare.

I shall cloute thee tyll thou stinke, both thee and thy traine,
And coyle¹ thee mine owne handes, and sende thee home againe.

R. Royster. Yea, sayst thou me that, dame? Dost thou me
threaten?

Goe we, I will see whether I shall be beaten.

M. Mery. Nay, for the paishe of God, let me now treate
peace;

For, bloudshed will there be, in case this strife increace.

Ah, good dame Custance, take better way with you !

C. Custance. Let him do his worst !

M. Mery. Yeld in time.

R. Royster. Come hence thou ! [*Exeant Roister and Mery.*

ACTUS iiiij. SCÆNA iv.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE—ANOT ALYFACE—TIBET TALKAPACE
—M. MUMBLECRUST.

C. Custance. So, sirra ! If I should not with hym take this
way,

¹ *Coyle.*] Cuff. In Tim Bobbin's Glossary of the Lancashire Dialect, a *coil* is explained by "a lump raised on the head by a blow." See also Brockett's *Glossary of North Country Words*.

I shoulde not be ridde of him, I thinke, till doome's day.
 I will call forth my folkes, that, without any mockes,
 If he come agayne, we may give him rappes and knockes.
 Mage Mumblecrust, come forth, and Tibet Talke apace ;
 Yea, and come forth too, Mistresse Annot Alyfacc.

An. Alyface. I come.

Tib. Talk. And I am here.

M. Mumbl. And I am here too, at length.

C. Custance. Like warriors, if nede bee, ye must shew your
 strength.

The man that this day hath thus begiled you
 Is Ralph Roister Doister, whome ye knowe well inowe ;
 The most loute and dastarde that ever on grounde trode.

Tib. Talk. I see all folke mocke hym, when he goth
 abroad.

C. Custance. What, pretie inaide, will ye talke when I
 speake ?

Tib. Talk. No, forsooth ; good mistresse.

C. Custance. Will ye my tale breake ?

He threatneth to come hither, with all his force, to fight ;
 I charge you, if he come, on him with all your might.

M. Mumbl. I, with my distaffe, will reache hym one
 rappe.

Tib. Talk. And I, with my newe broome, will sweepe hym
 one swappe ;

And then, with our greate clubbe, I will reache hym one
 rappe.

And I, with our skimmer, will fling him one flappe.

Tib. Talk. Then, Trupenie's fire-forkes will him shrewdly
 fray :

And you, with the spitte, may drive him quite away.

C. Custance. Goe, make all ready, that it may be e'en so.

Tib. Talk. For my parte, I shrewe them that last about
 it go.

[*Exeant.*

ACTUS iiij. SCÆNA v.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE—TRUPENIE—TRISTRAM TRUSTY.

C. Custance. Trupenie dyd promise me to runne a great pace,
My friend Tristram Trusty to fet into this place.

In deede, he dwelleth hence a good stert, I confesse;
But yet, a quicke messenger might twice since, as I gesse,
Have gone and come againe. Ah! yond I spie him now.

Trupenie. Ye are a slow goer, sir, I make God a vow;
My Mistresse Custance will in me put all the blame;
Your leggs be longer than myne: come apace, for shame.

C. Custance. I can¹ thee thanke, Trupenie; thou hast done
right wele.

Trupenie. Maistresse, since I went, no grasse hath growne
on my hele:
But Maister Tristram Trustie, here, maketh no speede.

C. Custance. That he came at all, I thanke him, in very
deede;

For, now have I neede of the helpe of some wise man.

T. Trusty. Then may I be gone againe, for none such I am.

Trupenie. Ye may bee, by your going; for, no Alderman
Can goe, I dare say, a sadder² pace than ye can.

C. Custance. Trupenie, get thee in; thou shalt among them
knowe,

How to use thyselfe like a propre man, I trowe.

Trupenie. I go. [*Ex.*]

C. Custance. Now, Tristram Trusty, I thank you right
much;

For, at my first sending, to come ye never grutch.

T. Trusty. Dame Custance, God ye save; and, while my
life shall last,

For my friende Goodluck's sake ye shall not sende in wast.

¹ *I can.*] See ante, p. 9, n. 2.

² *Sadder.*] Slower, graver.

C. Custance. He shall give you thanks

T. Trusty. I will do much for his sake.

C. Custance. But alack ! I feare, great displeasure shall he take.

T. Trusty. Wherefore ?

C. Custance. For a foolish matter.

T. Trusty. What is your cause ?

C. Custance. I am yll accombred with a couple of dawes.

T. Trusty. Nay, weepe not, woman ; but tell me what your cause is.

As concerning my friende is any thing amisse ?

C. Custance. No, not on my part ; but here was Sym Suresby—

T. Trusty. He was with me, and tolde me so.

C. Custance. And he stode by,

While Ralph Roister Doister, with helpe of Merygreeke,
For promise of mariage dyd unto me seeke.

T. Trusty. And had ye made any promise before them twaine ?

C. Custance. No, I had rather be torne in peeces, and slaine.
No man hath my faith and trouth, but Gawyn Goodlucke,
And that, before Suresby dyd I say, and there stueke ;
But of certaine letters there were suche words spoken—

T. Trusty. He tolde me that too.

C. Custance. And of a ring and token ;
That Suresby, I spied, dyd more than halfe suspect,
That I my faith to Gawyn Goodlucke dyd reject.

T. Trusty. But was there no suche matter, Dame Custance,
in deede ?

C. Custance. If ever my head thought it, God sende me yll speede !

Wherefore, I beseech you, with me to be a witnesse,
That in all my life I never intended thing losse.
And what a brainsicke foole Ralph Roister Doister is,
Your selfe know well enough.

T. Trusty. Ye say full true, y wis.

C. Custance. Bicause to be his wife I ne graunt nor apply,
Hither will he com, he sweareth, by and by,
To kill both me and myne, and beate downe my house flat;
Therfore, I pray your aide.

T. Trusty. I warrant you that.

C. Custance. Have I so many yeres lived a sobre life,
And shewed myselfe honest, mayde, widowe, and wyfe,
And now to be abused in such a vile sorte?
To see howe poore widowes lyve, all voyde of comfort!

T. Trusty. I warrant hym do you no harme nor wrong at all.

C. Custance. No, but Mathew Merygreeke doth me most
appall;
That he woulde joyne hym selfe with such a wretched loute.

T. Trusty. He doth it for a jest, I knowe hym out of doubte.
And here cometh Merygreeke?

C. Custance. Then shal we here his mind.

ACTUS iiij. SCÆNA vj.

MERYGREEKE—CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE—TRIST. TRUSTY.

M. Mery. Custance and Trustie both, I doe you here well
finde.

C. Custance. Ah! Mathew Merygreeke, ye have used me
well!

M. Mery. Nowe, for altogethe,¹ ye must your answere tell.
Will yo have this man, woman? Or else, will ye not?
Else will he come,—never bore so brymme,² nor tost so hot.

Custance. But why joyn ye with him?

T. Trusty. For mirth?

¹ *Now, for altogether.*] Now, once for all.

² *Never bore so brymme.*] i.e., so fierce. See also p. 69. A sow at
certain seasons is said to go to brim.

“They foughten *breme*, as it were bolles two.”

Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, line 1701.

C. Custance. Or else in sadnesse?

M. Mery. The more fond of you both, hardly the mater gesse.

T. Trusty. Lo, how say ye dame?

M. Mery. Why, do ye thinke, dame Custance,
That in this wowyng I have ment ought but pastance?¹

C. Custance. Much things ye spake, I wote, to maintaine his
dotage.

M. Mery. But well might ye judge, I spake it all in mockage;
For why? Is Roister Doister a fitte husbände for you?

T. Trusty. I dare say ye never thought it.

M. Mery. No, to God I vow.

And dyd not I know afore of the insurance
Betweene Gawyn Goodlucke and Christian Custance?

And dyd not I, for the nonce, by my conveyance,
Reade his letter in a wrong sense, for daliance?

That if you coulde have take it up at the first bounde,
We shoulde therat such a sporte and pastime have founde,
That all the whole towne should have been the merier.

C. Custance. Ill ake your heades bothe! I was never
werier,

Nor never more vexto, since the first day I was borne.

T. Trusty. But, very well I wist, he here did all in scorne.

C. Custance. But I feared therof to take dishonestie.

M. Mery. This should both have made sporte, and shewed
your honestie;

And Goodlucke, I dare sweare, your witte therin would low.²

T. Trusty. Yea, being no worse than we know it to be now.

M. Mery. And nothing yet to late: for, when I come to him,
Hither will he repaire with a sheepe's looko full grim,
By plaine force and violence, to drive you to yelde.

C. Custance. If ye two bidde me, we will with him pitche a
fielde,

I and my maides together.

M. Mery. Let us see; be bolde!

¹ See ante, p. 27, n. 5.

² *Low.*] Allow. See also p. 79.

C. Custance. Ye shall see womens warre.

T. Trusty. That fight will I beholde.

M. Mery. If occasion serve, takyng his parte full brim,
I will strike at you, but the rappe shall light on him.

When we first appeare—

C. Custance. Then will I runne away,
As though I were afeard.

T. Trusty. Do you that part wel play,
And I will sue for peace.

M. Mery. And I will set him on ;
Then will he looke as fierce as a Cotssold lyon.¹

T. Trusty. But when go'st thou for him?

M. Mery. That do I very nowe.

C. Custance. Ye shal finde us here.

M. Mery. Wel, God have mercy on you. [Ex.]

T. Trusty. There is no cause of feare; the least boy in the
streete—

C. Custance. Nay, the least girle I have, will make him take
his feete.

But hearke ! me thinke they make preparation.

T. Trusty. No force it will be a good recreation.

C. Custance. I will stande within, and steppe forth speedily,
And so make as though I ranne away dreadfully.

ACTUS iiij. SCÆNA vij.

R. ROYSTER—M. MERYGREEKE—C. CUSTANCE—D. DOUGHTIE
—HARPAX—TRISTRAM TRUSTY.

R. Royster. Nowe Sirs, keepe your 'ray, and see your heartes
be stoute.

But where be these caitifes ? Me think they dare not route.²
How say'st thou, Merygreeke ? What doth Kit Custance say ?

¹ *A Cotssold lyon.*] A sheep. Cotswold (pronounced Cotsold) is an old word for a sheepcote. Hence the name of the hills in Gloucestershire.

² *Route.*] To assemble. It is used by Bacon, in his *History of Henry the Seventh*, p. 68, fol. 1629.

M. Mery. I am loth to tell you.

R. Royster. Tushe, speake man. Yea or nay ?

M. Mery. Forsooth sir, I have spoken for you all that I can ;
But if ye winne hir, ye must e'en play the man :

E'en to fight it out ye must a man's heart take.

R. Royster. Yes, they shall know, and thou knowest, I have
a stomacke.

M. Mery. A stomacke (quod you) yea, as good as ere man had.

R. Royster. I trowe, they shall finde and feele that I am a lad.

M. Mery. By this crosse, I have seene you eate your meate
as well

As any that ere I have seene of, or heard toll.

A stomacke, quod you ? He that will that denie,

I know, was never at dynner in your companie.

R. Royster. Nay, the stomacke of a man it is that I meane.

M. Mery. Nay, the stomacke of an horse or a dogge, I weene.

R. Royster. Nay, a man's stomacke, with a weapon, meane I.

M. Mery. Ten men can scarce match you with a spoone in
a pie.

R. Royster. Nay, the stomacke of a man to trie in strife.

M. Mery. I never saw your stomacke cloyed yet in my lyfe.

R. Royster. Tushe, I meane in strife or fighting to trie.

M. Mery. We shall see how ye will strike nowe, being angry.

R. Royster. Have at thy pate then, and save thy head if
thou may.

M. Mery. Nay then, have at your pate agayne, by this day.

R. Royster. Nay, thou may'st not strike at me againe, in no
wise.

M. Mery. I can not in fight make to you suche warrantise :
But, as for your foes here, let them the bargaine bie.¹

¹ *Bie.*] i.e., *Aby*, abide. It may possibly be doubted whether '*bie*' here is not to be taken as *buy*—i.e., the bargain buy—take the consequences of the purchase they have made.

"Nought that wanteth rest can long *aby*."

Faerie Queene, book iii., canto 7.

R. Royster. Nay, as for they shall every mothers childe die.
And, in this my fume, a little thing might make me
To beate downe house and all; and else, the devill take me.

M. Mery. If I were as ye be, by gogs deare mother,
I woulde not leave one stone upon an other.
Though she woulde redeeme it with twentie thousand poundes.

R. Royster. It shall be even so, by his lily woundes!

M. Mery. Bee not at one with hir,¹ upon any amendes.

R. Royster. No, though she make to me never so many
frendes.

Not if all the worlde for hir woulde undertake:

No, not God himselfe neither, shall not hir peace make.

On, therefore! marche forward! Soft, stay a while yet.

M. Mery. On!

R. Royster. Tary.

M. Mery. Forth!

R. Royster. Back.

M. Mery. On!

R. Royster. Soft. Now forward sett.

Enter C. CUSTANCE.

C. Custance. What businesse have we here? Out, alas, alas!

R. Royster. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dydst thou see that, Merygreeke, howe afrayde she was?

Dydst thou see howe she fledde apace out of my sight?

Ah, good sweete Custance! I pitie hir, by this light.

M. Mery. That tender heart of yours wyll marre altogether;
Thus will ye be turned with waggyng of a fether.

R. Royster. On, sirs, keepe your ray.

M. Mery. On forth, while this geare is hot.

R. Royster. Soft, the Armes of Caley's,² I have one thing
forgot.

M. Mery. What lacke we now?

¹ *Bee not at one with hir.*] i.e., be not reconciled to her.

² See ante, page 3, n. 1.

R. Royster. Retire, or else we be all slain.

M. Mery. Backe, for the pashe of God ! backe, sirs, backe againe !

What is the great mater ?

R. Royster. This hastie forth goyng
Had almost brought us all to utter undoing ;
It made me forget a thing most necessario.

M. Mery. Well remembrod of a captaine, by saint Marie.

R. Royster. It is a thing must be had.

M. Mery. Let us have it then.

R. Royster. But I wote not where or how.

M. Mery. Then wote not I when.

But what is it ?

R. Royster. Of a chiefe thing I am to socke.

M. Mery. Tut, so will yo be, when ye have studied a weke.
But tell me what it is.

R. Royster. I lacke yet an hodpiece.

M. Mery. The kitchen collocavit the best hennos to grece ;
Runne, fet it Dobinet, and come at once withall,
And bryng with thee my potgunne,¹ hangyng by the wall.²
I have scene your head with it, full many a tyme,
Covered as safe as it had bene with a skrine :
And, I warrant it save your head from any stroke,
Except perchaunce to be amased with the smoke :
I warrant your head therwith, except for the mist,
As safe as if it were fast locked up in a chist.
And loe, here our Dobinet commeth with it nowc.

D. Dough. It will cover me to the shoulders well inow.

M. Mery. Let me see it on.

R. Royster. In fayth it doth metely woll.

M. Mery. There can be no fitter thing. Now ye must us
tell

What to do.

¹ *Potgunne.*] A small gun—perhaps, a corruption of *popgun*.

² The exit and re-entry of Dobinet are not marked in the old copy.

R. Royster. Now forth in ray, sirs, and stoppe no more.

M. Mery. Now, saint George to borow!¹ Drum, dubbe a dubbe afore.

T. Trusty. What meane you to do, Sir? Committe man-slaughter?

R. Royster. To kyll fortie such is a matter of laughter.

T. Trusty. And who is it, Sir, whome ye intende thus to spill?

R. Royster. Foolishe Custance here forceth me against my will.

T. Trusty. And is there no meane your extreme wrath to slake?

She shall some amendes unto your good mashyp make.

R. Royster. I will none amendes.

T. Trusty. Is hir offence so sore?

M. Mery. And he were a loute, she coulde have done no more. She hath calde him foole, and dressed him like a foole, Mocked him lyke a foole, used him like a foole.

T. Trusty. Well, yet the Sheriffe, the Justice, or Constable, Hir misdemeamour to punishe might be able.

R. Royster. No, sir; I mine owne selfe will, in this present cause,

Be Sheriffe, and Justice, and whole Judge of the lawes.

This matter to amende, all officers be I shall:

Constable, Bailiffe, Sergeant—

M. Mery. And hangman and all.

T. Trusty. Yet, a noble courage, and the heart of a man, Should more honour winne by bearyng with a woman. Therefore, take the lawe, and let hir aunswere therto.

R. Royster. Merygreeke, the best way were even so to do. What honour should it be with a woman to fight?

M. Mery. And what, then, will ye thus forgo and lese your right?

¹ *To borrow.*] To protect or guard. In *Richard II.*, act 1., sc. 3, the expression is—

“Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!”

R. Royster. Nay, I will take the lawe on hir, withouten grace.

T. Trusty. Or, yf your mashyp coulede pardon this one trespase,

I pray you, forgive hir.

R. Royster. Hoh !

M. Mery. Tushe, tushe, sir, do not.

T. Trusty. Be good maister to hir.

R. Royster. Hoh !

M. Mery. Tushe, I say, do not.

And what ! shall your people here, retorne streight home ?

R. Royster. Yea, levie the campe, sirs ; and hence againe, eche one.

But be still in readinesse, if I happe to call ;¹

I can not tell what sodaine chaunce may befall.

M. Mery. Do not off your harnesse sirs, I you advise,

At the least for this fortnight, in no manner wise.

Perchaunce, in an houre, when all ye thinke least,

Our maister's appetite to fight will be best.

But soft, ere ye go, have once at Custance house.

R. Royster. Soft, what wilt thou do ?

M. Mery. Once discharge my harquebouse ;

And, for my heart's ease, have once more with my pot-goon.

R. Royster. Hold thy handes ! else is all our purpose cleane fordoone.

M. Mery. And it cost me my life.

R. Royster. I say, thou shalt not.

M. Mery. By the mathe, but I will have once more with haile shot.

I wil have some penyworth ; I will not leese all.

¹ T. Trusty is the prefix to this and the following line in the old copy, but it must be an error.

ACTUS iiij. SCÆNA viij.

M. MERYGREEKE—C. CUSTANCE—R. ROYSTER—TIB. T.—
AN. ALYFACE—M. MUMBLECRUST—TRUPENIE—DOBINET
DOUGHTIE—HARPAX.

Two drummes with their Ensignes.

C. Custance. What caitifes are those, that so shake my
house wall?

M. Mery. Ah sirrha!¹ now, Custance, if ye had so muche wit,
I would see you aske pardon, and your selves submit.

C. Custance. Have I still this adoe with a couple of fooles?

M. Mery. Here ye what she saith?

C. Custance. Maidens, come forth with your tooles,
In a ray.

M. Mery. Dubba dub, sirrha!

R. Royster. In a ray!

They come sodainly on us.

M. Mery. Dubbadub!

R. Royster. In a ray!

That ever I was borne! we are taken tardie.

M. Mery. Now sirs, quite your selves like tall men and
hardie.

C. Custance. On afore, Trupenie! Holde thyne owne,
Annot!

On towarde them, Tibet, for scape us they can not!

Come forth, Madge Mumblecrust! so, stande fast together.

M. Mery. God, sende us a faire day!

R. Royster. See, they marche on hither.

Tib. Talk. But, mistresse.

C. Custance. What say'st thou?

Tib. Talk. Shall I go fet our goose?

C. Custance. What to do?

Tib. Talk. To yonder Captain I will turne hir loose.

¹ *Sirrha.*] See ante, page 13, n. 1.

And she gape and hisse at him, as she doth at me,
I durst jeopardde my hande she wyll make him flee.

C. Custance. On forward !

R. Royster. They com.

M. Mery. Stand !

R. Royster. Hold !

M. Mery. Kepe !

R. Royster. There !

M. Mery. Strike !

R. Royster. Take heede !

C. Custance. Well sayd, Trupeny !

Trupeny. Ah, whooresons !

C. Custance. Well don, in deede !

M. Mery. Holde thine owne, Harpax ! Downe with them,
Dobinet !

C. Custance. Now, Madge ; there, Annot ; now sticke them,
Tibet !

Tib. Talk. All my chiefe quarrell is to this same little knave,
That begyled me last day ; nothyng shall him save.

D. Dough. Downe with this litle queane, that hath at me
such spite !

Save you from hir, maister, it is a very sprite.

C. Custance. I my selfe will mounsire graund captaine un-
dertake.

R. Royster. They win ground !

M. Mery. Save your selfe, sir, for god's sake !

R. Royster. Out, alas ! I am slaine ; helpe !

M. Mery. Save your self !

R. Royster. Alas !

M. Mery. Nay then, have at you mistresse.

R. Royster. Thou hittest me, alas !

M. Mery. I wil strike at Custance here.

R. Royster. Thou hittest me !

M. Mery. So I will.

Nay, mistresse Custance.

R. Royster. Alas ! thou hittest me still.
Hold !

M. Mery. Save your self, sir !

R. Royster. Help ! out alas ! I am slain.

M. Mery. Truce, hold your hands ! truce, for a pissing while
or twaine.¹

Now, how say you, Custance, for saving of your life,
Will ye yelde, and graunt to be this gentleman's wife ?

C. Custance. Ye tolde me he loved me ; call ye this love ?

M. Mery. He loved a while, even like a turtle dove.

C. Custance. Gay love, God save it ; so soon hotte, so soone
colde.

M. Mery. I am sorry for you : he coulde love you yet, so he
coulde.

R. Royster. Nay, by cocks precious, she shall be none of mine.

M. Mery. Why so ?

R. Royster. Come away, by the mathe she is mankine.²

I durst adventure the losse of my right hande,

If she dyd not slee hir other husbnde.

And see, if she prepare not againe to fight.

M. Mery. What then ? saint George to borow, our Ladie's
knight.

R. Royster. Slee else whom she will, by gog, she shall not
slee mee.

M. Mery. How then ?

R. Royster. Rather than to be slaine, I will flee.

C. Custance. Too it againe, my knightesses ! downe with
them all !

R. Royster. Away, away, away ! she will else kyll us all.

M. Mery. Nay, sticke to it, like an hardie man and a tall.

R. Royster. Oh, bones, thou hittest me ! Away, or else die
we shall.

¹ See *Two Gentleman of Verona*, act iv., scene 4.

² *She is mankine.*] *Mankind* is used by Shakespeare and other
writers of his time as an adjective, in the sense of masculine.

M. Mery. Away, for the pashe of our sweete Lord Jesus Christ !

C. Custance. Away, loute and lubber, or I shall be thy priest ! [*Exeant Om* ¹

So, this field is ours ; we have driven them all away.

Tib. Talk. Thanks to God, mistresse, ye have had a faire day.

C. Custance. Well, nowe goe ye in, and make your selfe some good cheere.

Omnes Pariter. We goe.

T. Trusty. Ah sir ! what a field we have had heere.

C. Custance. Friend Tristram, I pray you be a witness with me.

T. Trusty. Dame Custance, I shall depose for your honestie. And nowe, fare ye well, except some thing else ye wolde.

C. Custance. Not now, but when I nede to sende, I will be bolde. [*Exeat.*

I thanke you for these paines. And now I wyll get me in.
Now Roister Doister will no more wowyng begin. [*Ex.*

ACTUS v. SCÆNA j.

GAWYN GOODLUCKE—SYM. SURESBY.

G. Good. Sym Suresby, my trustie man, nowe advise thee well,

And see that no false surmises thou me tell.

Was there such adoe about Custance, of a truth ?

Sym. Sure. To reporte that I hearde and sawe to me is ruth ;
But both my duetie, and name, and propretic,
Warneth me to you to shewe fidelitie.

It may be well enough, and I wishe it so to be,

She may hir selfe discharge, and trie hir honestie ;

Yet, their clayme to hir, me thought, was very large,

¹ So in the old copy, but Ralph, Mat., Dob., and Harpax, only go out : lower down the *exeat* of course applies to T. Trusty.

For with letters, rings, and tokens, they dyd hir charge.
Which when I hearde and sawe, I would none to you bring.

G. Good. No, by saint Marie, I allowe thee¹ in that thing.
Ah, sirrha ! nowe I see truthe in the proverbe olde,
All things that shineth is not by and by pure golde :
If any doe lyve a woman of honestie,
I would have sworne Christian Custance had bene shee.

Sym. Sure. Sir, though I to you be a servant true and
just,
Yet doe not ye therfore your faithfull spouse mystrust ;
But examine the matter, and if ye shall it finde
To be all well, be not ye for my wordes unkinde.

G. Good. I shall do that is right, and as I see cause why.
But here commeth Custance forth ; we shal know by and by.

ACTUS v. SCÆNA ij.

C. CUSTANCE—GAWYN GOODLUCKE—SYM. SURESBY.

C. Custance. I come forth to see and hearken for newes good ;
For about this houre is the tyme, of likelyhood,
That Gawyn Goodlucke, by the sayings of Suresby,
Woulde be at home ; and lo ! yond I see hym I.
What, Gawyn Goodluck ! the onely hope of my life,
Welcome home, and kysse me, your true espoused wife.

G. Good. Nay, soft, dame Custance ; I must first, by your
licence,
See whether all things be cleere in your conscience.
I heare of your doings to me very straunge.

C. Custance. What ! feare ye that my faith towardes you
shoulde chaunge ?

G. Good. I must needes mistrust ye be elsewhere entangled,
For I heare that certaine men with you have wrangled
About the promise of mariage by you to them made.

¹ *I allowe thee.*] i.e., I approve of your conduct. See *Henry IV.*, Part II., act iv., sc. 2 ; *King Lear*, act ii., sc. 4 ; and *Romans*, c. xiv., v. 22.

C. Custance. Could ye any mans reporte youre minde therein persuade?

G. Good. Well, ye must therin declare your selfe to stande cleere,

Else, I and you, dame Custance, may not joyne this yere.

C. Custance. Then woulde I were dead, and faire layd in my grave.

Ah! Suresby, is this the honestie that ye have,

To hurt me with your report, not knowyng the thing?

Sym. Sure. If ye be honest, my wordes can hurte you nothing;

But what I hearde and sawe, I might not but report.

C. Custance. Ah, Lorde, helpe poore widowes, destitute of comfort!

Truly, most deare spouse, nought was done but for pastance.¹

G. Good. But such kynde of sporting is homely daliance.

C. Custance. If ye knewe the truthe, ye would take all in good parte.

G. Good. By your leave, I am not halfe well skilled in that arte.

C. Custance. It was none but Roister Doister, that foolishe mome.

G. Good. Yea, Custance, better (they say) a badde scuse, than none.

C. Custance. Why, Tristram Trustie, sir, your true and faithfull frende,

Was privie bothe to the beginning and the ende.

Let him be the Judge, and for me testifie.

G. Good. I will the more credite that he shall verifie;

And, bicause I will the truthe know, e'en as it is,

I will to hym my selfe, and know all, without misse.

Come on, Sym Suresby, that before my friend thou may

Avouch thee the same wordes, which thou dydst to me say.

[*Exeant.*

¹ See ante, page 27, n. 5.

ACTUS v. SCÆNA iij.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE.

C. Custance. O Lorde! howe necessarie it is nowe of dayes,
 That eche bodie live uprightly all maner wayes;
 For lette never so little a gappe be open,
 And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken.
 Howe innocent stande I in this for deede or thought,
 And yet, see what mistrust towardes me it hath wrought.
 But thou, Lorde, knowest all folkes' thoughts, and eke intents;
 And thou arte the deliverer of all innocentes.
 Thou didst helpe the advoutresse,¹ that she might be amended;
 Much more then helpe, Lorde, that never yll intended.
 Thou didst helpe Susanna, wrongfully accused,
 And no lesse dost thou see, Lorde, how I am now abused.
 Thou didst helpe Hester, when she should have died;
 Helpe also, good Lorde, that my truth may be tried.
 Yet, if Gawyn Goodlucke with Tristram Trustie speake,
 I trust of yll report the force shall be but weake;
 And loe! yond they come, sadly talking together:
 I wyll abyde, and not shrinke for their comming hither.

ACTUS v. SCÆNA iiij.

GAWYN GOODLUCKE — TRISTRAM TRUSTY — C. CUSTANCE —
 SYM SURESBY.

G. Good. And was it none other than ye to me reporte?

T. Trusty. No; and here were ye wished, to have seene the
 sporte.

G. Good. Woulde I had, rather than halfe of that in my
 purse.

¹ *Advoutresse.*] Adulteress, from the old French *advoultrer*. In Cartwright's *Ordinary*, act iv., scene 5, the *Constable* says, "I'll look there shall be no *advoutry* in my ward."

Sym. Sure. And I doe much rejoyce the matter was no worse.
And like as to open it I was to you faithfull,
So of Dame Custance honest truth I am joyful.

For, God forfende that I should hurt hir by false reporte.

G. Good. Well, I will no longer holde hir in discomfort.

C. Custance. Nowe come they hitherwarde : I trust all shall
be well.

G. Good. Sweete Custance, neither heart can thinke, nor
tongue tell,

Howe muche I joy in your constant fidelitie.

Come nowe, kisse me, the pearle of perfect honestie.

C. Custance. God lette me no longer to continue in lyfe,
Than I shall towardes you continue a true wyfe.

G. Good. Well, now to make you for this some parte of
amendes,

I shall desire first you, and then suche of our frendes,
As shall to you seeme best, to suppe at home with me,
Where at your fought felde we shall laugh and mery be.

Sym. Sure. And, mistresse, I beseech you, take with me no
greefe :¹

I did a true man's part, not wishyng your repreefe.

C. Custance. Though hastie reportes, through surmises
growing,

May of poore innocentes be utter overthrowng,
Yet, bicause to thy maister thou hast a true hart,
And I know mine own truth, I forgive thee, for my part.

G. Good. Go we all to my house, and of this geare no more.
Goe, prepare all things, *Sym. Suresby* ; hence, runne afore.

Sym. Sure. I goe. [*Ex.*

G. Good. Good. But who commeth yond ? *M. Merygreeke* ?

C. Custance. Roister Doister's champion ; I shrewe his best
cheeke.

T. Trusty. Roister Doister's selfe, your wower, is with hym
too.

Surely, some thing there is with us they have to doe.

¹ *Take with me no greefe*] i.e., bear me no ill-will.

ACTUS v. SCÆNA v.

M. MERYGREEKE—RALPH ROISTER—GAWYN GOODLUCKE—
TRISTRAM TRUSTIE—C. CUSTANCE.

M. Mery. Yond I see Gawyn Goodlucke, to whome lyeth
my message.

I wyll first salute him after his long voyage,
And then make all things well concerning your behalfe.

R. Royster. Yea, for the pashe of God.

M. Mery. Hence ! out of sight, ye calfe,
Till I have spoke with them, and then I will you fet.

R. Royster. In God's name.¹

M. Mery. What, master Gawyn Goodlucke, wel met ;
And, from your long voyage, I bid you right welcome home.

G. Good. I thanke you.

M. Mery. I come to you from an honest mome.

G. Good. Who is that ?

M. Mery. Roister Doister, that doughtie kite.

C. Custance. Fye ! I can scarce abide ye shoulde his name
recite.

M. Mery. Ye must take him to favour, and pardon all past ;
He heareth of your returne, and is full yll agast.

G. Good. I am ryght well content, he have with us some
chere.

C. Custance. Fye upon him, beast ! then, wyll not I be there.

G. Good. Why, Custance, doe ye hate hym more than ye
love me ?

C. Custance. But for your mynde, sir, where he were, would
I not be.

T. Trusty. He woulde make us all laugh.

M. Mery. Ye nere had better sport.

G. Good. I pray you, sweete Custance, let him to us resort.

C. Custance. To your will I assent.

¹ With these words R. Roister evidently retires.

M. Mery. Why, suche a foole it is,
As no man for good pastime would forgoe or misse.

G. Good. Fet him, to go wyth us.

M. Mery. He will be a glad man. [Ex.

T. Trusty. We must, to make us mirth, maintaine hym¹
all we can.

And loe, yond' he commeth, and Merygreeke with him.

C. Custance. At his first entrance, ye shall see I wyll him
trim.

But first, let us hearken the gentleman's wise talke.

T. Trusty. I pray you, marke if ever ye sawe crane so stalke.

ACTUS v. SCÆNA vj.

R. ROISTER—M. MERYGREEKE—C. CUSTANCE—G. GOOD-
LUCKE—T. TRUSTY—D. DOUGHTIE—HARPAX.

R. Royster. May I then be bolde?

M. Mery. I warrant you on my worde.

They say they shall be sicke, but ye be at their borde.

R. Royster. They were not angry, then?

M. Mery. Yes, at first, and made strange;

But when I sayd your anger to favour shoulde change,

And therewith had commended you accordingly,

They were all in love with your mashyp by and by;

And cried you mercy, that they had done you wrong.

R. Royster. For why? no man, woman, nor childe can hate
me long.

M. Mery. We feare (quod they) he will be avenged one
day;

Then for a peny give all our lives we may.

¹ *Maintaine hym.*] Encourage him. So in the Epistle to Gabriel Harvey, prefixed to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*:—"The Right Worshipfull Maister Philip Sidney is a speciall favourer and *maintainer* of all kinde of learning."

R. Royster. Sayd they so in deede?

M. Mery. Did they? yea, even with one voice.

He will forgive all (quod I.) Oh, how they did rejoyce!

R. Royster. Ha, ha, ha!

M. Mery. Goe fette hym (say they) while he is in good moode;

For, have his anger who lust, we will not by the Roode.

R. Royster. I pray God that it be all true, that thou hast me tolde,

And that she fight no more.

M. Mery. I warrant you; be bolde.

To them, and salute them.

R. Royster. Sirs, I greete you all well.

Omnes. Your maistership is welcom.

C. Custance. Savyng my quarell.

For sure I will put you up into the Eschequer.

M. Mery. Why so? Better nay. Wherfore?

C. Custance. For an usurer.

R. Royster. I am no usurer, good mistresse, by his armes.

M. Mery. When tooke he gaine of money, to any man's harmes?

C. Custance. Yes, a fowle usurer he is, ye shall see els.

R. Royster. Did'st not thou promise she would picke no mo quarels?

C. Custance. He will lende no blowes, but he have in recompense

Fiftene for one, which is to muche of conscience.

R. Royster. Ah dame! by the auncient lawe of armes, a man

Hath no honour to foile his handes on a woman.

C. Custance. And where other usurers take their gaines yerely,

This man is angry, but he have his by and by.

G. Good. Sir, doe not for hir sake beare me your displeasure.

M. Mery. Well, he shall with you talke thereof more at leasure.

Upon your good usage, he will now shake your hande.

R. Royster. And muche heartily welcome from a straunge lande.

M. Mery. Be not afearde, Gawyn, to let him shake your fyst.

G. Good. Oh! the moste honeste gentleman that ere I wist. I do beseeche your mashyp to take payne to suppe with us.

M. Mery. He shall not say you nay, (and I too, by Jesus,) Bicause ye shall be friends, and let all quarels passe.

R. Royster. I wyll be as good friends with them as ere I was.

M. Mery. Then, let me fet your quier, that we may have a song.

R. Royster. Goe.

G. Good. I have hearde no melodie all this yeare long.

*M. Mery.*¹ Come on, sirs, quickly.

R. Royster. Sing on, sirs, for my frend's sake.

D. Dough. Cal ye these your frends?

R. Royster. Sing on, and no mo words make.

Here they sing.

G. Good. The Lord preserve our most noble Queene² of renowne,

And hir vertues rewarde with the heavenly crowne.

C. Custance. The Lorde strengthen hir most excellent Majestie,

Long to reigne over us in all prosperitie.

T. Trusty. That hir godly proceedings, the faith to defende, He may stablishe and maintaine through to the ende.

M. Mery. God graunt hir, as she doth, the Gospell to protect, Learning and vertue to advaunce, and vice to correct.

R. Royster. God graunt hir lovyng subjects both the minde and grace,

Hir most godly proceedings worthily to imbrace.

¹ The exit and re-entry are not marked.

² See ante, p. 3. n. 1.

Harpax. Hir highnesse most worthy counsellers, God
prosper,
With honour and love of all men to minister.

Omnes. God graunt the nobilitie hir to serve and love,
With all the whole commontie, as doth them behove !

AMEN.¹

Certaine Songs, to be song by those which shall use this
Comedie or Enterlude.

The Seconde Song.

Who so to marry a minion wyfe,²
Hath hadde good chaunce and happe,
Must love hir and cherishe hir all his life,
And dandle hir in hys lappe.

If she will fare well, yf she wyll go gay,
A good husbande ever styll,
What ever she lust to doe or to say,
Must lette hir have hir owne will.

About what affaires so ever he goe,
He must shewe hir all his mynde,
None of hys counsell she may be kept froe,
Else is he a man unkynde.

The Fourth Song.

I mun be married a Sunday ;
I mun be married a Sunday ;
Who soever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.

¹ Ancient interludes frequently ended with a prayer, which it was the custom of the players to deliver kneeling.

² *A minion wyfe.*] A *pet* or *darling* wife.

Royster Doyster is my name;
 Royster Doyster is my name;
 A lustie brute I am the same;
 I mun be married a Sunday.

Christian Custance have I founde;
 Christian Custance have I founde;
 A Widowe worthe a thousande pounce:
 I mun be married a Sunday.

Custance is as sweete as honey;
 Custance is as sweete as honey.
 I hir lambe, and she my coney;
 I mun be married a Sunday.

When we shall make our weddyng feast,
 When we shall make our weddyng feast,
 There shall bee cheere for man and beast;
 I mun be married a Sunday.

I mun be married a Sunday, &c.

The Psalmodie.

Placebo dilexi.

Maister Roister Doister will streight go home and die,
 Our Lorde Jesus Christ his soule have mercie upon.
 Thus you see to day a man, to morow John.

Yet, saving for a woman's extreeme crueltie,
 He might have lyved yet a moneth, or two, or three;
 But, in spite of Custance, which hath him veried,
 His mashyp shall be worshipfully buried.
 And while some piece of his soule is yet hym within,
 Some parte of his funeralls let us here beginne.
Dirige. He will go darklyng to his grave;
Neque lux, neque crux, nisi solum clinke;
 Never genman so went toward heaven, I thinke.

Yet, sirs, as ye wyll the blisse of heaven win,
 When he commeth to the grave, lay hym softly in,
 And all men take heede, by this one gentleman,
 Howe you sette your love upon an unkinde woman;
 For these women be all suche madde pievish elves,
 They wyll not be wonne, except it please them selves.
 But, in faith, Custance, if ever ye come in hell,
 Maister Roister Doister shall serve you as well.

Good night, Roger olde knave; Farewell, Roger olde knave;
 Good night, Roger olde knave; knave knap.
Nequando. Audivi vocem. Requiem æternam.

The Peale of belles, rong by the parish Clerk and Roister
 Doister's foure men.

The first Bell, a Triple.—When dyed he? When dyed he?

The seconde.—We have hym! We have hym!

The thirde.—Royster Doyster! Royster Doyster!

The fourth Bell.—He commeth! He commeth!

The greate Bell. Our owne! Our owne!

FINIS.

THE
TRAGEDIE OF GORBODVC,
whereof three Actes were wrytten by
Thomas Nortone, and the two lasse by
Thomas Sackvyle.

Sett forth as the same was shewed before the
QVENS most excellent Maiestie, in her highnes
Court of Whitehall, the xviii. day of January,
Anno Domini. 1561. By the Gentlemen
of Thynner Temple in London.



IMPRYNTED AT LONDON

in Fleetstreet, at the Signe of the
Fawcon by *William Iaggard* and are
to be sold at his shop in the same
Durdens Church-yard in
the Citie of London.

1561. 15. September. 22.

THE
Tragedie of Gorboduc,

Whereof three Actes were wrytten by
Thomas Nortone, and the two last by
Thomas Sackuyle.

Set forth as the same was shewed before the Quenes most
excellent Maiestie, in her highnes Court of
Whitehall, the xvij day of January,
Anno Domini, 1561.

By the Gentlemen of Thynner Temple
in London.

Imprynted at London, in Fletestrete, at the Signe of the
Faucon, by William Griffith: And are to be
sold at this Shop in Saincte Dunstones
Churchyarde in the West of
London.

Anno 1565. Septemb. 22.

THARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDIE.

Gorboduc, king of *Brittaine*, deuided his Realme in his lyfe time to his Soñes, *Ferrex* and *Porrex*. The Sonnes fell to dyuision and discention. The yonger kylled the elder. The Mother, that more dearely loued thelder, for reuenge kylled the yonger. The people, moued with the Crueltie of the facte, rose in Rebellion and slewe both father and mother. The Nobilitie assembled, and most terribly destroyed the Rebelles. And afterwarde for want of Issue of the Prince, wherby the Succession of the Crowne became vncertayne, they fell to Ciuill warre, in whiche both they and many of their Issues were slayne, and the Lande for a longe tyme almoste desolate, and myserablye wasted.

W. G.

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

GORBODUC, kyng of great *Brittayne*.

VIDENA, Queene and wife to kyng *Gorboduc*.

FERREX, Elder Sonne to kyng *Gorboduc*.

PORREX, Yonger Sonne to kyng *Gorboduc*.

CLOTYN, Duke of *Cornewall*.

FERGUS, Duke of *Albanye*.

MANDUD, Duke of *Leagre*.

GWENARD, Duke of *Cumperlande*.

EUBULUS, Secretarie to the kyng *Gorboduc*.

AROSTUS, A Counsellour of kyng *Gorboduc*.

DORDAN, A Counsellour assigned by the kyng to his Eldest Sonne
Ferrex.

PHILANDER, A Counsellour assigned by the kyng to his yonger Sonne
Porrex. Both beyng of the olde kynges Counsell before.

HERMON, A Parasyte remaynyng with *Ferrex*.

TYNDAR, A Parasyte remaynyng with *Porrex*.

NUNTIUS, A Messenger of thelder Brothers deth.

NUNTIUS, A Messenger of Duke *Fergus* rysyng in Armes.

MARCELLA, A Ladye of the Queene's priue Chamber.

CHORUS, Foure auncient and Sasse men of *Brittayne*.

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The Order of the dōme shewe before the firste
Acte, and the Signification therof.

Firste the Musicke of Violenze began to playe, duryng which came in vpon the Stage sixe wilde men clothed in leaues. Of whom the first bare in his necke a Fagot of smal stickes, which thei all, both seuerallie and together, assaied with all their strengthes to breake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the stickes and brake it: And the rest, pluckinge oute all the other stickes one after an other, did easilie breake, the same beyng severed; which beyng conioyned they had before attempted in vayne. After they had this done, they departed the Stage, and the Musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in vnytie doth continue stronge against all force, But beyng deuyded, is easely destroied. As befell vpon Duke *Gorboduc* deuidinge his Lande to his two Sonnes, which he before held in Monarchie, And vpon the discention of the Brethrene to whome it was deuided.

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THE TRAGEDIE
OF
GORBODUC.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

VIDEN. FERREX.

Viden.

The silent night that bringes the quiet pawse,
From painefull trauailes of the wearie daie,
Prolonges my carefull thoughtes, and makes me blame
The slowe *Aurore* that so, for loue or shame,
Doth longe delaye to shewe her blushing face;
And nowe the daie renewes my grieffull plainte.

Ferrex.

My gracious Lady, and ¹ mother deare,
Pardon my griefe, for your so griued minde
To aske what cause tormenteth so your harte.

Viden.

So great a wronge, and so vniust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kinde.²

Ferrex.

Suche causeles wronge, and so vniust despite,
Maye haue redresse, or at the least reuenge.

¹ "My mother." 2nd ed.

² *Kinde.*] Nature. See *Hamlet*, act i., scene 2.

Viden.

Neither, my sonne; suche is the frowarde will,
The person suche, suche my mishap and thyne.

Ferrex.

Myne! know I none, but grieve for your distresse.

Viden.

Yes, myne for thyne, my sonne. A father? No:
In kynde a father, but¹ not in kyndlynes.

Ferrex.

My father, whie? I knowe nothyng at all,
Wher in I haue misdona vnto his Grace.

Viden.

Therefore, the more vnkynde to thee and mee.
For knowynge well (my sonne) the tendre loue
That I haue euer borne and beare to thee,
He, greued therat, is not content alone
To spoyle thee of my sight, my chiefest Joye,
But thee of thy birth right, and heritage,
Causeles, vnkindly, and in wrongfull wise,
Against all lawe and right he will bereaue;
Halfe of his kyngdome he will geue awaye.

Ferrex.

To whome?

Viden.

Euen to *Porrex*, his younger sonne,
Whose growinge pride I do so sore suspecte,
That beyng raysed to equall rule with thee,
Mee thinkes I see his enuious harte to swell,
Fyllde with disdaine and with ambitious pride.
The ende the Goddes do know, whose altars I
Full oft haue made in vaine of cattell slayne
To sende the sacred smoke to Heauens throne,
For thee my sonne, if thinges so² succede
As nowe my ielious minde misdemeeth sore.

¹ The word "but" is omitted in 2nd ed. ² "Do so." 2nd ed.

Ferrex.

Madame leaue care and carefull plaint for me.
 Just hath my father ben to euery wight ;
 His firste vniustice he will not extende
 To me, I truste, that geue no cause therof:
 My brothers pride shall hurt himselfe, not mee.

Viden.

So graunt the Goddes : but yet thy father so
 Hath firmly fixed his vnmoued mynde
 That plaints & praiers can no whit auaille,
 For those haue I assaied ; but euen this daie,
 He wyll endeuour to procure assent
 Of all his Counsell to his fonde deuise.

Ferrex.

Their auncestours from race to race haue borne
 True fayth to my forefathers and their seede :
 I truste thei eke wyll beare the lyke to me.

Viden.

There resteth all, but if they fayle therof,
 And if the ende bringe forth an euyl¹ successe
 On them and theirs the mischiefe shall befall,
 And so I praie the Goddes requite it them ;
 And so they will, for so is wont to bee
 When lordes and trusted rulers vnder kynges,
 To please the present fancie of the prince,
 With wrong transpose the course of gouernaunce,
 Murders, mischiefe, or ciuyl sworde at length,
 Or mutuall treason, or a iust reuenge,
 When right succedinge line returnes againe
 By *Ioues* iust Iudgement, and deserued wrathe
 Bringes them to ciuill² and reprochefull death,
 And rootes their names & kindredes frō the earth.

Ferrex.

Mother, content you, you shall see the ende.

¹ "Ill." 2nd ed.² "Cruell." 2nd ed.

Viden.

The ende? thie end I feare; *Ioue* ende me first.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

GORBODUC. AROSTUS. PHILANDER. EUBULUS.

Gorboduc.

My Lordes, whose graue aduise & faithfull aide
 Haue long vpheld my honour & my realme,
 And brought me from this age¹ from tender yeres,
 Guidynge so great estate with great renowe:
 Nowe more importeth mee the erst² to vse
 Your faith and wisdom, wherby yet I reigne,
 That when by death my lief and rule shall cease,
 The kingdome yet maye with vnbroken course,
 Haue certayne prince, by whose vndoubted right,
 Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet staie,
 And eke that thei whome nature had³ preparte,
 In time to take my place in princelie seate,
 While in their fathers tyme their pliant youth
 Yeldes to the frame of skilfull gouernaunce,
 Maye so be taught and trayned in noble artes,
 As what their fathers, which haue reigned before,
 Haue with great fame deriued downe to them,
 With honour they maye leaue vnto their seede,
 And not be taught⁴ for their vnworthie life,
 And for their laweles swaruyng out of kinde,
 Worthie to lose what lawe and kind them gaue,
 But that they may preserue the cōmon peace,
 The cause that first began and still mainteines,

¹ "To this age." 2nd ed.

² *Erst.*] First, formerly. See *Titus Andronicus*, act iv, sc. 1; a
 act v., sc. 3. "Than erst." 2nd ed.

³ "Hath." 2nd ed.

⁴ "Thought." 2nd ed.

The lyneall course of kinges inheritaunce,
 For me, for myne, for you, and for the state,
 Wherof both I and you haue charge and care.
 Thus do I meane to vse your wonted fayth
 To me and myne, and to your natyue lande.
 My Lordes, be playne, without all wrie respect
 Or poysonous crafte to speake in pleasyng wise,
 Lest as the blame of yll succedyng thinges
 Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

Arostus.

Your good acceptaunce so (most noble kinge)
 Of suche your faithfulness, as heretofore
 We haue employed in duties to your grace,
 And to this realme, whose worthie head you are,
 Well proues that neyther you mistruste at all,
 Nor we shall nede no boasting wise to shewe,
 Our trueth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
 For you, for yours, and for our native lande.
 Wherefore (O kyng) I speake for one as all,¹
 Sithe all as one do beare you egall faith :
 Doubt not to vse their counselles and their aides,²
 Whose honours, goods, & lyues are whole aowed
 To serue, to ayde, and to defende your grace.

Gorboduc.

My Lordes, I thanke you all. This is the case.
 Ye know, the Gods, who haue the soueraigne care
 For kings, for kingdomes, and for cōmen weales,
 Gaue me two sonnes in my more lustie age,
 Who nowe in my deceyuyng³ yeres are growen
 Well towardes ryper state of minde and strength,
 To take in hande some greater princely charge
 As yet they lyue and spende their hopefull daies
 With me and with their mother here in courte.

¹ "As one for all." 2nd ed.

² "Our counsells and our aids." 2nd ed.

³ "Decaying." 2nd ed.

Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,
 And myne also doth aske an other chaunge,
 Theirs to more trauaile, myne to greater ease.
 Whan fatall death shall ende my mortall lyfe,
 My purpose is to leaue vnto them twaine
 The realme deuided into two sondrie partes:
 The one *Ferrex*, myne elder sonne, shall haue,
 The other shall the other ¹ *Porrex* rule.
 That both my purpose may more framelie ² stande,
 And eke that they may better rule their charge,
 I meane forthwith to place them in the same;
 That in my life they maye both learne to rule,
 And I may ioye to see their rulynge well.
 This is in sōme what I would haue ye wey:
 Firste, whether ye allowe³ my whole deuise,
 And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,
 And for our countrey, mother of vs all:
 And if ye lyke it and allowe it well,
 Than for their guydinge and their governaunce,
 Shewe forthe suche meanes of circumstaunce,
 As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and kept.
 Loe, this is all; nowe tell me your aduise.

Arostus.

And this is muche, and asketh great aduise,
 But for my parte, my soueraigne lord and kyng,
 This do I thinke: your Maiestie doth knowe
 Howe vnder you, in justice and in peace,
 Great wealth and honour long we have enioyed,
 So as we can not seeme with gredie mindes
 To wishe for chaunge of prince, or gouernaunce,
 But if ye⁴ lyke your purpose and deuise,
 Our lykyng must be deemed to procede
 Of rightfull reason, and of heedefull care,

¹ "Yonger." 2nd ed.

² "Firmly." 2nd ed.

³ *Allowe.*] Approve. See ante, p. 79, n. 1.

⁴ "We." 2nd ed.

Not for ourselues, but for our cōmen state,
 Sithe our owne state doth nede no better chaunge.
 I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath saide:
 Firste, when you shall vnlode your aged mynde
 Of heuye care and troubles manyfolde,
 And laye the same vpon my lordes, your sonnes,
 Whose growing yeres may bere the burden long;
 And longe I praye the Goddes to graunt it so:
 And in your lyfe while you shall so beholde
 Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,
 Suche as their kinde behighteth ¹ to vs all,
 Great be the profites that shall growe therof:
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
 Your lastynge age shalbe their longer staie,
 For cares of kynges, that rule as you haue rulde
 For publike wealth and not for priuate ioye,
 Do wast mannes lyfe and hasten crooked age,
 With furrowed face and with enfeebled lymmes,
 To drawe on creepynge Death a swifter pace.
 They two yet yonge shall beare the partie ² reigne
 With greater ease, than one nowe olde alone
 Can welde the whole, for whom mucche harder is
 With lessened strength the double weight to beare:
 Your eye, your counsell, and the graue regarde
 Of fathers, yea, of suche a fathers name,
 Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,
 When it is ³ hazarde of their whole successe,
 Shall bridle so their force of youthfull heates,
 And so restraine the rage of insolence,
 Whiche most assailes the yonge and noble minds;
 And so shall guide and traine in tempred staie
 Their yet greene bending wittes wth reuerent awe.

¹ *Behighteth.*] Promiseth. See Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, 11639; and Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, b. iv., c. 11, s. 6.

² "Parted." 2nd ed.

³ "When is the." 2nd ed.

With vertuous enuie to contende for praise :
 And suche an egalnes¹ hath nature made,
 Betwene the brethren of one fathers seede,
 As an vnkindlie wronge it seemes to bee,
 To throwe the other² subiect vnder feete
 Of him, whose peere he is by course of kinde ;
 And nature, that did make this egalnes,
 Ofte so repineth at so great a wronge,
 That ofte she rayseth vp a grudgyng grieffe
 In yonger brethren at the elders state :
 Wherby both townes and kingdoms haue ben rased,
 And famous stockes³ of royall blood distroied.
 The brother that should be the brothers aide,
 And haue a wakefull care for his defence,
 Gapes for his death, & blames the lyngering yeres
 That bring⁴ not forth his ende with faster course ;
 And oft, impacient of so longe delayes,
 With hatefull slaughter he presentes⁵ the fates
 And keepes⁶ a iust rewarde for brothers bloode,
 With endles vengeaunce on his stocke for aye.
 Suche mischiefes here are wisely mette withall,
 If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,
 Where none hath cause to grudge at others good.
 But nowe the head to stoupe beneth them bothe
 Ne kinde, ne reason, ne good ordre beares ;
 And oft it hath ben seene, that where nature⁷
 Hath ben preuerted in disordered wise,
 When fathers cease to know that thei shuld rule,
 And children cease to knowe they should obey,

¹ *Egalnes.*] Equality, from the French. See *Titus Andronicus*, act iv, sc. 4.

² "Brother." 2nd ed.

³ "Flockes." 2nd ed.

⁴ "Draw." 2nd ed.

⁵ "Prevents." 2nd ed.

⁶ "Heepes." 2nd ed.

⁷ "Where nature's course," 2nd ed.

And often our vnkindly¹ tendrenes,
 Is mother of vnkindly stubbornes.
 I speake not this in enuie or reproche,
 As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes,
 Whose honour I besече the Goddes to encrease:²
 Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine,
 So filthie cankers in their noble brestes,
 Whome I esteeme (whiche is their greatest praise)
 Vndoubted children of so good a kynge;
 Onelie I meane to shewe my³ certeine rules,
 Whiche kinde hath graft within the mind of man,
 That nature hath her ordre and her course,
 Whiche (being broken) doth corrupt the state
 Of myndes and thinges, euen in the best of all.
 My Lordes your sonnes may learne to rule of you;
 Your owne example in your noble courte⁴
 Is fittest guyder of their youthfull yeares.
 If you desire to seeke⁵ some present ioye
 By sight of their well rulyng in your lyfe,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule:
 Who so obeyeth not with humblenes
 Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
 Longe maye they rule, I do besече the Goddes,
 But longe may they learne ere they begyn to rule.
 If kinde and fates woulde suffre I would wishe
 Them aged princes and immortall kinges.
 Wherefore, most noble kynge, I well⁶ assent,
 Betwene your sonnes y^t you deuide your realme;
 And as in kinde, so matche them in degree.
 But while the Goddes prolongue your royal life
 Prolongue your reigne, for therto lyue you here;
 And therefore haue the Goddes so longe forborne

¹ "Over kindly." 2nd ed.² "Goddes encrease." 2nd ed.³ "By." 2nd ed.⁴ "Course," 2nd ed.⁵ "See." 2nd ed.⁶ "Will." 2nd ed.

To ioyne you to them selues, that still you might
 Be prince and father of our cōmon weale :
 They, when they se your children ripe to rule,
 Will make them rōume, & wil remoue you hence,
 That yours in right ensuyng of your life,
 Maye rightlie honour your mortall¹ name.

Eubulus.

Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes
 Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume
 To speake what I conceiue within my brest,
 Althoughe the same do not agree at all
 With that whiche other here, my Lordes, haue said,
 Nor whiche your selfe haue seemed best to lyke.
 Pardon, I craue, and that my wordes be deemde
 To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your grace,
 And to the safetie of your cōmon weale.
 To parte your Realme vnto my Lordes your sōnes
 I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them ;
 But worste of all, for this our natie Lande :
 For with² one Lande one single rule is best :
 Deuided reignes³ do make deuided hartes,
 But peace preserues the countrey & the prince.
 Suche is in man the gredie minde to reigne,
 So great is his desire to climbe alofte,
 In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,
 That faith and iustice and all kindly loue
 Do yelde vnto desire of soueraigntie,
 Where egall state doth raise an egall hope
 To winne the thing that either wold attaine.
 Your grace remembreth howe in passed yeros
 The mightie *Brute*, firste prince of all this lande⁴
 Possessed the same and ruled it well in one :

¹ "Immortal." 2nd ed.

² "Within." 2nd ed.

³ "Regions." ed. 1590.

⁴ See *Geoffry of Monmouth*, book i.

He thinking that the compasse did suffice
 For his three sonnes, three kingdoms eke to make,
 Cut it in three, as you would nowe in twaine.
 But how much Brutish ¹ blod hath sithence bē spilt
 To ioyne againe the sondred vnitie !
 What princes slaine before their timely honour !²
 What wast of townes and people in the lande !
 What treasons heaped on murders & on spoiles !
 Whose iust reuenge euen yet is scarcely ceased,
 Ruthefull remembraunce is yet had ³ in minde,
 The Goddes forbyd the like to chaunce againe ;
 And you (O king) geue not the cause therof.
 My Lorde *Ferreax*, your elder sonne, perhappes,
 Whome kinde and custome geues a rightfull hope
 To be your heire and to succede your reigne,
 Shall thinke that he doth suffre greater wronge
 Than he perchaunce will beare, if power serue.
Porreax the younger so vnpaired ⁴ in state,
 Perhappes in courage will be raised also :
 If flatterie then, whiche fayles not to assaile
 The tendre mindes of yet vnskilfull youthe,
 In one shall kindle and encrease disdain,
 And enuie in the others harte enflame,
 This ire ⁵ shall waste their loue, their liues, their land,
 And rutheful ruine shal destroy them both.
 I wishe not this (O kyng) so to befall,
 But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre.
 Geue no beginning to so dreadfull ende,
 Kepe them in order and obedience,
 And let them both, by nowe obeyinge you,
 Learne suche behauiour as beseemes their state.
 The elder, myldenes in his gouernaunce,

¹ "British." 2nd ed.² "Hour." 2nd ed.³ "Rawe." 2nd ed.⁴ "Upraised." 2nd ed.⁵ "Fire." 2nd ed.

The younger, a yeldyng contentednes :
 And kepe them neare vnto your presence still,
 That they, restrained by the awe of you,
 Maye liue in compasse of well tempred staie,
 And passe the perilles of their youthfull yeares.
 Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,
 Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare
 The trauailes that in youth you haue sustained
 Both in your persons and your realmes defence :
 If planting nowe your sonnes in furdre partes,
 You sende them furdre from your present reache,
 Lesse shall you know how they thē selues demaund.¹
 Traiterous corrupters of their pliant youthe
 Shall haue vnspied a muche more free accesse,
 And of² ambition and inflamed disdaine
 Shall arme the one, the other, or them bothe,
 To cyuill warre, or to vsurpinge pride,
 Late shall you rue, that you ne recked³ before.
 Good is, I graunt, of all to hope the best,
 But not to liue still dreadles of the worst.
 So truste the one, that the other be forsene ;
 Arme not vnskilfulnes with princely power,
 But you that longe haue wisely ruled the reignes
 Of royaltie within your noble realme
 So holde them, while the Gods for our auayles
 Shall stretche the threde of your prolonged daies
 To soone he clāme, into the flamyng carte⁴
 Whose want of skylle did set the earth on fire.
 Time, and example of your noble Grace,
 Shall teache your sonnes both to obeye and rule :
 Whan time hath taught thē, time shall make thē pace⁵

¹ "Demeane." 2nd ed.² "If." 2nd ed.³ *Reck.*] To care or mind. See *Troilus and Cressida*, act v., sc 6, and *As You Like It*, act ii., sc. 4.⁴ "Carre." 2nd ed.⁵ "Place." 2nd ed.

The place that nowe is full : and so, I praie,
 Longe it remaine, to comforte of vs all.

Gorboduc.

I take your faithfull hartes in thankfull parte,
 But sithe I see no cause to drawe my minde,
 To feare the nature of my louyng sonnes,
 Or to misdeme that enuie or disdaine
 Can there worke hate, where nature planteth loue,
 In one selfe purpose do I still abide.
 My loue extendeth egally to bothe,
 My lande sufficeth for them bothe also ;
Humber shall parte the Marches of their realmes ;
 The Sotherne parte the elder shall possesse,
 The Northerne shall *Porrex* the yonger rule.
 In quiet I will passe mine aged daies,
 Free from the trauaile and the painefull cares
 That hasten age vpon the worthiest kinges.
 But lest the fraude that ye do seeme to feare
 Of flatteryng tongues corrupt their tender youth,
 And wrieth them to the waies of youthfull lust,
 To climyng pride, or to reuengyng hate
 Or to neglecting of their careful charge,
 Lewdely to liue in wanton recklenesse,
 Or to oppressinge of the rightfull cause,
 Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,
 To treade downe trueth, or fauour false deceite.
 I meane to ioyne to eyther of my sonnes
 Some one of those, whose longe approued faith
 And wisdom tried, may well assure my harte
 That mynyng fraude shall finde no way to crepe
 Into their fensed eares with graue aduise.
 This is the ende ; and so I praye you all
 To beare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie
 That I haue founde within your faithful breasts.

Arostus.

You, nor your sonnes, our soueraigne lord, shall want
Our faith & seruice while our liues do last.

Chorus.

When settled staie doth holde the royall throne
In stedfast place by knowen and doubtles right ;
And chiefly whan discent on one alone
Make single and vnparted reigne to light,
Eche chaunge of course vnioynts the whole estate,
And yeldes it thrall to ruyne by debate.

The strength that knit by laste ¹ accorde in one
Against all forrein power of mightie foes,
Could of it selfe defende it selfe alone,
Disioyned once, the former force doth lose :
The stickes, that sondred brake so soone in twaine,
In faggot bounde attempted were in vaine.

Oft tender minde, that leades the perciall eye
Of erringe parentes in their childrens loue,
Destroies the wrongfull ² loued childe therby :
This doth the proude sonne of *Apollo* proue,
Who rashely set in chariot of his sire,
Inflamed the perched earth with heauens fire.

And this great king, that doth deuide his land,
And chaunged ³ the course of his discending crowne
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande,
From blisfull state of ioye and great renowne
A myrour shall become to princes all,
To learne to shunne the cause of suche a fall.

¹ "Fast." 2nd ed.

² "Wrongly." 2nd ed.

³ "Chaunge." 2nd ed.

The order and signification of the
dōme shewe before the second Acte.

Firste the Musicke of Cornettes began to playe, during whiche came in vpon the Stage a kinge, accompanied with a nombre of his Noblytie & Gentlemen. And after he had placed him selfe in a Chaire of estate prepared for him, there came and kneled before him a graue and aged Gentelman, and offred vp a Cuppe vnto hym of Wyne in a glasse, whiche the kynge refused. After him cōmes a braue and lustie yong Gentelman and presentes the king with a Cup of Golde filled w^t poison, which the king accepted, & drinking the same, immediately fell down dead vpon y^e stage, & so was carried thence awaye by his Lordes and Gentelmen, & then the musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that as Glasse by nature holdeth no poyson, but is clere and maye easely be seene throughe, ne boweth by any Arte; so a faithfull Counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne & open, ne yeldeth to any vndiscrete affection, but geueth holosome Counsell, whiche the yll aduised Prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled w^t poyson betokeneth Flattery, whiche vnder faire seeming of pleasaunt words beareth deadly poyson, whiche destroyeth the Prince y^t receiueith it. As befell in the two brethrene *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, who refusing the holosome aduise of graue Counsellours, credited these yonge Paracites, & brought to them selues death and destruction therby.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

FERREX. HERMON. DORDAN.

Ferrex.

I meruaile muche what reason leade the kynge
 My father thus, without all my desarte,
 To reue me halfe y^e kingdome, which by course
 Of lawe and nature shuld remayne to me.

Hermon.

If you with stubborne and vntamed pryde
 Had stood against him in rebellious¹ wise,
 Or if with grudging minde you had enuied
 So slowe a slidynge of his aged yeres,
 Or sought before your time to haste the course
 Of fataill death vpon his royall head,
 Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn,
 Some face of reason might perhaps haue seemed
 To yelde some likely cause to spoile ye thus.

Ferrex.

The wrekefull Gods poure on my cursed head
 Eternall plagues and neuer dyinge woes;
 The hellish prince adiudge my dampned ghoste
 To *Tantalus* thirste, or proude *Ixions* wheele,
 Or cruell gripe² to gnawe my growing³ harte,
 To durynge tormentes, and vnquenched flames;
 If euer I conceiued so foule a thought,
 To wishe his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

¹ "Rebelling," 2nd ed.

² *Gripe*.] A vulture, sometimes a griffin. See *Arch.*, v. 387.

"The *gripe* also beside the bere,
 No beest wolde to othere dere."

Halliwell's *Arch.* and *Prov.* Words.

³ "Groaning," ed. 1590.

Dordan.

Ne yet your father (O most noble prince)
 Did euer thinke so fowle a thing of you ;
 For he with more than fathers tendre loue
 While yet the fates do lende him life to rule,
 (Who long might lyue to se your rulyng well)
 To you, my Lorde, and to his other sonne,
 Lo he resignes his realme and royaltie ;
 Whiche neuer would so wise a prince haue done,
 If he had ones misdemed that in your harte
 There euer lodged so vnkinde a thought.
 But tendre loue (my Lorde) and settled truste
 Of your good nature, and your noble minde,
 Made him to place you thus in royall throne,
 And now to geue you half his realme to guide ;
 Yea, and that halfe within ¹ abounding store
 Of things that seme ² to make a welthie realme,
 In statelie cities and in frutefull soyle,
 In temperate breathing of the milder heauen,
 In thinges of nedefull vse, whiche frendlie sea
 Transportes by traffike from the forreine portes ;³
 In flowing wealth, in honour, and in force,
 Doth passe the double value of the parte
 That *Porrex* hath allotted to his reigne.
 Suche is your case, suche is your fathers loue.

Ferrex.

Ah love, my frendes ! loue wrongs not whom he loues.

Dordan.

Ne yet he wrongeth you that geueth you
 So large a reigne ere that the course of tyme
 Bringe you to kingdome by discended right,
 Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Ferrex.

Is this no wrong, saie you, to reauē from me
 By natie right of halfe so great a realme,
 And thus to matche his yonger sonne with me
 In egall power, and in as great degree?
 Yea, & what sonne? y^e sonne whose swellyng pryde
 Woulde neuer yelde one pinct of reuerence,
 Whan I the elder, and apparaunt heire,
 Stoode in the likelyhode to possesse the whole,
 Yea, and that sonne, whiche from his childishe age
 Enuieth myne honour, and doth hate my life,
 What will he nowe do? when his pride, his rage,
 The mindefull malice of his grudging harte
 Is armed with force, with wealth, and kingly state.

Hermon.

Was this not wrong? yea, yll aduised wrong;
 To giue so mad a man so sharpe a sworde,
 To so great perill of so great mishappe,
 Wide open thus to set so large a waye.

Dordan.

Alas! my Lorde, what griefull thing is this
 That of your brother you can thinke so ill?
 I neuer sawe him vtter likelie signe
 Whereby a man might see, or once misdeme
 Suche hate of you, ne such vnyeldinge pride.
 Ill is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,
 That raising suche mistrustfull feare in you,
 Sowing the seede of suche vnkindly hate,
 Trauaile by reason to destroy you both:
 Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
 Worthie to welde a large and mightie realme;
 So muche a stronger frende haue you therby,
 Whose strēgth is your strēgth, if you gree in one.

Hermon.

If nature and the Goddes had pinched so

Their flowing bountie and their noble giftes
 Of princelie qualyties from you, my Lorde,
 And powrde them all at ones in wastfull wise
 Vpon your fathers younger sonne alone,
 Perhappes there be that in your preiudice
 Would saie that birth shuld yeld to worthines :
 But sithe in eche good gift and princelie acte ¹
 Ye are his matche, and in the chiefe of all,
 In mildenes and in sobre gouernaunce,
 Ye farre surmount ; and sithe there is in you
 Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnes
 To weld the whole, and match your elders praise,
 I see no cause whie ye should loose the halfe :
 Ne wold I wishe you yelde to suche a losse,
 Lest your milde sufferance of so great a wronge
 Be deemed cowardishe and simple dreade ;
 Whiche shall geue courage to the fierie head
 Of your yonge brother to inuade the whole.
 Whiles yet therfore stickes in the peoples mynde
 The lothed wronge of your disheritaunce,
 And ere your brother haue by settled power,
 By guylefull cloke of an allurynge showe,
 Got him some force and fauour in this realme ;
 And while the noble Queene your mother liues,
 To worke and practice all for your auaille,
 Attempt redresse by armes, and wreake ² your selfe
 Vpon his life, that gaineth by your losse,
 Who nowe to shame of you, and grieve of vs
 In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer you ;
 Shew now your courage meete for kingly estate, ³
 That thei which haue auowed to spēd their goods,

¹ "Arte." 2nd ed.

² *Wreake.*] Avenge. See *Titus Andronicus*, act iv., sc. 3 and 4.

³ "State." 2nd ed.

Their landes, their liues, & honours in your cause,
Maye be the bolder to mainteine your parte,
Whan thei do see that cowarde feare in you
Shall not betraye, ne faile their faithfull hartes.
If ones the death of *Porrex* ende the strife,
And paie the price of his vsurped reigne,
Your mother shall perswade the angry kynge,
The Lords, your frends, eke shall appease his rage ;
For thei be wise, and well thei can forsee,
That ere longe time your aged fathers death
Will brynge a time, when you shall well requite
Their frendlie fauour, or their hatefull spite,
Yea, or their slackenes to auauunce your cause.
Wise men do not so hange on passyng state
Of present princes, chiefly in their age ;
But they will further cast their reachinge eye
To viewe and weigh the times & reignes to come.
Ne is it lykely, thoughe the kinge be wrothe,
That he yet will, or that the realme will beare
Extreme reuenge vpon his onely sonne :
Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare
Be ministre to suche an enterprise ?
And here you be nowe placed in your owne
Amyd your frendes, your vassalles, & your strength.
We shall defende and kepe your person safe,
Tyll either counsell turne his tender minde,
Or age, or sorowe ende his werie daies.
But if the feare of Goddes, and secrete grudge
Of natures lawe, repynnyng at the facte,
Withholde your courage from so great attempt,
Knowe ye that lust of kingdomes hath no lawe ;
The Goddes do beare and well allowe in kinges
The thinges they ¹ abhorre in rascall routes.

¹ "That they." 2nd ed.

When kinges on slender quarrels ron to warres,
 And than in cruell and vnkindely wise,
 Cōmaunde theftes, rapes, murder of innocentes,
 To spoile of townes & reignes of mightie realmes,
 Thinke you such princes do suppress¹ them selues
 Subiect to lawes of kinde and feare of Gods,
 Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name
 Of noble conquestes in the handes of kinges,
 Murders and violent theftes in priuate men²
 Are heynous crymes and full of foule reproche.
 But if you like not yet so hote deuise,
 Ne list to take such vauntage of the time,
 But thoughe, with great perill of your state,³
 You wil not be the first that shall inuade,
 Assemble yet your force for your defence,
 And for your safetie stande vpon your garde.

Dordan.

O heauen ! was there euer harde or knownen,
 So wicked counsell to a noble prince?
 Let me (my Lorde) disclose vnto your grace
 This heynous tale, what mischiefe it conteynes ;
 Your fathers death, your brothers, and your owne,
 Your present murder and eternall shame :
 Heare me (O king) and suffre not to sinke
 So highe a treason in your princelie brest.

Ferrex.

The mightie Goddes forbyd that euer I
 Shuld once conceiue suche mischiefe in my harte !
 Althoughe my brother hath bereft my realme
 And beare perhappes to me an hatefull minde,
 Shall I reuenge it with his death therfore ?

¹ "Suppose." 2nd ed.

² In the 2nd ed. these lines are transposed. In the edition of 1590, the last and the three preceding lines are transposed.

³ "With peril of your owne estate." 2nd ed.

Or shall I so destroy my fathers lyfe
 That gaue me life? the Gods forbyd, I saye.
 Cease you to speak so any more to me,
 Ne you, my friende, with aunswere once repeate
 So foule a tale; in scilence let it die.
 What lorde or subiect shall haue hope at all,
 That vnder me they safely shall enioye
 Their goods, their honours, landes, and liberties,
 With whome, neither one onely brother deare,
 Ne father dearer, coulde enioye their lyües?
 But sithe I feare my younger brothers rage,
 And sithe perhappes some other man may gyue
 Some like aduise, to moue his grudging head
 At mine estate; whiche counsell may perchaunce
 Take greater force with him, than this with me,
 I will in secrete so prepare my selfe,
 As if his malice or his lust to reigne
 Breake forth with armes ¹ or sodeine violence,
 I may withstande his rage and kepe mine owne.

Dordan.

I feare the fatall time now draweth on,
 When ciuyll hate shall ende the noble lyne
 Of famouse *Brute* and of his royall seede.
 Great *Ioue* defende the mischeifes now at hande!
 O! that the secretaries wise aduise
 Had erst ben harde, whan he besought the kynge
 Not to deuide his lande, nor sende his sonnes
 To further partes from presence of his Courte,
 Ne yet to yelde to them his gouernaunce.
 Lo! suche are they nowe in the royall throne
 As was rashe *Phaeton* in *Phebus* carre;
 Ne then the fiery stedes did drawe the flame
 With wilder randon through the kindled skies,
 Then traiterous counsell now will wherle about

¹ "In arms." 2nd ed.

The youthfull heads of these vnskilfull kinges.
 But I hereof their father will enforme ;
 The reuerence of him perhappes shall staye
 The growing mischiefes, while thei yet are grene.
 If this helpe not, then wo vnto them selues,
 The prince, the people, the deuided lande !

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

PORREX. TYNDAR. PHILANDER.

Porrex.

And is it thus ? And doth he so prepare
 Against his brother as his mortall foe ?
 And nowe whyle yet his aged father lyues,
 Neither regards he him, nor feares he me ?
 Warre would he haue ? and he shall haue it so.

Tyndar.

I sawe my selfe the great prepared store
 Of horse, of armours, and of weapons there,
 Ne brynge I to my lorde reported tales
 Without the ground of seene and serched trouthe.
 Loe ! secrete quarrelles ronne about his courte
 To bringe the name of you, my Lorde, in hate;
 Eche man almost can nowe debate the cause,
 And aske a reason of so great a wronge,
 While he so noble and so wise a prince,
 Is as vnworthie reft his heritage ;
 And whie the kinge, mislead by craftie meanes,
 Deuided thus his lande from course of right.
 The wiser sorte holde downe their griefull heades,
 Eche man withdrawes from talke and companie
 Of those that haue ben knowen to fauour you,
 To hide the mischiefe of their meaninge there.
 Rumours are spred of your preparynge here.

The rascall nombres of the ¹ vnskilfull sorte
 Are filled with monsterous tales of you and yours.
 In secrete I was counsailed by my friendes
 To haste me thence, and brought you, as you know,
 Letters from those that both can truely tell,
 And would not write vnlesse they knewe it well.

Philander.

My Lorde, yet ere you nowe vnkindely warre,
 Sende to your brother to demaunde the cause.
 Perhappes some trayterous tales haue filled his eares
 With false reports against your noble grace;
 Which once disclosed shal ende the growing strife,
 That els, not staied with wise foresight in time,
 Shall hazarde both your kingdomes & your lyues.
 Sende to your father eke ; he shall appease
 Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

Porrex.

Ridde me of feare? I feare him not at all ;
 Ne will to him, ne to my father sende.
 If daunger were for one to tarye there,
 Thinke ye it safety to retourne againe?
 In mischiefes suche as *Ferrex* now intendes,
 The wonted courteous lawes to messengers
 Are not obserued, whiche in iust warre they vse.
 Shall I so hazarde any one of myne,
 Shall I betraie my trustie friende² to hym,
 That hath disclosed this treason vnto me?
 Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not :
 Or shall I to the kinge my father sende ?
 Yea, and sende nowe while suche a mother lyues,
 That loues my brother and that hateth mee?
 Shall I geue leasure by my fonde delayes
 To *Ferrex* to oppresse me at³ vnware?

¹ "The" is omitted in 2nd ed.

² "Friends." 2nd ed.

³ "Al." 2nd ed.

I will not, but I will inuade his realme,
 And seeke the traitour prince within his Court ;
 Mischiefe for mischiefe is a due rewarde.
 His wretched head shall paie the worthie pryce
 Of this his treason and his hate to me.
 Shall I abide, entreate, and sende, and praie,
 And holde my yelden throate to traitours knife,
 While I with valiaunt minde & conquering force
 Might rid my selfe of foes, and winne a realme ?
 Yet rather when I haue the wretches head,
 Than to the king my father will I sende,
 The booteles case may yet appease his wrath :
 If not, I will defend me as I maye.

Philander.

Loe ! here the ende of these two youthfull kings,
 The fathers deth, the reigne,¹ of their two realmes.
 O, most vnhappy state of counsellours
 That light on so vnhappy lordes and times,
 That neither can their good aduise be harde,
 Yet must thei beare the blames of yll successe !
 But I will to the king their father haste,
 Ere this mischiefe come to that² likely ende,
 That if the mindefull wrath of wrekefull Gods,
 Since mightie *Ilions* fall not yet appeased
 With these poore remnants of the *Troians* name,
 Haue not determined³ lie vn moued fate
 Out of this realme to rase the *Brutish* ⁴ Line
 By good aduise, by awe of fathers name,
 By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate
 Maye yet be quentched, ere it consume vs all.

Chorus.

Whan youth not bridled with a guyding staie

¹ " Ruine." 2nd ed. ² " The." 2nd ed. ³ " Determined by." 2nd ed.

⁴ " Brittische " 2nd ed

Is left to randon of their owne delight,
 And welds whole realmes by force of soueraigne fraie,
 Great is the daunger of vnmaistred might,
 Lest skilles rage throwe downe with headlong fal
 Their lands, their states, their liues, them selues, & all.

When growing pride doth fil the swelling brest,
 And gredy lust doth raise the clymbynge minde,
 Oh ! hardlie maye the perill be repress,
 Ne feare of angrie Goddes, ne lawes kinde,
 Ne countrie, care can fiered hartes restrayne,
 Whan force hath armed enuie and disdaine.

Whan kinges of foreset ¹ wyll neglecte the rede, ²
 Of best aduise, and yelde to pleasinge tales,
 That do their fansies noysome humour feede,
 Ne reason, nor regarde of right auailles ;
 Succedinge heapes of plagues shall teache to late
 To learne the mischiefes of misguydinge state.

Fowle fall the traitour false, that vndermines
 The loue of brethrene to destroye them bothe !
 Wo to the prince, that pliant eare enclines
 And yeldes his minde to poysonous tale, y^t floweth
 From flatteryng mouth ; & wo to wretched lande
 That wasts it selfe with ciuyll sworde in hande !
 Loe ! thus it is poyson in golde to take,
 And holosome drinke in homely cuppe forsake.

¹ Forsette." 2nd ed. which Reed supposed to mean "foresight," a error which the original text corrects.

² Rede.] Sax. Advice, counsel. See *Hamlet*, act i., sc. 3.

"Well if you will be ordered and do by my *reade*."

Gammer Gurton's Needle.

The order and signification of the
dōme shewe before the thirde Act.

Firste the Musicke of Fluities began to playe, during which came in vpon the Stage a companye of Mourners all clad in blacke, betokeninge Death and sorowe to ensue vpon the yll aduised misgouernment and discention of Bretherne, as befel vpon the Murder of *Ferrex* by his yonger Brother. After the Mourners had passed thryse about the stage, thei departed, and than the Musicke ceased.

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

GORBODUC. EUBULUS. AROSTUS. PHILANDER. NUNTII.

Gorboduc.

O Cruell fates ! O mindfull wrath of Goddes,
Whose v̄geance neither *Simois* streined¹ streames,
Flowing w^t blood of *Troian* Princes slaine ;
Nor *Phrygian* fieldes made rancke w^t corpses dead
Of *Asian* kynges and lordes can yet appease,
Ne slaughter of vnhappie *Pryams* race,
Nor *Ilions* fall, made leuell with the soile,
Can yet suffice ; but still continued rage
Pursue our lyues, and from the farthest seas
Doth chaste the issues of destroyed *Troye*.
Oh, no man happie, tyll his ende be seene !
If any flowyng wealth and seemyng ioye
In present yeres might make a happy wight,
Happie was *Hecuba*, the wofullest wretche
That euer liued to make a myrrour of,
And happie *Pryam* with his noble sonnes,
And happie I till now. Alas, I see
And feelee my most vnhappie wretchednes !

¹ "Stayned." 2nd ed.

Beholde, my Lordes, reade ye this letter here;
 Loe! it conteines the ruyne of our realme,
 If timelie speede prouide not hastie helpe.
 Yet (O ye Goddes) if euer wofull kyng
 Might moue you, kings of kinges, wreke it on me,
 And on my sonnes, not on this giltles realme.
 Sende down your wasting flames from wrathful skies
 To reue me & my sōnes the hateful breath!
 Reade, reade, my Lordes: this is the matter whie
 I called ye nowe to haue your good aduyse.

The Letter from *Dordan* the
 Counsellour of the elder Prince.

Eubulus readeth the Letter.

My Soueraigne Lord, what I am loth to write
 But lothest am to see, that I am forced
 By letters nowe to make you vnderstande.
 My Lord *Ferrex*, your eldest sonne, misledd
 By traitours framde of yong vntempred wittes,
 Assembleth force against your yonger sonne,
 Ne can my counsell yet withdrawe the heate
 And furyous panges of his enflamed head:
 Disdaine (saieth he) of his inheritaunce¹
 Armes him to wreke the great pretended² wronge
 With ciuyll sword vpon his brothers life,
 If present helpe do not restraine this rage,
 This flame will wast your sōnes, your land, & you.
 Your Maiesties faithfull and most
 humble Subiecte, *Dordan*.

Arostus.

O King! appease your grieve & staie your plaint.

¹ "Disheritaunce." 2nd ed.

² *Pretended*.] Intended. See *Macbeth*, act ii., sc. 4.

Great is the matter and a wofull case,
 But timely knowledge may bringe timely help.
 Sende for thē both vnto your presence here;
 The reuerence of your honour, age, and state.
 Your graue aduise, the awe of fathers name,
 Shall quickelie knit againe this broken peece :
 And if in either of my lordes, your sonnes,
 Be suche vntamed and vnyelding pride
 As will not bende vnto your noble hestes : ¹
 If *Ferrex*, the elder sonne, can beare no peere,
 Or *Porrex* not content, aspires to more
 Then you him gaue, aboue his natieue right,
 Ioyne with the iuster side, so shall you force
 Them to agree, and holde the Lande in staie.

Eubulus.

What meaneth this? Loe ! yonder comes in hast
Philander, from my lord your yonger sonne.

Gorboduc.

The Goddes sende ioyfull newes !

Philander.

The mightie *Ioue*

Preserue your Maiestie, O noble kinge !

Gorboduc.

Philander, welcome: But how doth my sonne ?

Philander.

Your sonne, Sir, lyues and healthie I him left :
 But yet (O kinge) this want of lustfull health
 Could not be half so griefefull to your grace,
 As these most wretched tidynge that I brynge.

Gorboduc.

O heauens ! yet more ? no ende of woes to me ?

¹ *Hestes.*] Commands:—

“With cheerful heart I to thy *hest* agree :

Thou didst command, that was enough for me.”

Thomas Deloney's *Strange Histories*.

Philander.

Tyndar, O kyng, came lately from the courte
 Of *Ferreax*, to my lorde your yonger sonne,
 And made reporte of great prepared store
 Of warre¹, and saith that it is whollie ment
 Against *Porreax*, for high disdaine that he
 Lyues nowe a kyng and egall in degree
 With him, that claimeth to succede the whole,
 As by due title of discendinge right.

Porreax is nowe so set on flamynge fire,
 Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrathe,
 Partely with hope to gaine a realme therby,
 That he in haste prepareth to inuade
 His brothers lande, and with vnkindely warre
 Threatens the murder of your elder sonne ;
 Ne coule I him perswade that first he should
 Sende to his brother to demaunde the cause ;
 Nor yet to you to staie his hatefull strife.
 Wherefore, sithe there no more I can be harde,
 I come myselfe nowe to enforme your grace :
 And to beseche you, as you loue the lief
 And safetie of your children and your realme,
 Nowe to emploie your wisdom and your force,
 To staie this mischief ere it be to late.

Gorboduc.

Are thei in armes? would he not send for me?²
 Is this the honour of a Fathers name?
 In vaine we trauaile to asswage their mindes :
 As if their hartes, whome neither brothers loue,
 Nor fathers awe, nor kingdomes care can moue,
 Our counsels could withdrawe from ragyng heat.
Ioue slaye them both, and ende the cursed lyne !
 For though perhappes feare of suche mightie force

¹ "For war." 2nd ed.² "To me." 2nd ed.

As I, my lords, ioyned with your noble aides.
 Maye yet raise, shall repress their present heate,
 The secrete grudge and malyce will remayne ;
 The fire not quentched, but kept in close restraint,
 Fead stil within, breakes forth with double flame.
 Their death and mine must peaze ¹ the angrie gods.

Philander.

Yelde not, O king ' so much to weake dispaier ;
 Your sonnes yet lyue, and long, I trust, they shall.
 Yf fates had taken you from earthly life,
 Before beggining of this ciuyll strife,
 Perhaps your sonnes, in their vnmaistered youth,
 Lose from regarde of any lyuyng wight,
 Wolde ronne on headlonge, with vnbridled race,
 To their owne death, and ruine of this realme.
 But sith the Gods, that haue the care for kinges,
 Of thinges and times dispose the order so
 That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth,
 While yet your lyfe, your wisdome, & your power,
 Maye staie the growing mischeife, and repress
 The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate,
 It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme therof,
 That louyng *Ioue* hath tempred so the time
 Of this debate to happen in your daies,
 That you, yet lyuyng, maye the same appeaze,
 And adde it to the glorie of your latter ² age,
 And they, your sonnes, maye learne to liue in peace.
 Beware (O kynge) the greatest harme of all,
 Lest by your wayleful plaints your hastened death

¹ *Peaze.*] Appeaze. It occurs again in p. 131, l. 12. See Bacon's Works, p. 49.

"Tyll y be sewre of youre hartys ese,
 Nothing but hit may my grevys pese."

Halliwell's *Arch. and Prov. Words.*

² Spence, for the sake of the metre, unwarrantably leaves out the word "latter." It is in all the early editions.

Yelde larger¹ rounge vnto their² growyng rage :
 Preserue your lyfe, the onely hope of staie ;
 And if your highnes herein list to vse
 Wisdome or force, counsell or knightly aide,
 Loe ! we, our persons, powers, and lyues are yours ;
 Vse vs tyll death, O king ! we are your owne.

Eubulus.

Loe ! here the perill that was erst forsene !
 When you (O king) did first deuide your lande,
 And yelde your present raigne vnto your sonnes.
 But now (O noble prince) now is no time
 To wayle and plaine, and wast your wofull lyfe.
 Nowe is the time for present good aduise :
 Sorowe doth darke the iudgement of the wytte,
 The hart vnbroken, and the courage free
 From feble faintnes of booteles dispaier,
 Doth either ryse to safetie or renowme
 By noble valure of vnuanquished minde,
 Or yet doth perishe in more happie sorte.
 Your grace maye sende to either of your sonnes
 Some one both wise and noble personage,
 Which, with good counsel & with weightie name
 Of father, shall present before their eyes
 Your hest, your liefte, your safetie, and their owne ;
 The present mischiefte of their deadlie strife.
 And in the while, assemble you the force,
 Whiche your cōmaundement and the spedie hast
 Of all my Lordes here present can prepare :
 The terrour of your mightie power shall stepe
 The rage of bothe, or yet of one at lest.

Nuntius.

O ! king the greatest griefte that euer prynce dyd here
 That euer wofull messenger did tell,
 That euer wretched lande hath sene before,

¹ "Large." 2nd ed. A manifest injury to the metre.

"This." Ed 1590.

I brynge to you. *Porrex*, your yonger sonne.
 With soden force, inuaded hath the lande
 That you to *Ferrex* did allotte to rule :
 And with his owne most bloudie hande he hath
 His brother slaine, and doth possesse his realme.

Gorboduc.

O Heauē, send down the flames of your reuenge ;
 Destroie, I saie, w^t flashe of wrekefull fier
 The traitour sonne, and than the wretched sire !
 But let vs go, that yet perhappes I maye
 Die with reuenge, and peaze the hatefull gods.

Chorus.

The lust of kingdomes knowes no sacred faithe,
 No rule of reason, no regarde of right,
 No kindlie loue, no feare of heauens wrathe ;
 But with contempt of Goddes and mans despite,
 Through blodie slaughter doth prepare the waies
 To fatall scepter and accursed reigne.
 The sonne so lothes the fathers lingerynge daies,
 Ne dreads his hand in brothers blode to staine.
 O wretched prince ! ne doest thou yet recorde
 The yet fresshe murthers done within the lande
 Of thie forefathers, when the cruell sworde
 Bereft *Morgan* his lief^e ¹ with cosyns hande ?
 Thus fatall plagues pursue the giltie race,
 Whose murderous hand, imbrued w^t giltles blood,
 Askes vengeaunce ² before the heauens face,
 With endles mischiefes on the cursed broode.
 The wicked childe this bringes to wofull sier
 The mournfull plaintes to wast his wery ³ life :
 Thus do the cruell flames of ciuyl fier
 Destroye the parted reigne with hatefull strife.

¹ See ante p. 105, note.

² "Vengeance still." 2nd ed.

³ "Very." 2nd ed.

And hence doth spring the well, frō which doth flo
The dead black streames of mournings,¹ plaints & woe.

The order and signification of the
dōme shewe before the fourth Acte.

First the Musick of Howeboies began to plaie, duringe whiche there came forth from vnder the Stage, as thoughe out of Hell, three Furies, *Alecto*, *Megera* & *Ctesiphone*, clad in blacke garments sprinkled with bloud & flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heds spread with Serpents insteade of heare, the one bearinge in her hande a Snake, the other a whip, & the thirde a burning Firebrande: eche drinyng before them a kynge and a queene, whiche, moued by Furies, vnnaturallye had slaine their owne Children. The names of the kings & queenes were these: *Tantalus*, *Medea*, *Athanas*, *Ino*, *Cambises*, *Althea*; after that the Furies, and these had passed aboute the stage thrise, they departed, & than the Musicke ceased: hereby was signified the vnnaturall Murders to followe, that is to saie; *Porrea* slaine by his owne Mother, and of king *Gorboduc* and Queene *Viden*, killed by their owne subiectes.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

VIDEN, *sōla*.

Viden.

Why should I lyue and lynger forth my time
In longer liefē to double my distresse?
O me, most wofull wight! whome no mishap
Longe ere this daie could haue bereued hence.
Mought not these handes, by fortune or by fate,

¹ "Mourning." 2nd ed.

Haue perst this brest, and life with iron reft?
 Or in this pallaice here, where I so longe
 Haue spent my daies, could not that happie houre
 Ones, ones haue hapt ī which these hugie frames
 With death by fall might haue oppressed me?
 Or should not this most hard and cruell soile,
 So oft where I haue prest my wretched steps,
 Somtyme had ruthe of myne accursed liefē,
 To rende in twaine, and swallowe me therin?
 So had my bones possessed nowe in peace
 Their happie graue within the closed groundē,
 And greadie wormes had gnawen this pyned hart,
 Without my feelynge paine: so shulde not nowe
 This lyuyngē brest remayne the ruthefull tombe,
 Wherin my hart, yelden to death, is graued;
 Nor driery thoughts, with panges of pining grieve,
 My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.
 O, my beloued sonne! O, my swete childe!
 My deare *Ferreax*, my joye, my liues delyght
 Is my welbeloued sonne, is my sweete childe,
 My deare *Ferreax*, my joye, my liues delight!
 Murdered with cruell death? O, hatefull wretche!
 O, heynous traytour bothe to heauen and earth,
 Thou *Porreax*, thou this damned dede hast wrought!
 Thou *Porreax*, thou shalt dearely abyē¹ the same:
 Traitour to kinne and kinde, to sire and me,
 To thyne owne fleshe, and traitour to thy selfe.
 The Gods on the in hell shall wreke their² wrath,
 And here in earth this hand shall take reuenge
 On the, *Porreax*, thou false and caytife wighte.
 If after blode so eigre were thy thirst,
 And murderous minde had so possessed thee;

¹ "Bye." 2nd ed. See ante, p. 70, n. 1; and also *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii., sc 2.

² "The." 2nd ed.

If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint
 Lyued in thy brest, that nothing elles could like,
 Thy cruell tyrantes thought but death & bloode,
 Wild sauage beasts mought not y^{e 1} slaughter serue,
 To fede thy gredie will, and in the myddest
 Of their entrailes to staine thy deadlie handes
 With blode deserued, and drinke therof thy fyll:
 Or if nought els but death and bloud of man
 Mought please thy lust, could none in *Bryttain* land,
 Whose hart be torne out of his louyng² brest
 With thine owne hand, or work what death thou woldest,
 Suffice to make a sacrifice to appeaze³
 That deadlie minde & murderous thought in the,
 But he who in the self-same wombe was wrapped
 Where thou in dismall hower receiuedst life?
 Or, if nedes, nedes thie hand must slaughter make,
 Moughtst thou not haue reached a mortall wound,
 And w^t thy sworde haue persed this cursed womb,
 That the, accursed *Porrex*, brought to lyght:
 And geuen me a iust rewarde therefore?
 So, *Ferrex*, of⁴ swete life mought haue enioyed,
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 W^t some yong sonne, in whom thei both might liue.
 But whereunto wast I this ruthefull speche,
 To the that hast thi brother's bloud thus shed?
 Shall I stil think y^t from this womb thou sprong?
 That I thee bare? or take thee for my sonne?
 No, traytour, no; I the refuse for mine:
 Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.
 Neuer, O wretche! this wombe conceued thee,
 Nor neuer bode⁵ I painefull throwes for thee:
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,
 Nor to no wight, that spark of pytie knewe;

¹ "Their." 2nd ed.² "Panting." 2nd ed.³ "Peaze." 2nd ed.⁴ "Yet." 2nd ed.⁵ From the verb to *bide*.

Rutheles, vnkind, monster of nature's worke ;
 Thou neuer suckte the milke of woman's breaste,
 But from thy birth the cruell tigres teates
 Haue nursed ; nor yet of fleshe and bloud
 Formed is thy hart, but of hard iron wrought ;
 And wilde and desert woods breade thee to lyfe.
 But canst thou hope to scape my iust reuenge ?
 Or that these handes will not be wrooke ¹ on thee ?
 Doest thou not knowe that *Ferrex* mother liues,
 That loued him more dearelie then her selfe ?
 And doth she lyue, and is not venged on thee ?

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

GORBODUC. AROSTUS. EUBULUS. PORREX. MARCELLA.

Gorboduc.

We marueyle muche wherto this lingeryng staie
 Falles out so longe : *Porrex* vnto our courte
 By order of our letters is retourned ;
 And *Eubulus* receyued from vs by hest
 At his arriuale here to geue him charge
 Before our presence streight to make repaire,
 And yet we haue no worde wherof he staies.

Arostus.

Loe ! where he cōmes, and *Eubulus* with hym.

Eubulus.

Accordynge to your highnes hest to me,
 Here haue I *Porrex* brought, euen in suche sort
 As from his wried horse he did alighte,
 For that your grace did suche haste therein.

Gorboduc.

We like and praise this spedie wyll in you
 To worke the thing that to your charge we gaue.

¹ Sec ante, p. 117, note.

Porrex, if we so farre shulde swarue from kinde,
 And frō these bounds, which lawes of nature sets,
 As thou hast done by vile and wretched deede
 In cruell murder of thy brother's life,
 Our present hande coulde staie no lenger tyme,
 But streight shuld bathe this blade in bloud of the,
 As iust reuenge of thy detested cryme.
 No, we shuld not offende the lawe of kinde,
 If nowe this sworde of ours did slaie thee here :
 For thou hast murdered him, whose heinous death
 Euen nature's force doth moue vs to reuenge
 By bloud againe: but Justice forceth vs
 To measure death for death, thy due deserte :
 Yet sithens thou art our childe, and sithe as yet
 In this harde case what worde thou canst alledge
 For thy defence by vs hath not been harde,
 We are content to staie our wyll for that
 Whiche Justice biddes vs presently to worke,
 And geue the leaue to vse thie speache at full,
 If ought thou haue to laye for thine excuse.

Porrex.

Neither, O kyng ! I can or wyll denie
 But that this hande from *Ferrex* lyfe hath reft :
 Which fact how much my doleful hart doth waile.
 Oh ! would it mought as full appeare to sight
 As inwarde grieve doth powre it forth to me.
 So yet, perhappes, if euer ruthefull hart
 Melting in teares within a manlie breast,
 Throughe depe repentaunce of his bloudie facte,
 If euer grieve, if euer wofull man
 Might moue regreite with sorowe of his fault,
 I thinke the torment of my mournfull case
 Knownen to your grace, as I do feele the same,
 Woulde force euen wrath her selfe to pytie mee.
 But as the water troubled with the nudde

Shewes not the face, whiche els the eye shulde see,
 Euen so your irefull minde, with stirred thought,
 Can not so perfectly discerne my cause.
 But this vnhappe, emongst so many heapes
 I must content me with, most wretched man,
 That to my selfe I must referre¹ my woe,
 In pynnyng thoughts of myne accursed facte :
 Sithens I may not shewe here² my smallest grieve,
 Suche as it is, and as my breast endures,
 Whiche I esteme the greatest myserie
 Of all mishappes that fortune nowe can sende.
 Not that I rest in hope with plainte and teares
 Should purchase life: for to the Goddes I clepe³
 For true recorde of this my faithfull speache,
 Neuer this harte shall haue the thoughtfull drede
 To die the death that by your graces dome,
 By iust desarte shalbe pronounced to mee:
 Nor neuer shal this tongue ones spend this speche
 Pardon to craue, or seeke by sute to lyue.
 I meane not this as though I were not touchde
 With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde
 Lyfe in contempt; but that I knowe the mynde
 Stoupes to ne drede, although the flesh be fraile;
 And for my gilt, I yelde the same so great,
 As in my selfe I finde a feare to sue
 For graunte of lyfe.

Gorboduc.

In vayne, O wretche! thou shewest
 A wofull harte: *Ferrex* nowe lyes in graue,
 Slaine by thy hande.

¹ " Reserve." 2nd ed.

² The word " here " is omitted in the 2nd ed.

³ *Clepe.*] To call or name. *Hamlet*, act i., sc. 4.

" Amongst them one *ycleped* Paridell,
 The falsest thief that ever trod the ground."

Grim the Collier of Croydon.

Porrex.

Yet this O father ! heare,
 And than I ende. Your Maiestie well knowes,
 That whan my brother *Ferreax* and my selfe
 By your owne hest were ioyned in gouernaunce
 Of this your graces realme of *Brittayne* lande,
 I neuer sought, nor trauaylled for the same,
 Nor by my selfe, or ¹ by no frende I wrought,
 But from your highnes will alone it spronge,
 Of your most gracious goodnes bent to me ;
 But howe my brother's hart euen than repined
 With swollen disdaine against mine egall rule,
 Seing that realme, which by discent shuld grow
 Whollie to him, allotted halfe to me.
 Euen in your highnes court he nowe remaynes,
 And with my brother than in nearest place,
 Who can recorde what prooffe therof was shewdc,
 And how my brother's enuious hart appearde :
 Yet I, that iudged it my parte to seeke
 His fauour and good will, and lothe to make
 Your highnes knowe the thing which should haue brought
 Grief to your grace, & your offēce to him,
 Hopyng by earnest suite shuld soone haue wonne
 A louyng hart within a brother's brest,
 Wrought in that sorte, that, for a pleadge of loue
 And faithfull hart, he gaue to me his hande.
 This made me thinke that he had banished quite
 All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
 Suche hartie loue as I did owe to him :
 But after once we left your grace's court,
 And from your highnes presence liued aparte,
 This egall rule still, still did grudge him so,
 That nowe those enuious sparkes, which erst lay raked
 In lyuing cinders of dissemblynge brest,

¹ "Nor." 2nd ed.

Kindled so farre within his hartes¹ disdainē,
 That longer could he not refraine from prooffe
 Of secrete practise to depriue me life
 By poysons force; and had bereft me so,
 If myne owne seruauant, hired to this fact,
 And moued by trouthe w^t hate² to worke the same,
 In time had not bewraied it vnto mee.

Whan thus I sawe the knot of loue vnknitte,
 All honest league and faithfull promise broke,
 The lawe of kind and trothe thus rent in twaine,
 His hart on mischiefē set, and in his brest
 Blacke treason hid; then, then did I dispaier
 That euer tyme coulde wynne him frende to me.
 Than sawe I howe he smyled with slaying knife,
 Wrapped vnder cloke;³ then sawe I depe deceite
 Lurke in his face, and death prepared for mee:
 Euen nature moued me than to holde my lyfe
 More deare to me than his, and bad this hande,
 Since by his lyfe my death much nedes ensue,
 And by his death my lyfe to⁴ be preserued:
 To shed his bloud, and seeke my safetie so,
 And wisdomē willed me, without protracte,⁵
 In spedie wise to put the same in vre.
 Thus haue I tolde the cause, that moued me
 To worke my brother's death; and so I yelde
 My lyfe, my death to iudgement of your grace.

Gorboduc.

Oh, cruell wight! shulde any cause preuaile
 To make the staine thy hands with brothers blod?
 But what of thee we will resolute doe
 Shal yet remaine unknowen. Thou in the meane

¹ "Hart" 2nd ed.

² The word "hate" is omitted in the 2nd ed.

³ See Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, v. 2000.

⁴ "Mote." 2nd ed.

⁵ *Protracte.*] Delay, *Lat.*

Shalt from our royall presence banyshed be,
 Untill our princely pleasure further shall
 To the be shewed; departe therfore our sight,
 Accursed childe! What cruell destenie,
 What frowarde fate hath sorted¹ vs this chaunce,
 That euen in those, where we should comfort find,
 Where our delight nowe in our aged daies
 Shulde rest and be, euen there our onelie grieve
 And depest sorrowes to abridge our liefte,
 Most pynnyng cares and deadlie thoughts do graue.

Arostus.

Your Grace shuld now, in these graue yerres of yours,
 Haue founde ere this the price of mortall ioyes;
 Howe shorte they be, howe fadging heare in earth,
 How full of chaunge, howe brittle our estate,
 Of nothyng sure, saue onely of the death,
 To whome both man and all the world doth owe
 Their ende at last: neither shall nature's power
 In other sorte against your harte preuayle,
 Than as the naked hande, whose stroke assayes
 The armed breast, where force doth light in vaine.

Gorboduc.

Many can yelde right graue and sage² aduise
 Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
 And can in speache both rule and conquere kinde;
 Who, if by prooffe they might feele nature's force,
 Wold shewe them selues men, as thei are in dede,
 Which now will nedes be gods. But what doth meane
 The sory chere of her that here doth come?

Marcella.

Oh! where is ruthe, or where is pytie nowe?
 Whether is gentle harte and mercie fled?
 Are they exiled out of our stony breasts,

¹ *Sorted.*] Allotted, chosen. See *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii., sc. 5.

² These words are transposed in 2nd ed.

Neuer to make returne? Is all the worlde
 Drowned in bloode, and soncke in crueltie,
 If not in women mercie maye be founde?
 If not (alas!) within the mother's brest
 To her owne childe, to her owne fleshe and blood?
 If ruthe be banished thence, if pytie there
 Maye haue no place, if there no gentle harte
 Do lyue and dwell, where shuld we seeke it than?

Gorboduc.

Madame (alas!), what meanes your wofull tale?

Marcella.

O, sillie woman I! why to this howre
 Haue kinde and fortune thus deferred my breath,
 That I shuld lyue to see this dolefull daye?
 Will euer wight beleue that suche harde harte
 Coude rest within the cruell mother's breste,
 With her owne hande to slaye her onely sonne?
 But (out alas!) these eyes behelde the same;
 They sawe the driery sight, and are become
 Most ruthefull recordes of the bloodie facte.
Porrex (alas!) is by his mother slayne,
 And with her hand, a wofull thyng to tell,
 While slomberinge on his carefull bed he restes,
 His hart stalde in with kniefe is reft of life.

Gorboduc.

O *Eubulus*, oh, drawe this sworde of ours,
 And perce this hart with speede! O hatefull light!
 O lothsome lief! O sweete and welcome death!
 Dere *Eubulus* worke this, we thee beseche!

Eubulus.

Patient, your grace¹ perhappes he liueth yet,
 With wounde receued, but not of certayne death.

¹ *Patient, your Grace.*] Tranquillize yourself. See *Titus And.*,
 act i., sc. 2.

Gorboduc.

O let us than repaier vnto the place,
And see if that *Porrex*,¹ or thus be slaine.

Marcella.

Alas ! he liueth not. It is to true,
That with these eies, of him a pereles prince,
Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Euen with a twinke² a censeles stocke I sawe.

Arostus.

O dampned deed !

Marcella.

But heare this ruthefull ende.

The noble prince, perst with the sodeine wounde,
Out of his wretched slombre hastelie starte,
Whose strēgh now failyng streight he ouerthrew,
When in the fall his eyes, euen newe³ vnclosed,
Behelde the Quene, and cryed to her for helpe.
We then, alas ! the ladies, whiche that tyme
Did there attende, seynge that heynous deede,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crie to her for aide,
Whose direfull hand gaue him the mortal wound
Pitieng (alas ! for nought els could we do)
His ruthefull ende, ranne to the wofull bedde,
Dispoyled streight his brest, and all we might,
Wyped in vaine, with napkyns next at hande,
The sodeine streames of blood that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wounde. O, what a looke !
O, what a ruthefull stedfast eye me thought
He fixed vpon my face ! whiche to my deathe
Will neuer parte fro me, when with a braide,⁴

¹ "And see if Porrex live." 2nd ed.

² "Twinkle." 2nd ed. See *Taming of the Shrew*, act ii., sc. i.

³ "Now." 2nd ed.

⁴ *A braide.*] A start. So used by Chaucer in his *Miller's Tale*; and legend of Dido. See also the *Life of Ipomydon*, 1149.

A deepe fet sighe he gaue, and therewith all
 Claspinge his handes, to heauen he cast his sight,
 And streight pale death pressyng within his face,
 The flyinge ghoste his mortall corps forsooke !

Arostus.

Neuer did age bring forth so vile a facte.

Marcella.

O harde and cruell happe, that thus assigned
 Vnto so worthie a wighte so wretched ende.
 But most harde cruell harte, that coulde consent
 To lende the hatefull destenies that hande,
 By whiche, alas ! so heynous cryme was wrought.
 O Queene of adamante ! O marble breaste !
 If not the fauour of his comelie face,
 If not his princelie chere and countenaunce,
 His valiant actiue armes, his manlie breaste ;
 If not his faier and semelie personage ;
 His noble lymmes in suche preparacion ¹ caste,
 As would haue wrapped a sillie woman's thought ;
 If this mought not haue moued the bloodie harte,
 And that most cruell hande, the wretched weapon
 Euen to let fall, and kiste him in the face,
 With teares for ruthe to reauue such one by death ;
 Should nature yet consent to slaye her sonne ?
 O mother ! thou to murder thus thie childe !
 Euen *Ioue* with justice must w^t lightening flames
 From heauen send down some strange reuenge on thee.
 Ah, noble Prince ! how oft haue I beheld
 Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling stede,
 Shyning in armour bright before the tylte,
 And with thy mistresse sleaue tied on thy helme,
 And charge thy staffe to please thy ladies eie,
 That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe !
 Howe oft in armes on horse to bende the mace,

¹ "Proportion" 2nd ed.

Howe oft in armes on foote to breake the sworde,
Whiche neuer nowe these eyes may see againe¹

Arostus.

Madame, alas ! in vaine these plaints are shed,
Rather with me departe, and helpe to asswage¹
The thoughtfull griefes, that in the aged kinge
Must nedes by nature growe by death of this
His onelie sonne, whome he did holde so deare.

Marcella.

What wight is that whiche sawe that I did see,
And could refraine to waile with plainte & teares ?
Not I, alas ! that harte is not in me.
But let vs goe, for I am greued anewe,
To call to minde the wretched father's woe.

Chorus.

Whan gredie lust, in royall seate to reigne,
Hath reft all care of goddes and eke of men,
And cruell hart, wrathe, treason, and disdaine,
Within the ambicious breast are lodged then :
Beholde howe mischief wide her selfe displaies,
And with the brother's hande the brother slaies.

When blood thus shed doth staine this² heauen's face,
Crying to *Ioue* for vengeaunce of the deede,
The mightie God euen moueth from his place
With wrathe to wreke ; then sendes he forth with sped
The dreadfull furies, daughters of y^e night,
With serpent's girt, carying the whip of ire,
With heare of stinging snakes, and shining bright
With flames and blood, and with a brande of fire.
These for reuenge of wretched murder done
Do make the mother kill her onelie sonne.

¹ "Swage." 2nd ed.

² "The" 2nd ed.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite;
Ioue by his iust and euerlasting dome
 Justly hath ever so requited it.
 These times before recorde, and tymes to come,
 Shall finde it true, and so doth present prooffe
 Present before our eies for our behoofe.

O happie wight, that suffres not the snare
 Of murderous minde to tangle him in bloode:
 And happie he that can in time beware
 By others harmes, and tourne it to his goode;
 But wo to him that, fearing not to offende,
 Doth serue his lust, and will not see the ende.

The order and signification of the
 dōme shewe before the fifthe Acte.

Firste, the Drommes and Fluites beganne to sounde, durynge whiche there came forth vpon the stage a Companie of Hargabusiers and of armed men, all in order of Battaile. These, after their Peeces discharged, and that the armed men had three tymes marched aboute the Stage, departed, and then the Drommes and Fluits did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, Armes, and ciuyll warres to folowe, as fel in the Realme of Great *Brittayne*, which by the space of fiftie yeares and more continued in ciuyll warre betwene the Nobyltye, after the death of king *Gorboduc* & of his Issues, for want of certayne lymitacon in the Succession of the Crowne, till the time of *Dunwallo Molmutius*,¹ who reduced the Lande to Monarchie.

¹ A play with this title was written by William Rankins, who attacked plays and players, in 1587, in the *Mirror of Monsters*; and subsequently, in 1600, joined Richard Hathway in writing the play of *Hanibal and Scipio*. See *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 97 and 135.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

CLOTYN. MANDUD. GWENARD. FERGUS. EUBULUS.

Clotyn.

Did euer age bring forth such tirants hartes ?
 The brother hath bereft the brother's lyfe :
 The mother, she hath died her cruell handes
 In bloud of her owne sonne ; and nowe, at last,
 The people, loe, forgettyng trouthe and loue,
 Contemnyng quite both lawe and loyall harte,
 Euen they haue slayne their soueraigne lord and queene.

Mandud.

Shall this their trayterous crime vnpunished rest ?
 Euen yet they cease not, caryed out with rage,
 In their rebellious routes, to threaten stil
 A new bloode shedde vnto the princes kinne,
 To slaie them all, and to uproote the race
 Both of the kyng and queene ; so are they moued
 With *Porrex* deathe, wherin they falsely charge
 The giltles kinge, without desarte at¹ all,
 And traiterouslie haue murdered him therfore,
 And eke the queene.

Gwenard.

Shall subiects dare with force
 To worke reuenge upon their princes facte ?
 Admyt the worst that maye : as sure in this
 The dede was fowle, the quene to slaie her sonne,
 Shall yet the subiecte seeke to take the sworde,
 Arise agaynst his lorde, and slaie his kynge ?
 O, wretched state, where those rebellious hartes
 Are not rent out euen from their lyuyng breasts,
 And with the bodie throwen vnto the fowles
 As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest.

Fergus.

There can no punishment be thought to greate

¹ The word "at" is not in the 2nd ed.

For this so greuous cryme : let spede therfore
Be vsed therin, for it behoueth so.

Eubulus.

Ye all, my lordes, I see consent in one,
And I as one consent with ye in all :
I holde it more than nede, with the sharpest lawe
To punishe the tumultuous bloodie rage ;
For nothyng more maye shake the cōmen state
Than sufferance of vproares without redresse,
Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power,
After great conquestes made, and flourishig
In fame and wealth, haue ben to ruyne brought,
I praie to *Ioue* that we may rather wayle
Suche happe in them than witnes in our selues.
Eke fullie with the duke my minde agrees
That¹ no cause serues, wherby the subiect maye
Call to accompt the doynges of his prince ;
Muche lesse in bloode by sworde to worke reuenge ;
No more then maye the hande cut of the heade.
In acte nor speache, no : not in secrete thoughte
The subiect maye rebell against his lorde,
Or iudge of him that sittes in *Ceasars* seate,
With grudging minde do damne those he mislikes.
Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought,
Yet subiectes must obey as they are bounde.
But nowe, my lordes, before ye farder wade,
Or spend your speach, what sharpe reuenge shal fal,
By iustice plague on these rebellious wights ?
Me thinkes ye rather should firste searche the waye
By whiche in time the rage of this vproare
Mought be repressed, & these great tumults ceased.
Euen yet the life of *Brittayne* lande dothe hange
In traitour's balaunce of vnegall weight.
Thinke not, my lords, the death of *Gorboduc*,

¹ The following eight lines are not in the 2nd ed.

Nor yet *Videnaes* bloode, will cease their rage:
 Euen our owne lyues, our wiues, and children,¹
 Our countrey, dearest of all, in daunger standes,
 Nowe to be spoiled, nowe, nowe made desolate,
 And by our selues a conquest too ensue:
 For geue ones sweye vnto the peoples luste,
 To rushe forth on, and staye them not in time,
 And as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll,
 So wil thei headlong ronne w^t raging thoughtes
 From bloode to bloode, from mischief vnto moe,
 To ruyne of the realme, them selues and all;
 So giddie are the cōmon peoples mindes,
 So glad of chaunge, more wanerynge than the sea.
 Ye see (my lordes) what strength these rebelles haue,
 What hugie nombre is assembled still;
 For though the traiterous fact, for which thei rose,
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge thei still in fiede.
 So that howe farre their furies yet wyll stretche
 Great cause we haue to dreade; that we may socke
 By present battaile to repress their power,
 Speede must we vse to levie force therfore;
 For either they forthwith will mischief worke,
 Or their rebellious roares forthwith will² cease:
 These violent thinges may haue no lasting londe.³
 Let vs, therefore, vse this for present helpe:
 Perswade by gentle speache, and offre grace,
 With gifte of pardon, saue vnto the chiefe;
 And that vpon condicion that forthewith
 They yelde the captaines of their enterpryse
 To beare such guerdon⁴ of their traiterous facte
 As may be both due vengeance to them selues,
 And holesome terrour to posteritie.

¹ "Children deare." 2nd ed.

² "Must." Ed. of 1590.

³ "Long." 2nd ed.

⁴ *Guerdon*] Reward, recompense. See Chaucer's *Personnes Tale* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, act v., sc. 3.

This shall, I thinke, flatter¹ the greatest parte
 That now are holden with desire of home,
 Werie in fiele with could of winters nightes,
 And some, (no doubt), stricken with dread of lawe,
 Whan this is ones proclaymed, it shall make
 The captaines to mistruste the multitude,
 Whose safetie biddes them to betraye their heads ;
 And so much more bycause the rascall routes,
 In thinges of great and perillous attemptes,
 Are neuer trustie to the noble race.
 And while we treate & scande on terms of grace,
 We shal both staie their furies rage the while,
 And eke gaine time, whose onely help sufficeth
 Withouten warre to vanquisshe rebelles power.
 In the meane while, make you in redynes
 Suche bande of horsemen as ye maye prepare:
 Horsemen (you know) are not the cōmons strēgh,
 But are the force and store of noble men,
 Wherby the vnchosen and vnarmed sorte²
 Of skillishe rebelles, whome none other power
 But nombre makes to be of dreadfull force,
 With sudeyne brunt maye quickly be oppresse:
 And if this gentle meane of proffered grace
 With stubborne hartes cannot so farre auayle
 As to asswage their desperate courages,
 Than do I wishe suche slaughter to be made,
 As present age and eke posteritie
 Maye be adrad³ with horroure of revenge,

¹ "Scatter." 2nd ed.

² *Sorte.*] Multitude, a great number. See Forby's *Vocabulary of East Anglia*.

³ *Adrad.*] Afraid, frightened.

"The lady wase nevyr so *adrad*,
 Into the hall sche hym lad."

Torrent of Portugal, p. 13.

See also Erasmus' *Praise of Folie*, 1549. Sign. R. 4.

That iustly than shall on these rebelles fall :
This is, my lordes, the sōme of mine aduise.

Clotyn.

Neyther this case admittes debate at large;
And though it did, this speache that hath ben saide
Hath wel abridged the tale I would haue tolde.
Fullie with *Eubulus* do I consente
In all that he hath saide : and if the same
To you, my lordes, may seeme for best aduise,
I wishe that it shoulde streight be put in vre.

Mandud.

My lordes, than let vs presentlie departe,
And folowe this that lyketh¹ vs so well.

Fergus.

If euer time to gaine a kingdome here
Were offred man, nowe it is offred mee !
The realme is reft both of their kyng and quene ;
The ofspringe of the prince is slaine and dead ;
No issue nowe remaines, the heire vnknownen,
The people are in armes and mutynies ;
The nobles thei are busied howe to cease
These great rebellious tumultes and vproars,
And *Brittayne* lande nowe deserte left alone,
Amȳd these broyles vncertayne where to rest,
Offers her selfe vnto that noble harte
That wyll or dare pursue to beare her crowne.
Shall I, that am the Duke of *Albanye*,
Discended from that lyne of noble bloode
Whiche hath so longe floorished in worthie fame
Of valiaunt hartes, suche as in noble breasts
Of right shulde rest aboue the baser sorte,
Refuse to aduenture liefte to winne a crowne ?
Whome shall I finde enemies that will w^tstande

¹ *Lyketh.*] Pleaseth.

My facte herein, if I attempte by armes
 To seeke the fame nowe in these times of broyle?
 These dukes power can hardlie well appease
 The people that alredie are in armes.
 But if perhappes my force be ones in felde,
 Is not my strength in power aboue the best
 Of all these lordes nowe left in *Brittaine* lande?
 And though they shuld match me w^t power of men,
 Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of battailes ioyned.
 If victors of the felde we may departe,
 Ours is the scepter than of great *Brittayne*!
 If slaïne amid the playne this body be,
 Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
 But that I died gyuyng the noble charge
 To hazarde life for conquest of a crowne.
 Forthwith, therefore, will I in poste depart
 To *Albanye*, and raise in armour there
 All power I can: and here my secrete friendes
 By secrete practise shall sollicite still,
 To seeke to wynne to me the people's hartes.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

EUBULUS. CLOTYN. MANDUD. GWENARD. ABOSTUS.
 NUNTIUS.

Eubulus.

O, *Ioue*, howe are these peoples hartes abuse!
 What blind furie thus headlong caries thē?
 That though so many bokes, so many rolles
 Of auncient time recorde what greuous plagues
 Light on these rebelles; aye, and thoughe so ofte
 Their eares haue hard their aged fathers tell
 What iust rewarde these traitours stil receyue;
 Yea, though them selues haue sene depe death and blod
 By strangling cord & slaughter of the sword

To suche assigned, yet can they not beware ;
 Yet can they not staie their rebellious handes,¹
 But suffring to² fowle treason to distaine
 Their wretched mýndes, forget their loyall harte,
 Reiecte all trueth and rise against their prince.
 A ruthefull case that those, whome duties bounde,³
 Whome grafted lawe by nature, trueth, and faith,
 Bounde to preserue their cōutrey and their king,
 Borne to defende their cōmon wealth & prince,
 Euen they shulde geue consent thus to subuerte
 The *Brittaine* land, & from the⁴ wombe shuld bring
 (O natie soile) those, that will nedes destroye
 And ruyne thee and eke them selues in fine :
 For lo ! when ones the duke had offered grace
 Of pardon sweete (the multitude mislead
 By traiterous fraude of their ungracious heades)
 One sorte that sawe the daungerous successe
 Of stubborne standynge in rebellious warre,
 And knewe the difference of princes power
 From headles nombre of tumultuous routes,
 Whom cōmen countreies care and priuate feare
 Taught to repent the terrour⁵ of their rage,
 Laide handes vpon the capatines of their bande,
 And brought them bound vnto the mightie dukes.
 An other sorte, not trusting yet so well
 The trueth of pardon, or mistrusting more
 Their owne offence, than that thei could conceiue
 Suche hope of pardon for so foule misdeede,
 Or for that they their captaines could not yeld,
 Who, fearinge to be yelded, flead before,
 Stale home by scilence of the secrete night.
 The thirde vnhappie and vnraged⁶ sorte

¹ "Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes." 2nd ed.

² "Loc." 2nd ed. ³ "Bond." 2nd ed. ⁴ "Thy." 2nd ed.

⁵ "Errour." 2nd ed. ⁶ "Enraged." 2nd ed.

Of desperate harts, who, stained in princes blood,
 From trayterous furour could not be withdrawen,
 By loue, by lawe, by grace, ne yet by feare,
 By proffered lyfe, ne yet by treatened death,
 With mindes hopeles of liefte, dreadles of deathe,
 Careles of countrey, and aweles of God,
 Stoode bente to fighte as furies did them moue
 With violent death to close their traiterous lyfe:
 These all by power of horsemen were opprest,
 And with reuenging sworde slayne in the fiede,
 Or with the strangling cord hanged on the trees,
 Where yet the carryen carcasses do preche
 The fruites that rebelles reape of their uproars,
 And of the murder of their sacred prince.
 But loe! where do approche the noble dukes,
 By whom these tumults haue ben thus appeasde.

Clotyn.

I thinke the worlde wyll now at length beware,
 And feare to put on armes agaynst their prince.

Mandud.

If not, those trayterous hartes that dare rebell,
 Let them beholde the wide and hugie fieldes
 With bloode & bodie spread, with rebelles slayne,
 The lustie¹ trees clothed with corpses dead,
 That strangled with the corde do hange therin.

Arostus.

A iust rewarde, suche as all tymes before
 Haue euer lotted to those wretched folkes.

Gwenard.

But what meanes he that cometh here so fast?

Nuntius.

My Lords, as duetie and my trouth doth moue,
 And of my countrey worke and care in mee,
 That if the spendynge of my breath auaille²

¹ "Lofty." 2nd ed.

² "Availed." 2nd ed.

To do the seruice that my harte desires,
 I would not shunne to imbrace a present death,
 So haue I nowe in that wherein I thought
 My trauayle mought perfourme some good effecte,
 Ventred my liefe to bringe these tydings here.

Fergus, the mightie Duke of *Albanye*,
 Is nowe in armes, and lodgeth in the fielde
 With twentie thousand men; hether he bendes
 His spedie marche, & minds to inuade the crowne;
 Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad
 That to this realme no certeine heire remaines;
 That *Brittayne* lande is left without a guyde;
 That he the scepter seekes, for nothing els
 But to preserue the people and the lande,
 Whiche now remaine as ship without a sterne.¹
 Loe! this is that whiche I haue hereto saide.

Clotyn.

Is this his fayth? and shall he falsely thus
 Abuse the vauntage of unhappie times?
 O wretched lande, if his outrageous pride,
 His cruell and vntempred wilfulnes,
 His deepe dissemblinge shewes of false pretence,
 Should once attaine the crowne of *Brittayne* lande!
 Let vs, my lords, with tymely force resist
 The newe attempt of this our cōmon foe,
 As we would quenche the flames of cōmen fire.

Mandud.

Though we remaine without a certayn prince
 To weld the realme, or guide the wandring rule;
 Yet nowe the cōmen mother of vs all,
 Our natiue lande, our countrey that containes
 Our wiues, children, kyndred, our selues, and all
 That euer is or maye be deare to man,

¹ *Sterne.*] The ancient name for a rudder. See 1 *Henry VI.*, a sc. i.

Cries vnto vs to helpe our selues and her.
 Let vs aduaunce our powers to repress
 This growynge foe of all our liberties.

Gwenard.

Yea, let vs so, my lordes, with hastie spede,
 And ye (O goddes) sende vs the welcome death,
 To shed our bloode in fiede, and leaue vs not
 In lothesome life to lenger out our lyues,¹
 To see the hugie heapes of these vnhappes,
 That nowe roll downe vpon the wretched lande,
 Where emptie place of princelie gouernaunce,
 No certayne staie nowe left of doubtles heire,
 Thus leaue this guideless realme an open pray
 To endlesse stormes and wast of ciuyll warre.

Arostus.

That ye (my lordes) do so agree in one,
 To saue your countrey from the violent reigne
 And wrongfullie vsurped tirrannie
 Of him, that threatens conquest of you all,
 To saue your realme, and in this realme your selues,
 From forreyne thraldome of so proude a prince,
 Muche do I praise; and I beseche the goddes,
 With happie honour to requite it you.
 But (O my lords !) sithe now the heauen's wrath
 Hath reft this lande the issue of their prince :
 Sithe of the body of our late soueraine lorde
 Remaines no mo; since the yong kinges be slaine,
 And of the title of the discended crowne,
 Vncerteynly the diuerse mindes do thinke,
 Euen of the learned sorte, and more vncertainly,
 Will perciall fancie and affection deeme;
 But most vncertenlye wyll clymbynge pride
 And hope of reigne withdrawe frō ² sondrie partes

¹ "Dayes." 2nd. ed.

² "To. 2nd ed.

The doubfull right and hopefull lust to reigne,
 When ones this noble service is atchieued
 From *Brittayne* lande, the mother of ye all ;
 When ones ye haue with armed force repress
 The proude attemptes of this *Albanyan* Prince,
 That threatens thraldome to your natie lande ;
 When ye shall vanquishers retourne from felde,
 And finde the princely state an open praye
 To gredie lust and to vsurping power,
 Then, then (my lordes) if euer kindly care
 Of auncient honour of your auncestoures,
 Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes ;
 Yea, of the l̄yues and safetie yet to come
 Of your dear wyues, your children, and your selues,
 Might moue your noble hartes with gentle ruthe,
 Then, then haue pytie on the torne estate,
 Then helpe to salue the well neare hopeles sore !
 Whiche ye shall do, if ye your selues with holde
 The sleaying knife from your own mothers throto,
 Her shall you saue, and you, and yours in her,
 If ye shall all with one assent forbear
 Ones to laye hande, or take vnto your selues
 The crowne, by colour of pretended right,
 Or by what other meanes so euer it be,
 Tyll first by cōmen counsell of ye all,
 In parliament, the regall diademe
 Be set in certayne place of gouernaunce,
 In whiche your parliament and in your choise
 Preferre the right (my lordes), without¹ respect
 Of strengthe of frendes, or what so euer cause
 That maye set forwarde any others parte,
 For right will last, and wronge can not endure :
 Right meane I his or hers, vpon whose name
 The people rest by meane of natie lyne,

¹ " With." 2nd ed.

Or by the vertue of some former lawe,
 Alreadie made their title to aduaunce :
 Suche one (my lordes) let be your chosen kynge ;
 Suche one so borne within your natyue lande ;
 Suche one preferre ; and in no wise admitte
 The heauie yoke of forreine gouernaunce.
 Let forreine titles yelde to publike wealthe,
 And with that hart wherewith ye nowe prepare
 Thus to withstande the proude inuadynge foe,
 With that same harte (my lordes) kepe out also
 Vnnatural thraldome of straungers reigne,
 Ne suffre you against the rules of kinde,
 Your mother lande to serue a forreine prince.

Eubulus.

Loe, here the ende of *Brutus* royall lyne,
 And loe the entrie to the wofull wracke
 And vtter ruyne to this noble realme !
 The royall kinge, and eke his sonnes are slaine,
 No ruler restes within the regall seate :
 The heire, to whō the scepter longs, vnknownen ;
 That to eche force of forreine princes power,
 Whom vauntage of your wretched state,¹
 By sodaine armes to gaine so riche a realme,
 And to the proude and gredie minde at home,
 Whom blinded lust to reigne leades to aspire.
 Loe, *Brittaine* realme is left an open praye,
 A present spoile by conquest to ensue !
 Who seeth not nowe howe many risyng mindes
 Do feede their thoughtes w^t hope to reach a realm ?
 And who will not by force attempt to winne
 So great a gaine that hope perswades to haue !
 A simple colour shall for title serue.
 Who winnes the royall crown will want no right,

“ Whom vauntage of your wretched state may move.” 2nd ed.

Nor suche as shall displaye by longe discent
 A lyneall race, to proue himselfe a kynge.¹
 In the meane while these ciuyll armes shall rage,
 And thus a thousande mischiefes shall vnfolde,
 And farre & neare spread thee (O *Brittayne* lande !)
 All right and lawe shall cease, and he that had
 Nothyng to daye, to morowe shall enioye
 Great heapes of good ; and he that flowed in wealth,
 Loe he shall be reft of lyfe and all,
 And happiest he that than possesseth least.
 The wyues shall suffer rape, the maydes defloured,
 And children fatherles shall weepe and wayle :
 With fire & sworde thy native folke shal perishe.
 One kinsman shall bereaue an others life,
 The father shall vnwittyng slaye the sonne,
 The sonne shall slea the sire and knowe it not :
 Women and maides the cruell soldiours sword
 Shall perse to death, and sillie children loe,
 That playinge² in the streates & fieldes are founde,
 By violent hande shall close their latter daye.
 Whome shall the ferce and bloudie souldiour
 Reserue to lief? whome shall he spare from death ?
 Euen thou (O wretched mother !), half alyue,
 Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe
 Slaine w^t the sworde, while he yet suckes thy brest.
 Loe' giltles bloode shall thus eche where be shed ;
 Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no fruite,
 But derth and famyne shall possesse the lande.
 The townes shal be consumed & brent with fire ;
 The peopled cities shall waxe desolate ;
 And thou (O *Brittaine* land !³) whilom in renowne,
 Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torne,

¹ " To prove him lawfull king." 2nd ed.

² " Play " Ed. of 1590.

³ " Land," omitted in 2nd edit.

Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twayne,
 Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed ;
 These be the fruits your ciuill warres wil bring.
 Hereto it cōmes, when kinges will not consent
 To graue aduise, but folow wilfull wyll ;
 This is the ende, when in yonge¹ princes hartes
 Flattery preuayles, and sage rede hath no place :
 These are the plagis, when murder is the meane
 To make newe heires vnto the royall crowne.
 Thus wreke the gods, whē y^t the mothers wrath
 Nought but y^e blood of her owne child may swage.
 These mischeifes spring, whē rebelles wil arise,
 To worke reuenge and iudge their princes facte :
 This, this ensues, when noble men do faile
 In loyall trouthe, and subiects will be kinges.
 And this doth growe, when loe vnto the prince,
 Whome death or sodeyne happe of leife bereaues,
 No certayne heire remaines, suche certentie²
 As not all onely is the rightfull heire,
 But to the realme is so made vnknown³ to be,
 And trouthe therby vested in subiectes hartes,
 To owe faith there, where right is known to rest.
 Alas ! in parliament what hope can bee,
 When is of parliament no hope at all,
 Whiche thoughe it be assembled by consent,
 Yet is it not likely with consent to ende :
 While eche one for him selfe, or for his frende,
 Against his foe, shall trauaile what he maye ;
 While nowe the state left open to the man
 That shall with greatest force inuade the same,
 Shall fill ambitious minds with gapyng hope :
 When will they ones with yelding harts agree ?
 Or, in the while, howe shall the realme be vsed ?

¹ "Fond." 2nd ed.² "Certain heir." 2nd ed.

"Knownen." 2nd ed.

No, no : then parliament should haue ben holden,
 And certaine heires appoynted to the crowne,
 To staie their title of¹ established righte,
 And plant the people in² obedience
 While yet the Prince did liue, whose name and power
 By lawfull sōmons and auctorytie
 Might make a parliament to be of force,
 And might haue set the state³ in quiet staye.
 But nowē (O happie man !) whome spedie death
 Deprives of lyfe, ne is enforced to see
 These hugie mischiefes and these miseries,
 These ciuyll wars, these murders & these wrongs.
 Of iustice, yet must *Ioue*⁴ in fyne restore
 This noble crowne vnto the lawfull heire ;
 For right will always liue, and rise at lengthe,
 But wronge can neuer take deepe roote to last.

¹ "On." 2nd ed.² "And in the people plant." 2nd ed.³ "Realm." Ed. 1590.⁴ "God." 2nd ed.

THE ENDE OF THE TRAGEDIE OF
 KYNGE GORBODUC.

FINIS.

T I M O N,

A PLAY.

NOW FIRST PRINTED.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.



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P R E F A C E.

The following notices of the present drama occur in the Preliminary Remarks on *Timon of Athens*,—*Shakespeare*, vol. xiii., 244-5, ed. 1821.

“ Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare’s banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water*, he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent, in *King Lear*,) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c., after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by dig-

ging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one.”—*Steevens*.

“To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon’s being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods; a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.”—*Malone*.

From the possession of Strutt, the MS. of *Timon* passed (perhaps not immediately) into that of Mr. Heber, at the sale of whose library it was purchased by Mr. Rodd the bookseller, and afterwards became mine. It is an apograph by two transcribers, the portions copied out by the one differing greatly in the character of the handwriting from those executed by the other.

This play was evidently intended for the amusement of an academic audience. That it was really acted, a strong presumptive proof is afforded by the stage-direction at page 79, which originally stood, “*Enter Timon and Laches with either a spade in their hands,*” but which has been carefully altered to “*Enter Timon and Laches with 3 spades in their hands,*”—because a third spade was required for the use of Gelasimus in a later part of the scene.

I leave to others a minute discussion of the question, whether or not Shakespeare was indebted to the present piece. I shall merely observe, that I entertain considerable doubts of his having been acquainted with a drama, which was certainly never performed in the metropolis, and which was likely to have been read only by a few of the author's particular friends, to whom transcripts of it had been presented.

A. DYCE.

Page 8, line 25. Perhaps the proper pointing of this passage (though against that of the MS.) is,

“ Plaid at her window on my sweete string’d lute ;
I sung her loue songs,” &c.

TIMON.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

1. TIMON.
2. LACHES, his faythfull seruant.
3. EUTRAPELUS, a dissolute young man.
4. GELASIMUS, a cittie heyre.
5. PSEUDOCHEUS, a lying trauailor.
6. DEMEAS, an orator.
7. PHILARGURUS, a couetous churlish ould man.
8. HE[R]MOGENES, a fidler.
9. ABYSSUS, a vsurer.
10. LOLLIO, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.
11. STILPO
12. SPEUSIPPUS } two lying philosophers.
13. GRUNNIO, a leane seruant of Philargurus.
14. OBBA, Tymons butler.
15. PÆDIO, Gelasimus page.
- 16, 17. Two serieants.
18. A sailer.
19. CALLIMELA, Philargurus daughter.
20. BLATTE, her pratling nurse.

[Musicians, and Page to Hermogenes.]

SCENE—Athens.

TIMON.

THE FIRST ACT.

SCEN. 1^{ma}.

Enter TIMON and LACHES.

Tim. Laches, hast thou receau'd my rents ?

Lach. Master, I haue,
And brought in sacks filled with goulden talents :
Is't your pleasure that I cast them into pryson ?

Tim. Into pryson ! whye soe ?

Lach. Lett your chests be the pryson,
Your locks the keeper, and your keyes the porter,
Otherwise they'le fly away, swyfter then birds or wyndes.

Tim. I will noe miser bee.
Flye, gould, enioye the sunn beames ! 'tis not fitt
Bright gould should lye hidd in obscuritie ;
I'le rather scatter it among the people :
Lett poore men somewhat take of my greate plenty ;
I would not haue them greiue that they went empty
From Timons threshould, and I will not see
My pensive freinds to pyne with penurie.

Lach. Who beares a princelie mynd needes princelie
wealth,
Or ells hee'le wither like a rose in springe,
Nought wilbe left but thornes of povertie.

Master, thou art noe kinge, noe prince ; doe well
Vnto thie selfe, and all is well.

Tim. Thou speakest like thie selfe, and in thy
kinde

Lett those that are borne slaues beare abiect minds.
I Timon am, not Laches.

Lach. I, poore Laches,
Not Timon ; yf I were, I would not see
My goodes by crowes deuoured as they bee.

Tim. Ist euen soe, my learned counsaylor ?
Rule thou this howse, be thou a cittizen
Of Athens ; I thy seruant will attend ;
Thou shalt correct me as thy bond slaue ; yes,
Thou shalt correct me, Laches ; I will beare
As fitts a slaue. By all the gods I sweare,
Bridle thy tounge, or I will cutt it out,
And turne thee out of dores.

Lach. Because I speake
The truth.

Tim. But, peace once, once more, I saye.

Lach. Yes, I'le not mutter ; I'le as silent bee
As any counsaylor without his ffee.

Tim. Inglorious dayes leade they, whose inwarde parts^a
Apollo hath not made of better claye.

It is to me a tryumph and a glorie,
That people fynger poynt at me, and saye,
This, this is he that his lardge wealth and store
Scatters among the comons and the poore ;
Hee doth not sitt at home and hugg himselfe,
Rubbing his greedy right hand with his gould,
Whilst poore men their misfortunes doe deplore

^a *whose inwarde parts, &c.*] From Juvenal ;

“ quibus arte benigna
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.”

Vnder the open ayre. Laches, bestrowe
The streetes with gould, and lett the people knowe
How bountifull the hands of Timon are.

Lach. Soe Joue me loue, I had rather rotten eggs
Or stincking pispotts cast vpon theire heades. [*Aside.*

Tim. The noyse ascends to heau'n ; Timons greate
name

In the gods eares resounds, to his greate fame.
This I heare willinglie ; and 'tis farre sweeter
Then sound of harpe, or any pleasant meetre :
I, magnified by the peoples crye,
Shall mount in glorye to the heauens high. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. 2^{da}.

*Knocking at Timons dore. Enter Eutrapelus, and Abyssus
the Vsurer following him ; then enter Timon and Laches.*

Eutr. Loue, pleasure, joye, delight dwell in this howse.
How farest thou, my humane Jupiter ?
What, art thou joviall ?

Tim. I envye not Joue himselfe.

Eutr. By Venus lapp I sweare, thou seem'st to mee
To bee too sadd. Why walk'st thou not the streetes ?
Thou scarce art knowne in tenn tavernes yett :
Subdue the world with gould. See'st thou this ffeind ?

Tim. What is hee ?

Eutr. A gryping vsurer, Abyssus named :
That man that knowes him not will scarce beleieve
What a dam'd knaue he is. I with my cloake
Muffled my face, myne hatt puld o're myne eyes ;
I walked through the byewayes of the towne,
The Schooles, the Cinqueports, the markett places ;
By nookes and crookes I went ; yett this bloundhound
Sents, swyftlie followes, hath me at a baye,
Nor hath departed from my side this daye.

Tim. His loue's officious.

Abys. Eutrapelus, pay me my mony.

Eutr. Di'st euer heare a cuckowe of a note
More inauspicious?

Abys. Pay what thou ow'st, Eutrapelus.
Thou from my clamour neuer shalt goe free :
Where e're thou go'st I still will followe thee,
An indiuiduall mate ; when thou shalt dyne,
I'le pull thy meate out of thie very mouth ;
When thou wilt sleepe, I'le flye about thy bedd,
Like to a nyght mare : no, I will not lett
Thyne eyes to slumber or take any rest.

Eutr. Proceed'st thou still with thy ostreperous noyse :
Soe helpe me Bacchus, I had rather see
Medusas heade, the dreadfull basiliske,
Hobgob[li]ns, yea, infernall Cerberus.
Foh, turne him out of dores, least he infect
The whole howse with the odor of his breath.—
Out, out, thou stinckard, mans grand enemye !

Abys. Our controuersye law shall soone decide.
Thou shalt perceauie what a fellowe I am :
I'le make the[e] looke wormes through the pryson grates
Vnlesse thou satisfie to me my debt
In good and lawfull mony.

Eutr. By greate Bellonas sheild, by th' thunderbolt
Of Panomphæan Joue, by Neptunes mace,
By the Acroceraunian mountaines,
And by the glistening jemms of thy redd nose,
Goe hence, or els I'le crush thee like a crabb.
Looke to thy selfe, thou damned vsurer ;
Looke to thy selfe ; I gyue thee fayre warning.

Abys. Thou shalt not fright me with thye bugbeare
wordes ;
Thye mountaines of Acroceraunia,
Nor yett thy Panomphæan Joue I ffeare :
I aske what is my owne.

Eutr. Thou logg, thou stock, thou Arcadian beast,
Know'st thou not what 'tis to be honored?
Is't not a creditt and a grace to haue
Me be thy debtour?

Lach. Leaue him not, Abyssus. [*Aside to Abyss.*]
Oh, how I long for the confusion
Of this same rascall that confounds our howse!

Abys. Thou showld'st haue paid the ffirst of the
Calends;
'Tis now the third day.

Lach. Send for the serients. [*Aside to Abyss.*]

Eutr. Timon, lend me a litle goulden dust,
To ffree me from this ffeind; some fower talents
Will doe it.

Tim. Yea, take ffyue: while I haue gould,
I will not see my ffreinds to stand in neede.

Eutr. Heroicke spiritt, I will thee adore,
And sacrifice to thee in ffranckinsence!

Lach. I scarcelye am my selfe, I am starke madd:
The gods and goddesses confound this scabb! [*Aside.*]

Eutr. Come hither: what's the totall somme?

Abys. This bill
Will certifie you, yf you reade it.

Eutr. Come not too neere;
I ffeare that shyning ignis fatuus,
Which the lampe of thie nose doth beare aboute:
Approch thou not too nigh. Two hundred pownds:
Well, thou shalt haue it at the next exchange;
Then there of me thy debt thou shalt receaue.

Abys. If not, the pryson thee. [*Exit.*]

Eutr. The apple of Tantalus now followe thee!——
O sweet'st of things, thou hast reedeem'd thy ffreind!
In myrth and iollitie this daye I'le spend. [*Hee sings.*]

*Bringe me hither a cupp
Of wyne, filld to the bryms:*

*Lett's alwayes drinck all vpp ;
 I loue a cupp that swyms.
 God Bacchus, God Bacchus,
 Thee wee adore ;
 Thee wee ympleore,
 Oh most sweete Iacchus !*

Tim. Eutrapelus, thou hold'st thyne owne : but why
 Wearst thou a plume of ffeathers in thy hatt ?
 Art thou a loue or a souldier ?

Eutr. Bee souldiers they that list : rather, I thinck,
 It's safer farr to quaffe, carouse, and drinck,
 And to embrace a lasse within my bedd
 At my owne home.

Tim. True ; where the pot's thy pyke,
 Thy bedd thy horse, thy wenches merry make
 A sheild and buckler to receaue thy launce.

Eutr. Th'art in the right ^b * * * *

* * * * *

This plume of ffeathers shee did gyue to me,
 As a conspicuous symbole of her loue.

Tim. Truly, a worthy guift. But, surely, Venus
 Was not a ffreind to my nativitie :
 I oft haue watched at my sweete harts dore,
 And offer'd vp whole hecatombes of teares ;
 I putt on black apparell ; at midnight
 Plaid at her window ; on my sweete string'd lute
 I sung her loue songs ; nothing could her moue ;
 But when shee sawe the shyning gould, “ My loue,
 Whye stand'st thou heere ? what's my gate a ban-
 dogg ?

My hony, gyue me this ; nay, yf thou lou'st me,

^b Four lines and a half omitted here.

I prithee, gyue it me ;” her gowne is rent,^c
 Or ells shee stands in neede of a gould ringe ;
 Somethinge shee wants, to craue shee wilbe bould :
 The man shee loues not, but shee loues his gould.

Eutr. By Joue, thou know’st theire cunning to a hayre.
 But, Timon, shall I thirst within thie howse ?
 I haue not wett my lipps with wyne this daye.

Tim. Come, lett vs in ; wee will not want for drinke.

[*Exeunt.*

SCEN. 3^a. ACT. 1^m.

Enter GELASIMUS, and PÆDIO his page ; a table and a looking glass.

Gelas. Pædio, behould me, Pædio ; are not my lookes grauer then they were ? is not my countenance full of gravitie ?

Pæd. As graue as a seuere Areopagite, with his contracted eyebrowes.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he ! my wytty knaue, dost thinck I shall euer be an Areopagite ?

Pæd. But stay awhile till your beard growe bigger ; otherwise old men wilbe ashamed to be ouercome in counsayle and vnderstanding by one that is barbatulous.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he ! how I my selfe content my selfe ! I wholly am pleased with my selfe, from the sole of my foote to the crowne of my head : soe the Graces loue me, I could willinglie kisse my selfe. Heere, take my cloake, while I veiwe my selfe awhile : see, heere’s a looking glasse. [*Takes the glass.*] Lord, what goulden teeth haue I ! what a purple coulored face ! did’st euer see things more correspondent ?

Pæd. Your anckles be too litle.

^c her gowne is rent] From Plautus,

“ Aut perit aurum, aut conscissa pallula est.”

Trucul. 1. 1. 32.

(“ Sic vett Vulgo : ‘ Aut aurum perit.’ ” Bothe ad l.)

Gelas. The more gentlemanlike ; I shall not be a fatt greasy plebeian.

What speake the virgines of me, canst thou tell ?

Pæd. They terme you delight of men, white boye,^a
Noble without comparison,—what not ?
This the like eyes, that the like nose desires ;
This your cheekes, and that your leggs.

Gelas. Pædio,
See that my chamber dores be barred fast ;
For I am fearefull, least that, when I sleepe,
Some of theis ffemales pilfre me awaye.
Did I relate to thee (I know not), or hast heard
I am a cozen german vnto Venus ?

Pæd. Master, why sigh you soe a nights ?

Gelas. I loue.

Pæd. Noe marvayle, that art lou'd of soe many.

Gelas. I knowe not whether I am lou'd or noe.

Pæd. Cannot you sleepe for loue ?

Gelas. Why, noe.^e

Pæd. Not you,
That are soe rich in ffarmes, statelie howses,
Whome your rich father left his only heyre ?

Gelas. Thancks to the gods, I am not of the raggs
Or fagg end of the people : Pædio, see,
I haue a gould ring with a iemm and signett.

Pæd. How daintylie theis iemms becomes your
fingers !

Gelas. Did'st euer see the armes my sheild doth
beare ?

Pæd. I well remember them.

Gelas. My knaue, relate them.

Pæd. Three guilded thistles.

^a *white boye*] Was formerly a common term of endearment.

^e *noe*] MS. “ not.”

Gelas. Well.

Pæd. Three fatt asses,
Drawen out the desarts of Arabia.

Gelas. Soe.

Pæd. Two boares with gilded stones in a feild.

Gelas. Bloudy.

Pæd. Nay, rather, turdy. [*Aside.*

Gelas. But the crest, dost thou remember that?

Pæd. My selfe not better; a white owle.

Gelas. Am not I fortunate?

Pæd. Soe the gods would haue it:
But stay; see who comes here?

SCEN. 4^{ta}. ACT: 1^{ma}.

Enter PSEUDOCHEUS to them.

Pseud. Hayle, Athens! Thancks to propitious Joue,
Thancks to Minerua! Welcome may I be,
Who, mounted on a wodden horse, this daye
Arriued at Pyræum.

Gelas. Dost heare him, Pædio?
He sayth he rode vpon a wodden horse.
That I had such a one! dost thou knowe where
Are any wodden horses to be sould,
That neede noe spurrs nor haye? Ile aske this
strainger.

Pæd. H'st, master, stay!
Master, what say you to a hobby horse?—
But he doth meane a shipp, and not a horse. [*Aside.*]

Gelas. What sayest thou, my boye?

Pseud. Ile playe vpon this fellow, I knowe him well
enough.— [*Aside.*]

Good gods, how many idly sitt at home,
Like to lame coblers, and doe neuer see
More earth or sea than that where they were borne!

Gelas. Hee meanes not me ; I Sparta once beheld
From a high turrett.

Pseud. I with my ffeete haue pac'd the world about.

Gelas. Ile buye this flying horse and wandring ffeete.

Pseud. The Pyrenean mountaynes, though that there
I with my right hand toucht the very clouds,
Deuoring gulfs, nor quicksands of the sea,
Did e're fright me ; at Gades I washt away
Non ultra writt with Hercules owne hand ;
Pacing the myles of Europe, Asia,
And Affrica, my wearied bones at last
Are here arriued, and here my labours end.

Gelas. Shall I speake to him, Pædio ? he seemes
A man of greate accompt, that hath oreveiu'd
Soe many countreyes : what shall I saye first ?
Shall I salute him after our manner ?

Pseud. A spruce, neate youth : what, yf I affront^f him ?
[*Aside.*]

Gelas. Good gods, how earnestlie doe I desire
His ffellowshipp ! was I e're soe shamefac't ?
What yf I send and gyue to him my cloake ?

Pseud. What shall I saye ? I saw his face at Thebes
Or Sicilie ? [*Aside.*]

Gelas. Ile send it. Pædio,
Gyue him this cloake ; salute him in my name ;
H'st, thou may'st tell him, yf thou wilt, how rich
My ffather was. [*Aside to Pædio.*]

Pæd. I come to thee a badging messenger :
Our Lord Gelasimus from the Goulden Hill
Sends thee a cloake, a signe of his good will.

Gelas. Oh, that he takes it kindlie ! [*Aside.*]

Pseud. A cloake ! and why a cloake ?

Pæd. There was not in all Athens, while he liu'd,
A ritche then his ffather.

^f *affront*] i. e. meet, encounter, accost.

Pseud. What, as a token of his loue, say'st thou ?
Returne this answeare to that noble youth ;
I, Pseudecheus from the Bloody Tower,
Doe wish him more then twenty thowsand healthes ;
Who e're he be, be he more ffortunate
Then they that liue in the Isles Fortunate,
Or in the flourishing Elizian feilds ;
May he drinck nectar, eate ambrosia !

Gelas. How daintylic his speech flowes from him !
[*Aside.*]

Pseud. Tell him I will salute him.

Pæd. The strainger, sir, desires to salute you.

Gelas. That's my desire : I will meete him.

Pseud. I will affront him. [*Aside.*]

Gelas. I wish admittance of societie.

Pæd. Foh, how this proffered seruice stincks ! [*Aside.*]

Pseud. I thee admitt, thou needst not be ashamed ;
I seeme lesse then I am ; who hath lurk'd close
Hath liued well.

Pæd. Liue yee soe well, yee that are prysoners ?
Yee closely lurke, I know that well. [*Aside.*]

Pseud. Though here sett I my ffoote without a guard,
I haue whole islands at my beck and nodd.

Gelas. Lord, what a potent freind haue I obteyned !—
[*Aside.*]

What cuntreyman, I pray you, sir ?

Pseud. A Wordling.

Gelas. What a spatious countrey hath this man !
Athens is but a poynt compar'd to it. [*Aside.*]

Pseud. Here is a neate cittie, statelie howses.

Gelas. You neuer saw my howse in Rhamnuse streete ?
I spent tenn powndes in paynting of my dores,
To make it knowne whose howse it was.

Pseud. I haue seene fayrer 'monge the Antipodes.

Gelas. What, were you e're among th' Antipodes ?

Pseud. About three yeres, six monethes, and fower dayes :

As I remember, I departed thence
Last day of March,—soe 'tis, last day of March,
My calender tells me the very hower.

Pæd. This is noe Wordling, hee's some Cretian.^s

[*Aside.*

Gelas. On ffoote, or horse, wents't thou this greate voyage ?

Pseud. Vp to the ffeildes Gurgustidonian
I rode on horse back ; the Antipodes
Were distant thence about an hundred myles ;
There I being seene, the Pigmies fearefully
Fledd all awaye.

Gelas. They tooke thee for some Centaure ; ha, ha, he !

Pseud. True, I perceaued it ; did descend my horse ;
I said I was a man ; they humbly came ;
One as a page I tooke, dissmis'd the rest.

Gelas. If I among them were, would they accept
Mee for their kinge ?

Pseud. They would, yf I did send
With thee my letters commendatory.

Gelas. Joue willing, I my iorney will beginn
Next moneth ; and in the ffyrst yere of my raigne,
Thou, Pædio, shalt be a noble man.

Pseud. At last I came to the Antipodes.

Gelas. What, before euen ?

Pseud. Halfe an hower past six.

Gelas. But what did they ?

Pseud. They all amazed were,
Admire, concurre ; they bringe me to their kinge,
Where I was feasted, plac'd at his right hand.

Gelas. For honours sake.

^s hee's some Cretian.] In allusion to the proverbial saying,
Κρήτες ἀεὶ ψεύονται.

Pseud. When I departed thence,
This ringe he gaue me.

Gelas. Prythee, lett me se it.
Wilt thou that wee exchainge, my Pylades ?

Pseud. I am a man ; Ile not denye my ffreind.—
By Joue, my ringe is made of brasse, not gould. [*Aside.*

Gelas. O happie me, that weares the kings owne ringe
Of th' Antipodes !

Pseud. Soe I blesse my ffreinds.

Pæd. Master—

Gelas. What, my knaue ?

Pæd. Perchaunce this man hath brought with him
some philtre,

Or loue prouoking pouder ; soe you maye
The loue of ffayrest Callimela gaine.

Gelas. Dost thou thinck soe ? — My ffreind, a word or
two.

Pseud. Yes, yf thou wilt, three hundred.

Gelas. Doe you thinck,
Is't possible to obteyne a maydens loue
By pouders or by philtres ?

Pseud. Art thou Venus vassall ?

Gelas. I am a man, compact of fflesh and blood ;
I feele a stirring heate.

Pseud. Vpon the mountaines of Thessalia
I doe remember that I sawe an oake,
That brought forth goulden akornes of greate price :
Yf any young man had but one of theis,
The maides would almost dye for loue of him.
If I am not deceau'd, I haue of them.

Gelas. Graunt Venus that you haue !

Pseud. One to Thetis,
An other to Proserpena I gaue
When I was last at hell, a third to th' queene
Of the Antipodes, a ffowrth I lost.

Gelas. Hast thou not one left ?

Pseud. No, not one.

Gelas. O me !

O wretched me, how are my hopes deceau'd !

Pseud. Tut, ne're despayre.

Gelas. Ah, that thou hadst me blest

With one of theis same akornes !

Pseud. Peace, be still ;

Without theis akornes I'll effect thie will.

What is the girles father ?

Gelas. Pædio, speake ;

My tounge is mute for greife, my hart will breake.

Pæd. His name's Philargurus, a man-devill.

Pseud. What is the temperature of his body ?

Doth choller, ffeame, blood, or melancholly,

Prædominate in him ?

Pæd. I knowe not ; I am noe physician.

Gelas. Blood is prædominant, I thinck ; his cheekes
Are purple coulored.

Pseud. The more wanton he :

After this manner, then, woe thou the maid ;

When first thou dost behould her, laugh aloud.

Gelas. As yf I were oreioyed ? I will trye.

Ha, ha, he ! how saye you, doe I well ?

If this the hardest be, I nothing ffeare.

Pseud. What, canst thou daunce and singe ? Play
thou the girle.

Gelas. Is't womanlye enough ?

Pæd. Sir, hide your beard.

Pseud. I with a merry countenance thus begin.

Fa, la, la, la, sol, la,—how is't, my doue ? — fa, la, la,
sol, fa, la,—my marrow, my holy day ! — fa, la, la, sol,
la, me, re,—I loue thee, by Joue !—la, fa, la, la, sol, me,
re, la,—yours, not his owne, Gelasimus from the Goulden
Hill,—la, la, la, la, la, sol, me, la, me, re, la, la, sol, fa.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

Soe helpe me gods, a very pretty thinge !

Doe men woe maides soe among th' Antipodes ?

Pseud. They doe.

Gelas. With pricksong ?

Pseud. Yes, yes ; pricksong is
The only way to woe and wynn a maid.

Gelas. Is't soe ? is't soe ? shee shall not want for that ;
I'll tickle her with pricksong. O, how my feete
Itch with desire ! come, lett vs goe. Thou soone
Shalt see how by thy precepts I doe thriue.
Fa, la, la, sol, me, re, sol. [*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. 5^{ta}. ACT. 1^{mi}.

Enter TYMON, EUTRAPELUS, HERMOGENES, LACHES.

Eutr. Heere doe wee liue, and haue the world at will,
Fare dayntilie, drinck stiffly, lodge softlye :
If such delights be euen among the gods,
By Jupiter, I'll suffer both myne eares
To be bor'd thorough with a coblers awle.

Tim. My ffreinds shall drinck noe lees ; with pleasant
sack
My cupps shall flowe.

Eutr. That, that is eu'n sweeter
Than the gods nectar.

Tim. I haue noe leekes or garlike at my table.

Eutr. Wee ffeede on partridge, pheazant, plover,
quaile,
Snipes, woodcocks, larks, ambrosia it selfe.

Tim. Is not he madd, that carefullie doth watch
A thowsand heapes of wheate, and dares not tast
One graine thereof ? or he that drincketh lees,
Having his cellours fraught with pleasing wynes ?
I'll vse my treasure, and possesse my wealth,
And spend my dayes in pleasure whilst I lyue :

Wee shall goe naked to our sepulchers,
And carry not one groate away with vs.

Eutr. Thou speakst Sybilla's leafes. Yf I one doit,
Except one halfepeny, beare to my graue,
Lett Charon thrust me, as a greedy knaue,
Out of his boate forthwith into the lake !
Heare, Tymon : know'st thou what Hermogenes
Vndyned would haue ? how well he sings and fiddles ?

HERMOGINES *sings.*

*Louelie Venus sported,
And with Mars consorted,
While swarthy Vulcan in his shopp
At his forge did lympe and hopp.
The same the Sunne espied,
To Vulcan it descried ;^h
Who, when that he reputed
Himselfe to be cornuted,
In a greate rage did stammer,
And swore by his greate hammer,
His bellowes, forge, and fire light
That iniurie to requite.*

*He plac'd a nett of wyre
Where Mars, to cool's desire,
Mett fayre Venus in the woode,
There to doe what they thought good.
Mars, being taken, sweares ;
Fayre Venus shedds forth teares ;
The gods spectators smyled
To see them thus beguiled :
Now, quoth Vulcan, I am glad ;
My hornes ake not halfe soe bad.*

^h *descried*] i. e., gave notice of, discovered.

Tim. Hermogenes, thou hast deseru'd thye dynner.

Herm. Lett me haue it, then.

Lach. Whye suffer you this ffidler in your howse ?
There's not a veryer knaue in all the towne :
Yf he depart not, master, by your leaue
I'le thrust him out of dores.

Tim. Is't eu'n soe ?—Come hither, Hermogenes :
Gyue him a cuffe, a sound box on the eare ;
Bee not afraid.

Herm. I am afraid of him,
Least he strike me againe.

Tim. Why stand'st thou soe ?
Strike him, I saye.

Lach. But yf thou touche me, I ———.

Herm. What then ?ⁱ

Lach. I'le dash thy braynes out with thy ffiddle.

Herm. I will not touch him ; Hercules himselfe
Would not abide his furious countnance.

Tim. Now strike, Hermogenes ; his hands are bounde.
[*Tymon houlds him.*]

Herm. Lett mee see that ; are they bound fast enough ?
My hart is at the bottome of my hose.^j

Tim. Why dost thou thus delaye ?

Herm. Now, now I strike. [Hee strikes him.
Haue not I paid him soundlie ?]

Lach. O yee gods !
What shall I saye ? yf health it selfe desire
To saue this familie, it cannot be.

Herm. By Joue, I made him bellow like a bull.

Tim. Hermogenes, come hither : take this gould,
And buye the[e] braue^k apparrell ; this same man

ⁱ then] MS., " thou."

^j My hart is at the bottome of my hose.] This expression is of great antiquity : it occurs in the *Prima Pastorum*,—*Towneley Mysteries*, p. 95.

^k braue] i. e., fine.

I'le gyue thee to attend thee.

Herm. O happie day !

Eutr. This fidler I envye.

Would Laches had forbidden me the howse !— [*Aside.*]
Laches, dost see me, Laches ? I am a knaue too, Laches.

Lach. Spend and consume ; gyue gould to this, to all ;
Your ritches are immortall.

Tim. I'le pull thye eyes out, yf thou add one word.

Lach. But I will speake ; yf I were blynd, I'de speake.

Tim. What, art thou soe magnanimous ? Be gone ;
The dore is open ; freeze or sweate, thou knaue ;
Goe, hang thie selfe !

Lach. Master, ffarewell. Is this my loues reward ?
Varletts, farewell, hatefull to gods and men :
You lusty ffydlers, yf I meete with thee,
I'le knock thye braines out. [*Exit.*]

Herm. Full glad am I hee's gon ; I was afraid.

Tim. What dost thou with this totter'd¹ habitt ? I
Will haue thee proudlie goe in rich apparell ;
Hould vp thye heade ; I will maynteyne it.

Eutr. This man this daye rose with his arse vpwards ;
To daye a fidler, and at night a noble. [*Aside.*]

Herm. How I doe scorne theis raggs ! I a fidler ?
I goe a fidling ? noe, not I, by Joue !
Sirra, I must cast of thy company ;

[*He shewes his gould, giuen by Timon.*]
Thou art noe fitt companion for me ;
Thy face I knowe not ; thou three farthing Jack,
Gett fellowes like thye selfe ; this, this is it

[*Shewes his gould againe.*]
Makes me a noble man.—Dost heare me, Tymon ?
When shall wee goe to dynner ? I suppose
I haue a stomack like a dog.

Tim. Wee'le goe. [*Exeunt.*]

FINIS ACT. 1^m.

¹ totter'd] An old form of *taltered*.

SCEN. 1^{ma}. ACT. 2^{di}.

*Enter GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHÆUS, and PÆDIO, at one dore;
PHILARGURUS and BLATTE at th'other.*

Gelas. So Venus be propitious vnto me,
As I doe thinck my selfe oblig'd to thee !
O Pseudocheus, thou shalt presentlie
See how acutelie I haue profited !

Phil. Blatte, heere, take the keyes, barr fast the dores ;
Vnlesse my spectacles deceaue my sight,
I see some straingers coming hitherward.

Gelas. Dye lett me, yf I doe not thinck my selfe
An amiable youth.

Phil. Hast thou fast bard them ?

Blat. Without your leaue here enters not a mouse.

Gelas. How cleanly combd, how spruse and neate
all o're !

Pseud. Thie loue lock, lett it dangle at the left eare ;
Hould vp your head : soe, soe ; a litle higher.

[To Gelas , houlding his hand vnder his chynn.]

Gelas. By Joue, thou hast an apt disciple ; I
Sucked this aptnes from my nurses breasts.

Pseud. It is a synn to blush : be impudent.

Gelas. I blush ! I scorne to blush ; by Jupiter,
I am noe Academian, noe ffoole.

Phil. Blatte, obserue least any clymbe the wall,
Vntyle my rafters, breake into my howse.

Blat. Bee not soe carefull ; I'le looke to each place.

Pæd. Master, I see ould Philargurus stand
Before his dore.

Pseud. Salute the ould man.

Gelas. Once and againe saue you, Philargurus !

Phil. What ? whence art thou ? what is thy busynes ?

Gelas. Speake, Pseudocheus, who I am.

[Aside [to Pseud.]

Pseud. This is a noble youth of Athens.

Phil. What howse?

Pseud. Rich Megadorus was his father.

Gelas. The next howse to Pyræum was one of his.

Pseud. This was his heyre to a farthing.

Gelas. What e're he had, he dying left to me ;
Platters of gould, and cupps of siluer, ffarmes,
Townes, edifices, seruants, ploughes, and oxen.

Phil. Were you the sonne of Megadorus?

Gelas. I am, or ells my mother did deceaue me.

Blat. Truelie, a neate youth, of a smyling looke :
O that he would woe me, and loue me too !
I am not yett soe ould to be dispis'd. [*Aside.*]

Phil. I Megadorus did well knowe ; sober
And thriftie man was he, rich in much gould,
Harty and prouident.

Gelas. Hee my father was ;
I am a blossome sprung from that same tree.

Phil. Giue me thy right hand :
Byrlady,^m sir, your lands are very greate.

Gelas. I thanck my fortune, I am noe begger.

Phil. Hem, this man's rich enough to wedd my
daughter.— [*Aside.*]
Where is thye wyfe?

Gelas. What?

Phil. Thy mynd doth wander ;
Art thou in loue?

Gelas. In loue with your daughter ;
I am besides my selfe for loue of her.

Pseud. True, I assure you ; I cann wytnes it ;
Beleiue me, sir, I ne'ere saw with theis eyes
In all Arabia, Paphlagonia,
Syria, Thessalia, Persia,
Or in the orientall India,

^m *Byrlady*] i. e. By our Lady.

A young man more in loue, not one soe much.

Blat. This fellowes tounge hath travayld very ffarr.

[*Aside.*]

Pseud. See how, poore wretch, he doth amazed stand !
Hee makes me almost weepe.

Phil. Ne'ere sigh soe, man ; ne'ere greiue or vex thye
mynd.

Gelas. If you consent, the maid I doe not ffeare.

Phil. I gyue consent.

Gelas. You haue reuiued me.—

Did I not stand as dead as any stone ?

[*Aside to PSEUD. and PED.*

Phil. Blatte, call me Callimela hither. [*Exit BLATTE.*

Pseud. Dost thou remember thy woeing lesson
That I this morning taught thee ?

Gelas. Yes, yes, yes ;

Thats at my fyngers ends, I warrant you.

Enter CALLIMELA et BLATTE.

Phil. Conquer but her, the victorie is thyne.

Blat. Come, Callimela ; the expected tyme
Is now at hand ; a neate daynty woer
Desires thy fruition.—O that I
Had such another would my bedd desire !—
Behould how sweetely he doth fframe his lookes !

Gelas. Be gone from me, I neede noe prompter I :
What is't ? I remember, I remember.—Ha, ha, he !

Phil. Why laugh'st thou soe ?

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

Phil. Do'st mock my daughter ?

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !—he knowes not the manner of the
Antipodes,—ha, ha, he ! Fa, la, la, la, la, la, sol, la, fa,—
how dost thou, my doue ?—fa, la, la, la, sol, fa, la,—my
marrow, my happy day !—fa, la, la, la, sol, la, me, re,—I
loue thee, by Joue !—la, fa, la, la, me, re, sol, la,—thyne,

not his owne, Gelasimus from the Goulden Hill,—la, la, la, la, la, sol, me, la, me, re, la, fa, sol, fa.

Call. Stand of!

Gelas. O Juno, be not angry with thy Joue!
Lett me but kisse thyne eyes, my sweete delight,
My sparrow, my hony, my duck, my cony.

Phil. Refuse thou not this youngmans loue; hee's
noble.

Gelas. My Venus, ffrowne not soe.

Call. You are deceaued;
I am not Venus.

Gelas. But, by Joue, thou art;
Thou Venus art: why doe you it denye?

Pseud. I well remember once I kissed Venus
In Paphos Ile, but I forgett her ffavour.ⁿ

Gelas. Thou Venus art; I knowe thee to be Venus.—
H'st; tell me what to saye.

Pseud. My hony, shall I tast of your delights?

Gelas. My hony, shall I tast of your delights?

Call. What, doe [you] thinck I am a hony sopp?

Gelas. Not I, by Joue.

Pseud. What a dull pate is this! he nothing hath
That is his owne, but only this,—by Joue. [*Aside*]

Gelas. Thou sweeter art then any hony sopp.

Call. I'le fly thee therefore, for ffearc thou eate me.

Gelas. I! what, I eate thee!—H'st, h'st!

Pseud. I had rather dye with hunger.

Gelas. I had rather dye with hunger,
I sweare by theis thy goulden cheekes.

Pseud. Ex'lent beyond compare!

Gelas. I know not how to woe a virgine! I,
How greate so e're I am, am a meere asse!
Am I not, Pædio? art thou not proud
That thou on such a master dost attend?

ⁿ *ffavour*] i. e. look.

Phil. Speake, Callimela; speake, speake, shamefac't girle;

Doe thy affections consympathize?

Blat. Forsooth, when I was like your Callimell,
(For I was like her,) I had many sutours,
But foolishlie I did reiect them all;
First, Traneo because his beard was red,
Albius cause beardles, Demetrius
Cause he was spindle shankt, and Curio
I did not ffauour because his long nose
Was an ympediment vnto his kissing;
But now, alas, I neuer more shall see
Such happie dayes!

Pseud. So, soe; goe on againe, and say thus to her,—
I yours am, sweete; answeare, I am thyne.

Gelas. I yours am, sweete; answeare, I am thyne.—
O how this ioyes my hart! More, more,
Sweete Pseudocheus, more!

Phil. ° Why museth thou?

Call. Must I, then, be a wyfe?

Phil. Thou shalt be, my owne girle, Callimela.

Call. I muse which of vs two must master be,
I or my husband: I'le subiect my neck
To noe mans yoake. Is this a cittizen?

Phil. A wealthy one.

Call. I shall the better rule:

'The wyfes of cittizens doe beare the sway,
Whose very hands their husbands may not touch
Without a bended knee, and thinck themselves
Happie yf they obteyne but soe much grace,
Within their armes to beare from place to place
Their wyues fyne litle pretty foysting hounds;
They doe adore their wyues; what ere they say,

They doe extoll ; what ere they doe, they prayse,
Though they cornute them. Such a man gyue me !

Pseud. Do'st thou remember ?

Gelas. I am memorious :

What is the mountaine ?

Pseud. Paphlagonia.

Gelas. Paphlagonia, Paphlagonia.—

My rose, my lillie, are you yett resolued ?

Vpon the mountaine Paphlagonia

There is a stone, which when the sunne doth rise

Shyneth like gould ; at setting of the same,

Is soddenly made black.

Pseud. Apply, apply.

Gelas. I am the stone : when I behould thye face,
I seeme as gould ; yf thou the same once hide,

I am made black. Sweete hart, do'st thou loue me ?

Phil. Speake, Callimela ; speake, and doe not blush.

Gelas. I yours am, sweete ; answeare, I am thyne.—
Did I not speake it in a fitting tyme ? [*Aside to Pseud.*

Call. What thinge doth please my father, pleaseth me.

Gelas. I knowe shee loues mee ; as I liue, I haue
A face imperious.

Call. But this obserue,—

I wilbe called mistress, not wyfe.

Gelas. Thou shalt be called Hellena, a queene.—
How saist thou ? hath not Venus ben my ffreind ?

[*Aside to Pseud.*

Pseud. I wish you both the loue of turtledoues.

Blat. I long nights, Venus delights, and children.

Gelas. Soe Joue me loue, I am soe overioyed,
I scarce knowe where I am.—What, may I kisse ?

[*Aside to Pseud.*

Pseud. I'll carry her a kisse : to kisse 'tweere synn
Before the nuptiall celebration.

Gelas. Is this a vse too 'monge the Antipodes ?

This scarcely pleaseth me.—I, Callimele,
 Send thee a kisse, I, thy Gelasimus :
 When I am married I will alsoe kisse.
 To morrow I will bring thee to my townes :
 Thou shalt my lands and large revenues see,
 How many sheepe and oxen I doe ffeede,
 How many seruants are at my commaund,
 My parks, and paynters^p posts before my dores.
 What sayest thou, my mistress and my queene ?

Phil. Make ready for the nuptials : this night
 My Callimele and I will sup at home.

[*Exeunt Phil. and Call.*

Gelas. How louinglie shee turned back her eyes !

Blat. Youngmen, farewell ; I am this maids keeper.

Gelas. Farewell, most auncient keeper.

Blat. If I can pleasure you in any thinge,
 I am at your commaund : once more, ffarewell. [*Exit.*

Pseud. What shall wee doe, Gelasimus ?

Gelas. With all speede wee will goe to Timons howse,
 Where feasts with myrth and laughter doe abound :
 Come, lett vs goe ; I cannot brooke delaye,
 Till I haue tould them of my wedding daye. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. 2^{da}. ACT 2^d.

Enter LACHES, and HERMOGENES^a with a guilt rapier.

Lach. My face I haue disfigured, that vnknowne
 I may againe be plac'd in Timons howse :
 Laches is turn'd to a souldier,
 A resolute hackster with his scarrs and sword ;
 My wiskers hanging o're the ouerlipp ;
 All things agree.—Hoi ! what a sponge comes here !
 How spruse he is ! whom see I ? the fidler
 That gaue me such a box ; the very same.

^p *paynters.*] Qy. “paynted”?

^a *Hermogenes.*] He does not enter till the sixth line of the following speech.

Herm. What man would saye that I am a fidler?
I Hermogenes? where are my rent shoes?
Torne raggs? my ffidle? what this? my fiddle case?
[He lookes on his rapier.

Good people, doe I wake, or doe I sleepe?

I cannot thinck my selfe Hermogenes.

Lach. I'le make thee feele thy selfe Hermogenes.

[He beats him, and hoodwincks him.

Herm. Oh, oh! why do'st thou beate me soe? why,
why

Do'st thou thus hoodwinck me? Lett me not lyue,

If that I am Hermogenes. The gods

I call to wytnes, I ne're wrong'd any.

What do'st thou? I was borne this day; this day

I ffirst saw light.

Lach. My name is Nemesis.

Herm. O sweete, sweete Nemesis, what wouldst thou
haue?

Lach. I am thy euill spyritt!

Herm. What, two of yee?

Oh, spare me, good euill spyritt!

Lach. No, no;

Thou shalt be beate because thou art a knaue.

Herm. Oh, oh, sweete Nemesis!

Lach. I'le pluck thie eyes out.

Herm. O good ill spiritt, doe not soe torment mee!

Oh, oh!

Lach. Farewell, ffidler; ffarewell, Hermogenes.

Herm. What did he saye? ffarewell? I know not well

Whether I lyue or noe: 'tis well, I breathe.

O Joue, O sunne, suffer you this sinne?

Send Mercury from heauen to helpe me!

Blinde I am, altogeather blynd; I see

Nothing but darke. O heauens, O earth, O seas!

Lach. Good gods, from what a deadlie warr scapt I!

Holbeards were charg'd, and swords against me drawn :
I with my buckler did receaue the blowes.

Herm. Good souldier, pyttie a poore blynd man.

Lach. Who art ?

Herm. Nemesis hath pluc't myne eyes out.

Lach. What Nemesis ?

Herm. My euill spiritt : I am
More blynde then any mole ; prythee, leade me
To Timons howse.

Lach. Thou art not blynd ; some man hath hood-
winckt thee.

Herm. Neuer perswade me ; I am blynd I knowe ;
My eyes are out.

Lach. I will restore thy sight ;
Feare nothing. What, dost thou see as yet ? yet ?

Herm. O yee immortall gods ! I see, I see !
Well done, O souldier ! I gyue the[e] thancks.

Lach. I am not ffedd with thancks : what dost thou
gyue ?

Herm. Come, I will make thee one of Timons howse.

SCENA 3^a. ACT. 2^d.

Enter to them TIMON, EUTRAPELUS, GELASIMUS, and
PSEUDOCHEUS.

Herm. Tenn Furies puld my eyes out, tenn, by Joue :
This souldier restor'd my sight againe.
What, shalhe be thy seruant ?

Tim. What's thy name ?

Lach. Machætes.

Tim. Bee thou true ; I receaue thee.

Gelas. Saue yee, nobles ; — saue you, Timon, saue
you ; —

Eutrapelus, how fare you ? iouiall ?

Tim. Thou seem'st more neate then thou wast wont
to be.

Gelas. I am more merry. Knowe yee this same man ?

Tim. I ne'ere beheld his face before : what's he ?

Gelas. This man is rare, and hath noe paralell :
Hath travaild Africa, Arabia,
And the remotest iles ; yea, there's noe nooke
Or crooke in land or sea, but he hath seene.

Tim. What, in a table geographickall ?

Gelas. I pray yee, note the man.

Eutr. Hee doth soe ffinger-beate his breast, I thinck
Hee is^s about to call his hart out.

Tim. What doth he murmure thus ? fframes he verses ?
T'were synn to interrupt him.

Gelas. No, not soe.—

Pseudocheus,
Theis noble sparkes desires your company.

Pseud. Saue yee.

I was transported cleane beyond my selfe
With contemplacion of my Pegasus ;
Wounders did obviate my memorye,
Which I saw in the Iland of the moone.

Tim. In what place of the earth may that ile bee ?

Pseud. 'Tis not in earth ; 'tis pendant in the ayre ;
Endymion there hath the dominion.

Gelas. In the ayre !

Pseud. Yes, pendant in the ayre.

Herm. O, strainge !

Pseud. Pish, this is nothing : I cann tell
You of a many gallants that did sell
Theire mannours here, and built them castles there,
And now liue like cameleons by th'aire ;
And strainger thinges then theis I oft haue seene.

Tim. Come, Pseudocheus ; goe along and walke :
Your strainge discourse shalbe our table talke.

[*Excunt.*

^x *paralell*] MS. "paraeell."

^s *is*] MS. "his."

THE SECOND ACT. [SCENE 4.]^t

Enter DEMEAS, two Sergeants, at one dore ; TIMON, LACHES, HERMOGENES, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, at another.

Dem. Where hale yee mee, yee knaues? where hale yee mee,
Getes, canniballs, yee cruell Scythians?
Looze mee, yee varletts; I'me an orator;
Looze mee, I say.

Serg. 1. Good words, I pray: wee doe but our office;
The judges haue committed thee to gaole.

Dem. Helpe mee, yee godds! What, shall an orator
Bee caste in prison? bound in iron chaines?

Serg. 2. Wert thou Demosthenes, thou shouldst not
scape.

Dem. O, suffer mee to speake!

Eutr. What is this tumult? is this Demeas
The orator?

Tim. H'st, peace; and let vs patiently see
This comedies catastrophe.

Serg. 1. If all thy rhetoricke can perswade vs,
Weele sette thee free at thine owne liberty.

Serg. 2. Goe to, bee not to tædious; beginne.

Dem. By what faulte or fate of mine (luculent, not lutulent Sergeants) shall I say it is come to passe that I, an orator, not an arator, floridde, not horridde, should bee cast into prison by stolidde, not by solidde, persons? What haue I done? what haue I not done? Whom may I invoke? whom may I not inuocate? Shall I accuse yee? or excuse yee? I knowe not; truly, I knowe not. Yee hale; but whom doe yee hale? yee hale an orator.

^t [Scene 4] Here a small portion of the MS. has been cut off.

But whither doe yee hale him? yee hale him to prison.
 But from whence doe yee hale him? from the pewes of
 most wicked iudges. I owe; is that an offence? I owe
 sixteene talents; is that a sinne? Now, whether I
 deserue imprisonment, iudge yee. Let it, O let it bee
 lawfull for mee (O louing and liuing men!) to orate and
 exorate before the altar of your clemencie, not the haltar
 of your demency!^u so yee, that free mee from the bonds
 of prison, shall oblige mee to you with the adamantine
 bonds of loue.

Gelas. Hee hath composde a very dolefull speache.

Serg. 1. Art thou perswaded to dismisse him? speake.

Serg. 2. I feele some striuing motion; but stay,
 I knowe 'twill vanishe presently.

Pseud. This orator hath stole all that he spoke:
 I hearde olde Nestor speake this worde for worde
 In the Fortunate Ilands.

Serg. 1. I am perswaded; I will let him goe.

Dem. O eloquence, what canst not thou effecte?
 Whom doe not sweeter wordes than hony moue?
 I thanke my genius.

Serg. 2. Exult not soe:
 I am perswaded, Demeas, I am,
 Thee to imprisonne. Come, my orator,
 Not arator, my floridde, not horridde;
 Bee sure of this, weele putte thee in sure ties,
 Vnles thou putte in sureties.

Tim. Dismisse him: I will sixteene talents pay
 Vnto the citizens.

Dem. My Jupiter, my Jupiter!

Tim. Carry my name vnto the iudges; I
 Will satisfie this debte.

^u demency] i. e. madness. The word occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye nat to Courte*,—*Works*, ii. 47. ed Dyce.

Dem. My Jupiter,
When I forgette thee, let mee as a prey
Bee cast aliue to be deuour'd of beasts !

Tim. Thy wishe is to to large. I doe desire
A gratefull minde ; thats all that I require :
I putte my talents to strange vsury,
To gaine mee friends, that they may followe mee

* * * * *

Write in their face ; if this thou dost performe,
I shall haue interest sufficient.

Dem. If this, my Timon, I doe not performe,
Let Joue confounde mee with his thunderbolte !

Lach. This vowe, O Joue, remember ! let him feele,
If hee bee false, the strengthe of thy right hande !

Gelas. Hast thou not a brother liues in Athenes,
That is a fidler ?

Herm. A fidler !

Gelas. Sweete sir,
Bee not soe angry ; I did neuer see
One egge more like another. I will send
For him to morrow to my nuptialls,
Hee sings soe daintily.

Eutr. What, to thy wedding ? wilt thou putte thy
necke

Into a marr'age nooze ?

Gelas. Why not ? I her,
Shee mee doth loue.

Dem. A metaphore from the effecte.

Gelas. What more can I desire ?

Tim. A barraine foreheade, where hornes may not
growe :

Oft other men beware by others hornes.
View Athenes, thou shalt Vulcanes ensignes see,

A common badge to men of eache degree ;—
How many hange their heades downe, leaste they splitte
The signe posts with their hornes ; how many sitte
At home sicke of the headeache, and complaine
That they are like to the twi-horned moone ;
This man lookes pale ; another stands amazde :
In the meane while their wiues are iouiall ;
They eate the tongues of nightingales, lambestones,
Potato pies, pick'd oysters, marrowbones,
And drinke the purest wine that they can gette ;
They haue their garden houses ;^w will bee sicke ;
Then comes the doctor with his clister pipe,
And makes them well : their husbands heades ake still.

Dem. Sarcasmus, or a bitter ieste.

Gelas. Thinke you that I shall bee a horn'd Satyre ?
ha, ha, he !

As if I did not knowe what tricke men vse !
In Cappadocia they chuse a friende
Thats gelt, to keepe their wiues in chastity ;
This eunuche as their keeper they ordaine ;
Hee doth obserue eache thinge they doe, their noddts,
Their whisperings, their very farts and all,
And wary doth in the same chamber watche,
Least any on a sodeine shoulde surprize
His friends wife while shee sleepes.

Tim. Is this the vse
In Cappadocia ?

Gelas. Tis ; hold thy peace ;
This strange trauailer hath soe subtilly
Instructed mee with counsailes politicke,
And hath confessed himselfe an eunuche.

^w *garden houses*] i. e. summer-houses in gardens, often mentioned in our early dramas as places of intrigue. They were formerly common in the suburbs of London. The writer thought only of his own county.

Dem. A syncope vnhearde of.

Tim. Wilt thou appointe this man to keepe thy wife ?

Gelas. I will : by Joue, my hearte is full of glee
That I haue founde out such a one as hee.

Herm. This seemes a wonder.

Pseud. From the milky sea
As I did saile (that sea, the which was full,
From the deepe bottome to the very toppe,
Of pure white milke), the shippe did carry mee
Into an ilande that was made of cheese ;
Their houses were of butter.

Eutr. Were they not melted with the sunne ?

Pseud. O, noe ;
They did obscure the sunne beames with wette clothes.

Dem. A tapinosis or diminution.

Eutr. Thou orator, what dost thou mutter thus ?
Hem, let vs drinke, not idely spende the time ;
Lets sacrifice to Bacchus boles of wine. [*Exeunt.*

THE FIFTH SCENE.

*Enter LOLLIO at one dore ; and TIMON, HERMOGENES,
GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, at another,
with feathers in their hatts ; DEMEAS, LACHES, OBBA.*

Lol. Call they this Athenes ? Lord, what vaire build-
ings !

Herm. See yee that clowne ? how hee admires all things !

Eutr. I knowe him well : 'tis Lollio, the sonne
Of couetous Philargurus, who ne're
Permits his sonne to frequent the cittie,
Least hee shoulde learne the citties luxurie ;
Hee liues at home, eates browne breade and butter,
Sometimes fat bacon.

Lol. Good godds, good gods, what preparation !
What a concourse of people ! This zittie zunne

Seemes brighter than our country zunne. Lord, Lord,
How many starres see I ! how nere they are !

[The signe of the 7 stars.

Pseud. Thy hande may touche them with a ladders
helpe.

Lol. Wheres Charles wayne ? I cannot zee it here :
In our skie, which wee haue in the country,
I with my vinger con demonstrate it.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

Eutr. Peace, doe not laughe.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

I cannot refraine when I see such fooles ; ha, ha, he !

Lach. Theres not an asse in all Arcadia
So very an asse as thou. *[Aside.*

Lol. Joue blesse mee, how many diuells are here !
Are they philosophers or brabbling^x lawiers ?
They looke with such soure faces.

Tim. Eutrapelus, speake to him ; say wee are
The prime men of the cittie.

Eutr. Saue you, Lollio.

Lol. Saue you, Eutrapelus :
Soe loue mee Pan, I'me gladde to see thee well.

Eutr. What strange occasion brought you hither ?

Lol. I am zente for to my zisters wedding.
Here are fine zights.

Eutr. Seest thou these young men ?
They are the prime men of this same cittie.

Lol. Will they not imprisonne mee ?

Eutr. Feare nothing.

Lol. What daintie burds doe zitte vppon their hatts !
I wonder much they doe not vlie away.
Their eies are on mee ; must I make a legge^y

Eutr. They come to salute thee.

^x *brabbling*] i. e. squabbling.

^y *legge*] i. e. bow.

Lol. Prithee, hold my staffe.

Tim. Most welcome vnto Athenes !

Lol. Thanks, by Joue.

Tim. Wee longe haue look'd for such a one, whom wee
Might substitute prince ore the whole country.

Gelas. Foh, how hee stinks of garlicke !

Lach. All are not muskified.

Tim. Putte on thy hatte ; thou shalt bee our fellow.

Lol. Well bee it with thy oxen and thy ploughes,
Who gracest mee with such greate courtesy !
If once I see thee at my fathers house,
Ile giue thee ale pragmaticall indeede,
Which, if thou drinke, shall fuddle thee hande and foote.

Pseud. Since I did taste the nectar of the gods,
Noe wine or ale can please my pallat well.

Tim. This day shall bee a day of sporte and mirth :
Bring cuppes of wine ; let's welcome our new prince.

Lol. I am afraid least my behaiour
Bee to to rusticke.

Eutr. Dost thou not knowe Philargurus his sonne ?
Hee's Callimelas brother.

Gelas. Is hee soe ?—

Heare, youngest youth of youthes ; I am betrothd
Vnto thy sister, whom I meane to wedde.

Lol. Giue mee thy hande.
How doth my fathers seruant, Grunnio ?

Eutr. Thee, Timon, wee electe as soueraigne,
Prince and commaunder of these Bacchanales :
What lawes dost thou ordaine ?—Peace, ho, awhile !

Tim. That this our computation may haue
A prosp'rous euenta, wee will and commaunde
Whole hogshedes to bee empt'ed, platters fill'd ;
None to depart, vnles hee first obtayne
Leaue of the prince ; wee also doe enacte
That all holde vp their heades, and laughe aloud,

Drinke much at one draughte, breathe not in their
drinke ;²

That none goe out to pisse, that none doe spew
In any corner. Hee that shall offende
In any one of these shall weare infixt
Vppon his hatte an asses eares, and drinke
Nothing but soure wine lees for three daies space.

[*All.*] This acte wee ratifie, confirme, allow.

Lol. I thinke my father hath transgress'd these lawes ;
Hee nothing drinks but lees.

Tim. What, thy father !
Hee is not worthy to exchange olde shoes ;
But thou art noble, and king of good fellowes.

Lol. Father ! hee noe more shall bee my father :
I am a prince ; I scorne and renounce him.

Tim. Lollio, I drinke to thee this whole one.

Lol. Were it a whole hogsheade, I would pledge thee.
What, if I drinke two ? fill them to the brimme.
Wher's hee that shall marry with my sister ?
I drinke this to thee super naculum.^a

Dem. This wee doe call at Athenes καθ' ολον.

Tim. Sounde, musicke ! wee will daunce.

[*Sounde musicke.*]

Eutr. Weele celebrate the feaste of Bacchus.—
To make thee prince, I crowne thee with this bole.

Lol. Now, as I liue, this is most noble ale.
Lord, what a zounde is this zoundes in mine eares !

Gelas. Come, let vs daunce : I loue this dauncing
well.

[*They daunce.*]

² *breathe not in their drinke*] i. e. stop not to take breath while they are drinking. In his note on the parallel passage of Shakespeare (*First Part of Henry IV.*, act II. sc. 4.), "and, when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem ! and bid you play it off," Steevens cited the present lines to support an erroneous interpretation of the words.

^a *super naculum*] See Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

Lol. Ile putte my shoes of, leaste they make a noyse.

Tim. Enough, enough.—Lollio, art thou dry?

Lol. I prithee, giue mee some of that redde ale.—
Souldiour, canst drinke?

Lach. Wine's valours whetstone:

That, that made mee a souldiour.

Gelas. Thou orator, thou seem'st to mee too sad:
Ile drowne thy sadnes in this sea of wine.

Dem. A synecdoche of the parte for the whole.—On
again. Obba, fillfull or ffulfill the cuppe.

Pseud. In Ganges Iles I thirty riuers saw
Fill'd with sweete nectar.

Lach. O dainty lyer!

[*Aside.*

Pseud. Thirtie riuers more
With aligaunte;^b thirtie hills of sugar;
Ale flowed from the rockes, wine from the trees,
Which wee call muskadine.

Gelas. If it please Joue,
I will transferre a plante of that same tree
Into my garden.

Herm. Is't not fine swimming in such a riuier?

Lol. I coulde bee drowned in such pleasant waues.
The house runnes round; take heede least the wine fall.

Ob. That shall bee my care; take heede leaste thou fall.

Lol. What, if the skie fall?

Ob. Poore men shall eate larkes.

Lol. Soe thinke I; and Ile eate railes and buntings.^c

Eutr. Why sleeps the cuppe? why doth it not walke
rounde?

Thou a commaunder and forgette thy place!

Tim. I will; and commaunde thee, Eutrapelus,

^b *aligaunte*] As the word is often spelt by our old writers,—i. e. a red wine of Alicant in the province of Valencia.

^c *buntings*] “A bunting, *Alaudula, rubetra, terraneola, calandra.*” Coles's *Dict.*

To couer Lollios heade with thy hatte,—
And thou, Hermogenes, lende him thy cloke.

Herm. I lende to him my cloke !

Tim. Soe wee commaunde.

Herm. I care not much ; my clothes, without my cloke,
Are trimme enough to make the people gaze.— [*Aside.*]
Take heede thou soyle it not.

Tim. Gelasimus,
Girde Lollio with thy sworde.

Gelas. Now, by Joue,
I hate these perridiculous asses,
Whose braines containe, noe, not one ounce of witte.

Lach. Hee wants a coate.

Lol. O noble Lollio, O braue^d Lollio !

All. Thrice noble, thrice resplendante Lollio !

Tim. Into thy handes my empire I resigne.

Lol. Am I a prince, then ?

Tim. What dost thou commaunde ?

Lol. Bringe mee a cuppe ; I am as dry as duste :
Thou shalt my butler bee.

Gelas. What shall I bee ?

Lol. My butler too ; all shall bee my butlers.
What, can yee sing ? singe, sing ; I, Lollio,
Your prince wills and commaunds.

Tim. Wee must obey.
Who doth beginne ?

Eutr. This arte, Hermogenes,
Doth appertaine to thee.

Lol. Obba, stande thou on my righte hande with thy
flaggon.

Herm. [*sings*] *There liues a lasse in the nexte towne,
Call'd Sophrony, call'd Sophrony ;*

Tim. *Smiles sweetely when I lay her downe,
Blithe and bonny, blithe and bonny.*

^d *b1 auc*] i. e. fine, richly dressed.

Gelas. Shee is not like some foolishe elfe ;
 Shee will take vp her clothes herselfe.

All. Ha, ha, he, ha, ha, he,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, he !

Herm. Shee alone is amiable,
 My Sophrony, my Sophrony ;

Tim. Shee, shee alone is tractable,
 * * * * *

Gelas. Shee is not angry, touche her lippes,
 Or els descende betweene her hippes.

All. Ha, ha, he, &c.

Herm. Shee weares a smocke downe to her waste,
 My Sophrony, my Sophrony ;

Tim. Shee hath but one, and that is lac'd ;
 Giue her mony, giue her mony.

Gelas. Shee weares a gowne downe to her small ;
 Shee hath but one, and that is all.

All. Ha, ha, he, &c.

Lol. Seethe coblers blacke and iuice of betony,
 Mixe thereinto of copres six ounces ;
 Tis present remedy 'gainst itche of hogges.

Tim. Hem, Lollo !

Lol. It also takes away the maunge from dogges.

Eutr. Lollo !

Tim. Prince !

Lol. A litle more good ale !

Gelas. Bring the cuppe, Obba.

Lol. Where are yee all, my butlers ? follow mee ;
 I will conducte yee to my fathers house ;
 Follow your prince, followe mee in order :
 Eutrapelus, thou shalt my ensigne beare ;
 Display the flaggon as it were a flagge.

* A line omitted here.

I am Achilles, yee my Myrmidones :
Follow Achilles ; wee haue leuell'd Troy
Downe with the earthe. Hector ? art thou Hector ?

Gelas. I am Gelasimus, thy brother[in]lawe.

Lol. Hadst thou beene Hector, I protest by Joue,
I woulde haue bor'd thee thorough with this sworde.
[*Exit LOLLIO, the rest following.*]

THE THIRDE ACTE, THE FIRST SCENE.

*Enter LOLLIO, TIMON, HERMOGENES, EUTRAPELUS
aduancing his flaggon, GELASIMUS,
PSEUDOCHEUS, DEMEAS.*

Lol. Display the flagge-on.—Where are those Troians ?
What, doe they hide their heades ?

Tim. Why dost thou reele, Achilles, to and fro,
Like to a shippe that's tossed with the waues ?

Lol.^f The foure windes doe bussle in my heade,
A tempest greate is risen in my braines.

Eutr. I thinke the shippe that carrieth thy witte
Will suffer shippewracke.

Dem. A metaphore worthy of my table booke.^g

Lol. When Corineus fought with Gogmagog,^h
And greate Alcides slewe a puppie-dogge—

Gelas. H'st ; these same dores haue done a greate
offence.

Herm. What ?

Gelas. They did creake ; ha, ha, he ! how likst thou
my conceite ?

Herm. See, see, Gelasimus, how braueⁱ I am !

^f *Lol.* MS. "Gela." ^g *table booke*] i.e. memorandum-book.

^h *When Corineus fought with Gogmagog*] See Thompson's translation of Jeffry of Monmouth's *British History*, p. 35, and Drayton's *Polyolbion, First Song*, p. 12, ed. 1622.

ⁱ *braue*] See note, p. 40.

Enter GRUNNIO.

Grun. Good gods, whom doe I see? what, Lollo, My masters sonne !

Lol. Grunnio, art thou here ?
Thou wast not here at first.

Grun. Art in thy witts ?

Lol. Thou knowest not who I am, Grunnio.

Grun. Why, thou art Lollo.

Lol. Why laughe yee not ?

Gelas. Must wee laughe? ha, ha, he !
What stratageme is to bee effected ?

Lol. This calls mee Lollo. I Achilles,
Or otherwise am called Pelides ;

Mḡνιν ἀειδε,^j *θεὰ, Πηληϊάδῳ Ἀχιλλῷος.*

Pseud. So speake the Tingitans that inhabitte
The mountaines of Squilmagia.

Dem. A curious parenthesis.

Grun. Art not thou Lollo, and hold'st the ploughe ?
Didst thou not cutte mee out this very morne
A portion of cheese, when I was sent
To call thee to thy sisters marriage ?

Lol. I Lollo ! I holde the ploughe ! I cutte !
What, did I cutte thee out this very morne
A portion of cheese, when thou wast sent
To call mee to my sisters marriage ?

Dem. Anaphora or a repetition.

Lol. I yee to witnes call, my Mirmidones ;
What say yee ?

All. Hees Achilles, Achilles.

Grun. O miracle !—Callimela, Blatte,
Come hither ! Lollo is Achilles.

Enter CALLIMELA and BLATTE.

Blat.^k O mee, what tumulte is before my dores ?

^j *Mḡνιν, ἀειδε, &c.*] The first line of the Iliad. (The playwright has wrongly contracted the *η* in *Πηληϊάδεω*.)

^k *Blat.*] Qy. "Call."?

Gelas. My lady mistris, Calimele, my queene,
Withdraw not backe your feete.

Blat. Saue yee, youngmen : what is't that yee would
haue ?

Lol. Yee Myrmidons, beholde olde Hecuba !
What, shall wee stone her ?

Gelas. My fellowe soulders, this shall bee my wife :
Is shee not faire ?—How does my Calimele ?

Eutr. Looke in her vrinall, and thou shalt knowe.

Call. Let mee bee gone ; I doe not loue to bee
A laughing stocke.

Gelas. Sweete loue, bee not angry ;
Vppon the mountaine Paphlagonia
There is a stone ——

Call. In Athenes cittie is an arrant foole.

Gelas. Thats call'd ——

Call. Gelasimus.

Lol. Why binde yee not olde Hecuba, that bitchen ?

Blat. I olde Hecuba ! I'me Blatte, the nurse :
What ayles the drunken foole ?

Eutr. Timon, why are your eies fixt on the ground ?

Tim. I feele a wounde.

Eutr. O, Jupiter forbidde !

Tim. Eutrapelus, this is not in Joues pow're.
I subiecte am to Venus tyranny :

These eies betraide my hearte ; these were the gate
And onely way where loue first entred in ;
I saw and lou'd, and must my loue enioye.

Eutr. What sodaine metamorphosis is this ?

Tim. I loue, extreemely loue.

Eutr. What, Callimele ?

Tim. The very same.

Lol. My sparrowe,¹ my marrowe, my sowe,

¹ *My sparrowe, &c.*] Thus couplet is perhaps intended for part
of a song.

My hony, my cony, my cowe!—

Achilles is adry : a litle more ale !

This house doth seeme to walke : what, haue they feete ?

Or doth it ride on horsebacke ?—Grunnio,

Am I not in the cloudes ?

Blat. Hence, Callimele ;

Philargurus thy father is at hande.

[*Exeunt CALLIMELA and BLATTE.*

Enter PHILARGURUS at another dore.

Tim. I nothing see, my eies haue loste their light.

Phil. What company is this before my dores ?

O mee accurs'd ! my hidden golde is founde :

What shall I doe ? I am vndone, vndone !

Why hange I not myselfe ? woe and alas !

I to to longe haue liu'd, who must bee forct

To ende my daies in pouertie.—Yee theeues,

Yee theeues, what seeke yee here ?

Eutr. Lollo, thy father.

Lol. My father hange himselfe ! I'me Achilles ;

I haue this day three thousand Troians slayne.

Phil. Yee theeues, restore what yee haue tane away !

Tim. Olde man, bee patient.

Phil. Ile binde yee hande and foote in iron chaines.—

Runne, Grunnio, call for the peoples helpe.

Lol. Thou olde, outworne, worme eaten animal,

What wouldst thou haue ? I am greate Achilles :

Vnles thou kill mee i'th heele, Achilles

Will nere bee slaine.

Phil. Lord, Lord, what a strange madnes may this bee !

Gelas. Feare not, Philargurus ; thou hast noe cause :

I am thy sonne in lawe ; all things are safe ;

Noe man hath toucht the threshold of thy house.

Phil. O, but my sonne is madde !

Lol. Hast not thou nappy ale ? if thou deny,

My Myrmidons shall ruinate thy house.

Phil. To ploughe, thou slaue ! that I would haue thee doe.—

Gelasimus, withdraw these youngmen hence ;
I am afraide and tremble every ioynte
Leaste they finde out my golde.

Herm. Giue mee my cloke, Achilles ; it is colde.

Eutr. To bedde and sleepe.

Dem. This birde hath lost his borrowed feathers.

Lol. I pray yee also, O my Myrmidons,
Pull of my doublette ; Ile goe sleepe awhile.

All. Goodnight, braue generall ; farewell.

Lol. This flaggon shall serue mee for a pillow.

Phil. Thou drunken knaue, Ile wake thee with this staffe !

Lol. Hector, oppresse mee not, while I doe sleepe ;
Ile presently arise to fighte.

Phil. Beare him in, Grunnio.—Hath wine subdu'de
Thy heade and feete at once ?

Lol. Prithee, Obba, one cuppe ; but one cuppe more.

Phil. Thou art drunke, thou theefe.

Lol. Thou li'st, thou rascall.—

Where art, Agamemnon ? helpe Achilles ! [*Exeunt.*]

THE SECONDE SCENE.

PHILARGURUS, CALLIMELA, BLATTE, [*and GRUNNIO*].

Phil. What, shall I suffer such corruption
Of manners in my sonne ? s'deathe, hee shall feele
His fathers fury. What, doe I arise
Carefull before the crowing of the cocke,
And scorne noe gayne, no, not from the dunghill,
That, when I die, my sonne may bee left riche ?
Ile rather hide my treasure in the earthe,
Where neither sunne or moone or humane eies
Hath euer peepte.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. Saue you, Philargurus.

Phil. What wouldst thou haue? bee briefe, or els bee gone.

Lach. My master wishes all the gods thy friendes.

Phil. I all of them his foes, whoere hee bee.

Is this thy arrand?

Lach. Y'are too cholericke;

I come a ioyfull messenger to thee :

Timon doth loue thy daughter feruently,

Will take her without dowry, if you please.

What say you? hee hath also sent these gemmes,

To make accesse to Callimelas loue.

Phil. O happy mee! will Timon take, saist thou,
My daughter without dowry?

Lach. Soe it is.

Phil. Callimela.

Call. What's your pleasure, father?

Phil. Venus doth fauour thee aboue the rest;

A seconde person doth desire thy loue,

A golden youthe: reiecte Gelasimus;

This is farre richer, and thee, Callimele,

Will take without a dowry.

Call. Who doth possesse most golde shall mee possesse :
Let womans loue bee neuer permanent.

Lach. Timon doth consecrate these costly gemmes
Vnto the altars of thy beauty.

Call. I take his gemmes, and send him backe my loue ;
Let that bee like a gemme.

Blat. A liberall youngman, I doe proteste,
That to his sweete hearte sends such costly giftes.
What colour is his bearde?

Call. Peace, olde dotarde.

Blat. Olde dotarde ! why olde dotarde? I haue yet

Two teethe left, see : what, are my kisses dry ?
Try, souldier; or goe I with a staffe ?
Or am I eighty yeares of age ? why, then,
Call you mee old dotard ?

Call. Peace ; I recante ;
Thou shalt bee my girle.

Blat. Yes, I am a girle.

Call. Tell Timon I am his.

Lach. Timon is blest :
How well doe beauty and milde loue accorde !

Phil. Without a dowry, that, remember that.

Lach. I speake the truthe.

Phil. Grunnio, make broathe of these two fishes.

[Two spratts or the like.

[Exeunt PHIL., CALL., BLAT., GRUN.

Lach. Soe are my masters goods consum'd : this way
Will bring him to the house of pouerty.
O Joue, conuert him, leaste hee feele to soone
To much the rodde of desp'rate misery,
Before his chests bee emptied, which hee
Had lefte by his forefathers fill'd with golde !
Well, howsoever fortune play her parte,
Laches from Timon neuer shall departe. *[Exit.*

THE THIRDE SCENE OF THE THIRDE ACTE.

EUTRAPELUS, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, PÆDIO.

Eutr. What is become of all thy wonted mirthe,
Thy odde conceites and smiles ? plucke vp thy hearte :
Dost thou forgette what must bee done next monthe ?
Thou shalt the scepter 'mong the Pigmies sway.

Gelas. Bee gone : I am melancholy, by Joue.

Pseud. What ayleth thee ?

Gelas. I will not tell, if Joue himselfe should aske.

Eutr. Wee'le helpe thee.

Pseud. If any thinge can helpe thee, that doth growe

Vppon the mountaines of Armenia,
In Dacia, or Tingitania,
Or in the Mediterranean Sea,
It shall bee had forthwith. Why speak'st thou not ?

Gelas. There's noe helpe founde for this my malady ;
No, not beneathe th' Antipodes themselues.

Leaue mee vnto myselfe : I by myselfe
Will walke the woods alone.

Eutr. Wilt thou not suppe ?

Gelas. Nor suppe nor dine.

Pseud. What, art thou soe peruerse,
And wilt not tell the cause of this thy grieffe ?

Eutr. Vrge him no more ; hee of his owne accorde
Will vtter all vnask'd.

Gelas. Soe the gods loue mee, I doe nothing see
That this fonde foolishe girle can blame in mee :
I am not redde hair'd, and I am noe dwarfe ;
What, then, can shee dislike ? are my palmes dry ?
Am I not a gentleman by descent ?
Am I not riche enough ? what man is there
Liues in all Athenes richer than myselfe ?
Am I a foole ? my braines howere they are,
I knowe them well ; I am noe foole or asse.
Well, bee it soe : vse thy will, Callimele ;
Despise mee, and reiecte mee.

Pseud. What is this ?

Eutr. Hee feares leaste hee hath lou'd in vaine : this day
Hee sawe some iewells sent to Callimele ;
Timon is his corriuall.

Gelas. Well, cast mee of, I say ; allure, entice
To thee thy Timon ; Juno giue successe
To these your nuptialls ! yet vnreueng'd
I will not let it passe ; Gelasimus
Hath both a sworde and hande can wielde his sworde.

Eutr. What, will hee challenge Callimele to fight ?

Gelas. To wake a sleeping lyon, what it is,
I'll make thee knowe: I'll meditate reuenge
Worthy myselfe; to morrow, arm'd with shielde,
I will prouoke thee to encounter mee.

Pseud. O valiant champion! this Theseus
Did when hee conquered Hipolita.

Eutr. Gelasimus, but heare, Gelasimus:
Suppose that Callimela in a rage
Come with a drawne sworde threatening thy deathe?

Gelas. Thou saiest very well: these women are
A pestiferous kinde of animals;
'Twere safer fighting with an hoste of men;
Therefore for mee let her enioy her loue.

Pseud. Fie, cowarde, fie, fearest thou womans strength?
While I was last among the Amazons,
I slewe two thousande women at one time.

Gelas. Did you see?—Goe, Pædio, in my name
Tell Callimele I'll combatize with her:
He fighte, by Joue.

Eutr. What dost thou meane to doe?
Wilt doe thyselfe a mischief? Omphale
Brake with a slipper Hercules owne heade.

Gelas. Stay, Pædio, stay, stay: though I am stronge,
I am not yet soe stronge as Hercules;
I will not fighte, by Joue.

Eutr. What, dost thou grieue at Callimelas losse,
Who worthy art of Venus to thy wife?

Pæd. To make him a cornuted Mulciber. [*Aside.*]

Pseud. Gelasimus, wilt that I seeke thee out
A princely wife? then sayle along with mee
To th' Antipodes; there the kings daughter
Shall bee in loue with thee at the first sighte,
If I but say the worde.

Gelas. Now, as I liue, this is most admirable; ha,
ha, he!
How this reioices mee!

Eutr. O foolisher than foolishnes itselfe ! [*Aside.*]

Gelas. I Callimele ! I scorne her I, by Joue.
I prithee, tell mee where's the woodden horse
That may transporte vs to th' Antipodes ?

Pseud. As yet hee is in th' Ionian sea :
I expecte his comming euery day.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !
The kings owne daughter of th' Antipodes !
Ha, ha, he !

Joye soe abounds, I doe not knowe myselfe :
Daughter of th' Antipodes ! at first sighte !

Eutr. Yes, if hee but say the worde.

Pæd. My master doth excell Democritus ;
Hee hath a spleene more petulant by farre. [*Aside.*]

Gelas. Goe, Pædio, to Pyræum ; inquire
If any shippe hath there arriu'd this day
From the Ionian sea. The meane while,
In mirth at home wee will the time beguile. [*Exeunt.*]

THE FOURTHE SCENE.

*Enter OBBA and the Musitians ; OBBA bringing a baskette
of flowers.*

Ob. Yee fiddlers, follow mee ; there take your place :
If that your throates are dry, Ile liquour them.
Ile straw these flowers on the ground : this day
My master must bee married ; if I
Bee not well tipled before euening,
I Obba ne're will drinke καθ'όλον more.

Enter GRUNNIO.

O Joue, what doe I see ? vse ghosts to walke
Before our dores ? whose spirit art thou ? speake ;
I thee adiure by Proserpinaes heade,
By Acheron, by Styx, and Phlegeton,
And by the dismall boate that Charon rowes,
By triple-headed Cerberus, by——

Grun. Lord, Obba,
What meanest thou by this? dost thou not knowe
Leane, macilente^m Grunnio?

Ob. I verily did take thee for some sp'rite :
Thou lookst like an anatomy;ⁿ mee thinks
The winde shoulde whirle thee vp into the ayre.

Grun. That I preuente by wearing leaden soles.

Ob. By Joue, thou art transparent; if I stande
Behinde thy backe, I can see through thy nose.

Grun. Tho[u] see'st what 'tis to liue on browne breade crusts,
To drinke deade vineger, and lodge in straw.

Ob. Ha, ha, he !
I am almoste dissolu'd into laughter :
Art not thou Famines sonne ?

Grun. I rather thinke
Famine to bee my sonne, mee her mother :
These tenne months I haue borne her in my wombe,
And hope to bee deliuered this feaste.

Ob. What doth Philargurus at home ?

Grun. Hee tells^o
How many spyders are about his house,
Leaste any one of vs steale one of them ;
And in a vessell charily doth keepe
The vrine of his hungry family,
And sells it to the diars ; when hee sleepes,
Ties a paire of bellôwes to his winde-pipe.

Ob. Why soe ?

Grun. Least in his sleepe he lose parte of his breathe.

^m *Leane, macilente*] Synonymes. ⁿ *anatomy*] i. e. skeleton.

^o *tells*] i. e. counts — Here the writer had an eye to the *Aulularia* of Plautus,

“ *Ataneas mihi ego illas seruari volo.*”

1. 2 9.

“ *Quin, quom it dormitum, follem obstringit ob gulam.*

A Cui ? STR. *Ne quid animæ forte amittat dormiens.*”

ii. 4. 23

(I follow the excellent text of Bothe.)

Ob. O thrifty man !

Grun. Wilt suffer mee, after the feaste is done,
To licke the greazy platters ?

Ob. Ile fill thy paunche full ; neuer feare thy guttes.^p

Grun. I see my master comming : Obba, where,
Where shall I hide mee ? what, in the buttry ?

Ob. Follow mee.

Grun. O, how my teethe doe water !

ACTUS TERTII SCENA QUINTA.

Enter TIMON, CALLIMELA, PHILARGURUS, GELASIMUS,
HERMOGENES, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, DEMEAS,
LACHES, BLATTE.

Tim. Soe I embrace thee in my armes, who art
My life and light.

Call. O, how such sweete embraces I desire,
Who without thee am neither life nor light !

Gelas. Shee sees not mee as yet ; if once shee did,
I know shee would put finger in the eye.

Call. Thou art my Titan, I thy Cynthia ;
From thy bright beames my beauty is deriu'd.

Gelas. Can the kings daughter of th' Antipodes
Speake soe compleately ?

Pseud. Shee hath a parrot
Can speake more elegantly.

Gelas. That is well.

Tim. My life, why doe wee thus delay the time ?
Ile plight to thee my trothe in Pallas temple :
Art thou well pleas'd with this, my hony ?

Call. What pleases Timon, cannot mee displease.

Phil. Timon, thou hast a wife morigerous ;^q
Shee is the onely comfort of my age.

^p *feare thy guttes*] i. e. fear for thy guts. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, i. 291 u. 209. ed. Dyce.

^q *morigerous*] i. e. compliant, acquiescent.

Lach. Thou li'st, thou thinkest thy gold a sweeter.

[*Aside.*

Dem. Let it bee lawfull for mee (most honorable, not onerable paire) awhile to reteyne and deteyne, ligate and obligate your eares with my words, neither aspersed or inspersed with the flore or rore^r of eloquence. Yee are both like in nature and in nurture, alike in genius and both alike ingenuous: what Timon refuses, Callimela refuses; what Callimela wills, Timon also wills; soe that Callimela may not bee but Timons Callimela, and Timon but Callimelas Timon.

Eutr. Holde thou thy peace, thou prating orator; Hence with thy tropes!—Let's hie to the temple.—Hermogenes, out of thy greazy throate Sing vs some sweete epithalamion.

Lach. Heele croke it like a frogge, I knowe; I feare Least this extrauagant singing fidler Hath quite forgotte his arte. [Aside.]

Herm. I sing among the people! I! what, I! Is not Hermogenes a noble? My page Shall acte my parte: if hee sing not a song Of sweeter harmony than Orpheus, I neuer more will sattin breeches weare.

The Musicians playe, and Hermogenes Page sings.

*A faire mayden creature,
Than hony farre more sweete,
Whom the godds for feature
Might well desire to greeete;
Whose beauty Venus might
Envy, as farre more bright,
Hath felt God Cupids dart,
That prick'd her at the hearte.*

*Loue's victor ; hence the cries
Of young men pierce the skies.*

All. Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen !

*[Page.] Let Hymens ioyfull saffron weede
Assiste them alwaies at their neede.*

All. Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen !

*[Page.] Let Phæbus hide his light,
And day bee turn'd to night,
That the new bride now may
The bridegroomes flames allay ;
Let Cupid straw loue flowres,
Venus augment love houres.*

All. Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen !

*[Page.] Let Hymens ioyfull saffron weede
Assiste them alwaies at their neede.*

All. Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen !

Enter a shippwrackte Sayler.

Sayl. Immortall gods, why mocke yee mortalls thus ?—
Where shall I finde Timon, wretched Timon ?

Tim. Who with such clamors interrupts our ioyes ?
Speake, what soe're it is.

Sayl. I bring thee heauy newes ; thy shippes are
drown'd

In Neptunes waues, not one of them arriu'd.

Lach. The gods forbidde !

Sayl. Neptune, thy foe, hath wrought thee this mis-
happe,

And swallow'd vppe thy gemmes in his vast wombe,
And neuer will restore them backe againe. *[Exit.*

Tim. At lengthe I knowe what misery doth meane.

Phil. Hence, Callimele, hence from that beggers side.

Gelas. Thou would'st not haue mee to thy sonne in
law ;

What, doth it yet repent thee ?

Phil. Giue mee my daughter; why dost thou claspe her?
Shees none of thine.

Tim. Doth Callimele say soe?

Call. I loued Timon riche, not Timon poore;
Thou art not now the man thou wast before.

Phil. This is my wisdom, this shee learn'd of mee.

Tim. Wealth being loste, the loue which was remaines :
Why dost thou soe inconstantly revolte?
Beholde the light of Hymenæus lampes !
Why turnest thou thy face away from mee?
What, am I such an eiesore now to thee?

Phil. Away, away, thou poore three farthing Jacke !
Thou faggende of the people, get thee hence !
Touche not my daughter, thou.

Tim. Callimela !

Blat. Thus goods and loue are shippewrackt both at
once :
Come, I'le receaue thee into fauour, come.

Phil. Base pouertie doth followe luxury :
Get home, and liue by mending of olde shoes ;
Spende not whole daies in drunken Bacchus cuppes ;
Goe home, thou slaue, or here, with hunger pin'd,
Belche out thy soule : I hate a man thats poore ;
Hees worse than any homicide.

Tim. O thou, whoe're thou art, that dost dispose
Of paines in hell, dismissee thou Tantalus !
This fellow is more worthy to endure
Dry schorching thirst, and yet to stande for aye
Vp to the chinne in water.

Herm. Why dost thou not lamente, Eutrapelus?

Eutr. My eies are of pumice stone, I cannot.

Gelas. To morrow, Callimela, I will sayle
To the kings daughter of Antipodes ;
Expect mee not thy sutor any more.

Tim. Doth noe small sparcle of thy loue remaine ?

Phil. Hence, my sweete girle ; vouchsafe him not one worde ;

Hees worse than a crocodile or serpent,

Nay, worse than the diuell himselfe.

Gelas. Why soe ?

Phil. Because hees poore.

[*Exeunt* *PHIL.*, *CALL.*, and *BLAT.*]

Gelas. Ha, ha, he !

How melancholy walkes hee to and fro !——

Thou shalt, if that thou wilt, mende my olde shoes.

Lach. I will not see my master thus abus'd,
I'le rather die.—What dost ? whom speakst thou to ?
Hence, least thou feele my cholericke reuenge !
And quickly to bee gone, I say : thou foole,
Dost thou deride my masters miseries ?

Gelas. Thou knowst not how I hate these souldiers
That looke soe furious. Come, let vs goe ;
I am even sicke to see his face, vah !

Eutr. Weele goe along with thee.

Herm. Thy masters harde misfortune I lamente.

Dem. Commend my loue to bee at his commaunde.

[*Exeunt* *GELAS.*, *PSEUD.*, *EUTR.*, *HERM.*, and *DEM.*]

Lach. The shadowes all are gone ; noe sunne shines here.—

Master, why muse you thus ? what thinke you on ?

Why are your eyes soe fixed on the earth ?

Pull vp your spirits ; all aduersity

By patience is made more tolerable.

Tim. Great father of the gods, what wickednes,
What impious sinne haue I committed ?
What, haue I^s piss'd vppon my fathers vrne ?

^s *What, haue I, &c*] From Horace ;

“ utrum

Minxerit in patris cineres.”

Ars P. 470.

Or haue I poyson'd my forefathers ? what,
What, what haue I deseru'd, an innocent ?

Lach. His countenance bewraies his vexed soule.

[*Aside.*

Tim. O Joue, O Joue,
Haue I thy altar seldome visited ?
Or haue I beene to proud ? or yet deny'd
To succour poore men in necessity ?
Not this, nor that : yee gods haue vow'd my fall ;
Thou, thou hast vow'd it, Joue ; against mee, then,
Discharge whole vollies of thy thunderclapps,
And strike mee thorough with thy thunderbolte,
Or with a sodeine flashe of lighteninge
Destroy mee quicke from thy supernall throne !
I knowe not how to suffer pouertie,
Who haue soe oft relieu'd the poore with golde.

Lach. Leaue of complaints ; grieve augments misery.

Tim. I am besides myselfe, I knowe not how.
Hymen, why, Hymen, are thy lampes extincte ?
Come, light them once againe ; my bride's at hande :
A fonde dreame Timon neuer shall deiecte ;
My Callimele complaines, I stay to long ;
I come, my light, in dreames Ile come to thee !

Lach. Where rushe you heade-long ? master, Callimele
Hath left thee basely and ingratefully,
And hath despised thee, now thou art poore.

Tim. Thou speakst the truthe ; shee's gone, shee's
gone indeede.

O most inconstant sexe of womankinde,
Proude, cruell, stiffenecked, and more monstrous
Than any monster bredde in Affrica !
Is this their faithfull loue ? the vowes they make ?
Yee cursed Furies, thou, thou, Megæra,
Helpe to augmente my fury !

Lach. Comfort yourselfe ; you haue some friends yet lefte.

Tim. I'st possible a poore man should haue friends ?

Lach. Aduersitie cannot parte faithefull friends.

Tim. Hee is deceau'd that lookes for faithe on earthe :
Faithe is in heauen, and scornes mortall men.

I am compelled by necessity

To proue my friends : thus poore and destitute,

I goe to seeke reliefe from other men. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA 1^{ma}.

*Enter TIMON at one dore ; DEMEAS and EUTRAPELUS
at another.*

Tim. Vnhappy Timon doth salute his friends.

Dem. Whom speakes hee to ? what, dost thou knowe
this man ?

Eutr. I doe confesse that I haue seene his face,
But where I cannot tell.

Tim. Afflicted and forsaken on each side,
And lefte to the wide worlde, I yee beseeche
To giue mee house-roome ; only this I aske,
A hole wherein to hide my misery.

Dem. Art thou a stranger or Athenian ?
What country ? whats thy name ?

Tim. Know'st thou not ? ah, Demeas, know'st thou not ?
This face, these hands thou heretofore didst knowe :
Am I soe soone forgotte and wholly chang'd ?
And is there nothing now of Timon lefte ?

Dem. Thou brazen face, I ne're sawe thee before.

Eutr. This fellowe would insinuate, I thinke.

Tim. Where hide yee your heads, yee heau'nly powers ?
They doe despise their needy friend, yet liue
And breathe a guilty soule : O supreme Ioue,
Why doth thy right hande cease to punish sinne ?
Strike one of these with thunder from aboue,

And with thy lightening reuenge my cause !
Strike which thou wilt, thy hande it cannot erre.

Dem. Ha, ha, he ! how tragicall hee is !

Tim. O yee ingratefull, haue I freed yee
From bonds in prison to requite mee thus ?
To trample o're mee in my misery ?
True Scythians broode, cruell, ingratefull,
Yee make mee liue in woe and heauines.
Tell mee, O tell mee, yee perfidious,
Where is your faith vow'd of your owne accorde ?
Where are your vowes soe largely promised ?
What, are they all gone with the winde ?

Dem. Come hitler ; I will giue thee this one groate,
But thou must publish my munificence.

Tim. Thus I returne it backe into thy face :
Ne're bende thy browes ; proude threats I doe not feare.

Eutr. Come, let vs hence ; this man is lunaticke.

Dem. Looke to thy braines, least in the plenilune
Thou waxe more madde. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* DEMEAS and EUTRAPELUS.]

TIMON *solus.*

Tim. Fire, water, sworde confounde yee ! let the crowes
Feede on your peckt out entrailes, and your bones
Wante a sepulchre ! worthy, O, worthy yee,
That thus haue falsifi'd your faith to mee,
To dwell in Phlegeton ! Rushe on me heau'n,
Soe that on them it rushe ! Mount Caucasus
Fall on my shoulders, soe on them it fall !
Paine I respecte not. O holy Justice,
If thou inheritte heau'n, descende at once,
Eu'n all at once vnto a wretches hands !
Make mee an arbiter of ghosts in hell,
That, when they shall with an vnhappy pace
Descende the silent house of Erebus,

They may feele paines that neuer tongue can tell !
 But where am I ? I doe lamente in vaine ;
 Noe earthe as yet relieu'd a wretches paine :
 I am well pleas'd to goe vnto the ghosts.
 Open, thou earthe, and swallowe mee alive !
 Ile headelonge tumble into Styx his lake :
 Wilt thou not open, earthe, at my requeste ?
 Must I suruiue against my will ? then here
 Shall bee my place : who on the earthe lies, hee
 Can fall noe lower than the same, I see.
[Timon lies downe.]

SCENA SECUNDA.

ABYSSUS *at one*, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, PÆDIO, *at another dore.*

Abys. Why stay'd you thus ? the gold is all ready.

Gelas. Right worshippefull Abyssus, bee content :
 I spent this whole day with the notary :
 This paper doth confirme to thee my lands ;
 Here, take it ; I'le goe and finde farre better
 'Mong th'Antipodes.

Pseud. There the earthe brings forth,
 Among the wheate, eares of gold and siluer.

Abys. I wante my spectacles ; reade it, Gelasimus.

Gelas. *Bee it knowen vnto all men by these presents that I Gelasimus of the Golden Hill, gentleman, sonne and heire of Rubicunde^t of the Ilands, lately deceased, haue graunted, bargayned, and solde to Abyssus, citizen of Athenes, in the parish of Ribalde, a thousand acres of lande with the appurtenances, all goods and chattells, moueable and im-moueable, aliue and deade, of kinde and condicion whatsoever, in the possession of any whosoeuer, in any place wheresoeuer ; which bargayne and sale I Gelasimus will warrantize to the aforesaid Abyssus, his heyres and as-*

^t *Rubicunde.*] But at p. 22, the father of Gelasimus is called *Megadorus*

*signes, agaynst all nations for euer, by these presents : in
 witnes hereof I haue hereunto set my hande and seale the
 and in the one thousand sixty
 ninthe Olympiade.*

Abys. Tis well.—An olde birde is not caught with
 chaffe ;

Hee that will cheate mee must arise betimes.— [*Aside.*
 Here, take this gold ; I will possesse thy lands
 And mannor houses.

Tim. What's this ? hee alsoe sell his heritage,
 More worthy farre, O Joue, of pouertie !
 That let him feele, and beare mee companie.

Gelas. Thou, Pseudocheus, shalt the one halfe beare,
 And I the other.

Pseud. Committe the whole to mee ; Ile not impose
 Soe greate a burthen on thee.

[*GELASIMUS giues him the gold.*

Gelas. What, shall wee trauayle through that citty,
 where

The candles walke, and cattles play on the fiddle ?
 How I desire to see such pretty sights !

Abys.^u Farewell, farewell ; happy bee thy voyage !
 Ile goe take possession of my lands.

Gelas. Farewell, most bright Abyssus : the next
 monthe
 Ile sende thee letters from th' Antipodes. [*Exit ABYSSUS.*
Pædio.

Pæd. What, master ?

Gelas. Goe, fetch the taylor to prepare new clothes
 For this my iourney ; thou maist alsoe bidde
 The barbor come, that hee with his razor
 Shaue of th' exorbitant haire of my bearde.

Pseud. You neede noe barbor ; bearded men are there
 More amiable.

^u *Abys.*] MS. " *Pseud.*"

Gelas. Is't soe?—

Buy mee some hony to anoynte my cheekes,
To make my bearde grow to perfection.

Pseud. Peace, peace; here comes Lollios Hecuba.

Enter BLATTE.

Blat. Saue yee, youngmen; may all youthly things
Bee safe and sound! Thou art Gelasimus,
Vnles my eies deceaue my sight.

Gelas. I am:

What wouldst thou haue with mee? I know thee well;
Speake boldely, faire and fearefull Hecuba.—
I feare leaste shee prouoke mee vnto fight
In Callimelas name [*Aside*].—Speake out, I say.

Blat. You well doe knowe the frailtie of our sexe.

Gelas. By Joue, I will not fight 'fore I am vrg'd;
This openly I tell thee.

Blat. Affections soone stirre vp in our breasts.

Gelas. I feare the euenta. [*Aside.*]

Blat. This I doe knowe, who, when I was a girle,
Felt what the vowes of youngmen could prevayle
With flatt'ring tongues: Callimela therefore—

Gelas. And what of Callimele? what will shee doe?

Blat. Shee doth beseeche thee to renewe thy sute,
And with the bellowes of affection
Blowe vp the cynders of thy former loue,
And to forgette all wrongs.

Gelas. Doth shee loue mee?

Blat. I knowe shee dothe, and that not vulgarly.

Gelas. I will consider of it with myselfe.

Tim. O woman, more inconstant than the winde,
The wether, fethers, or Joues thunderbolt!
Thou heretofore didst shew mee a faire face,
And now by turnes dost varry with the time.

Gelas. It is decreed ; I verily doe grieue
That I am called elsewhere by the Fates :
My loue is gone beyonde the seas ; where I
Must bee espoused to a princely maide ;
But, least shee wholly should consume through griefe,
Melte into teares, I'le breathe to her one kisse,
Before I goe a shippeboard.

Blat. Thou truly art a kinde youngman, and dost
What doth befitt thee.

Pseud. What oxe is this that lieth on the ground ?

Tim. What's that to thee ?

Gelas. Rise, arise.

Tim. I will not.

Gelas. Art thou a foole ?

Tim. But art thou wise ?

Gelas. Farewell.

Tim. Bee hang'd !

Gelas. Ha, ha, he ! how concisely the rogue speakes !

Blat. 'Tis Timon ; doe yee not knowe him ?

Gelas. That were a thinge indeede ridiculous,
To knowe a man that's poore.—Sirrah, take heede,
Least that thou catche a coughe : heare you, sirrah ?
The ground's to colde a bed to lie vppon.

Tim. Nothing.

Gelas. Thy hearing, therefore, is not good.

Tim. And yet I am not deafe.

Gelas. What's this ?

Tim. Somethinge.

Gelas. What's this something ?

Tim. Nothing, I say, nothing :
All things are made nothing.

Pseud. Thou bee a sonne in law vnto a kinge,
And yet vouchsafe to talke with such a one !
Hee hath not wherewith to buy a haltar.

Tim. Soe, thou abhominable father of lies,

What mighty spoiles and triumphes thou hast gain'd,
Thus to despise a wretche in misery !

Blat. Why stay you thus, Gelasimus, to sende
By mee the kisse you promis'd Callimele ?
Goe yee into the house.

Gelas. Goe thou before ;
Olde age is reuerent ; wee le follow thee.

Blat. That's kindly done to putte mee in before ;
A kisse and that together will doe well.

Tim. Greate Joue confounde yee !

Pseud. Barke not so, thou dogge.

[*Exeunt* [BLAT., GELAS., PSEUD., and P.ED.]]

Tim. Thou, nature, take from mee this humane shape,
And mee transforme into a dire serpent,
Or griesly lyon, such a one as yet
Nere Lybia or Affrica hath seene,
Or els into a crocodile or bore,—
What not ? or with my basiliscan eies
May I kill all I see, that at the length
These base ingratefull persons may descende
The pitte of hell ! thus would I bee reueng'd.

SCENA 3^a.

Enter HERMOGENES, STILPO, and SPEUSIPPUS, in gownes.

Herm. Most graue philosophers, your company
Doth much delight mee ; truly, I doe loue
Your witty disputations.

Stil. A man may loue two manner of waies, effectiue-ly
or causally.

Herm. I pray thee, giue mee these 2 termes.

Stil. Noe, they are mine as well κατὰ χρῆσιν as κατὰ
κτῆσιν ; a talente shall not buy them.

Herm. There is a question that long hath troubled
mee,—whether there be a man in the moone.

Speus. To wit, a numerically indiuiduall, which may

haue there really and intrinsecally an entitatieue acte and essence, besides a formall existence, or whether that bee Platoes Idea abstracted from the humane species, which they affirme to bee vnder the concaue of the moone.

Stil. The moone may bee taken 4 manner of waies; either specificatiuely, or quidditatiuely, or superficially, or catapodially.

Herm. To morrow, if Joue please, Ile buy these termes.

Stil. The man in the moone is not in the moone superficially, although he bee in the moone (as the Greekes will haue it) catapodially, specificatiuely, and quidditatiuely.

Speus. I proue the contrary to thee thus. Whatsoever is moued to the motion of the moone, is in the moone superficially; but the man in the moone is moued to the motion of the moone; ergo the man in the moone really exists in the moone superficially.

Stil. I answere by distinguishing. The man in the moone is moued to the motion of the moone, according to a formall conceipte, æquiucally and virtually, not entitatieue vniucally and naturally; it is true respectiuely and *vt quo*, but not simply and *vt quod*.

Herm. Stilpo, how wilt thou sell these articles of distinction?

Stil. For 20l.

Herm. For such trifles! how deare are thy wares! wilt take 16?

Stil. Dost thinke philosophy is soe litle worth? I cannot.

Herm. Bee it soe; because these phrases please mee, and their terminations ende all alike, thou shalt haue 20l. Repeate them againe.

Stil. A thinge may bee mooued entitatieuely or formally—

Herm. Entitatieuely or formally! I pray thee, resolute

mee of that scruple,—am I moued entitatiuely or formally ?

Speus. Thou art moued formally, prioristically in the thing considered, not posterioristically in the manner of considering.

Tim. Hermogenes, remembrest thou thy vow ?
Hermogenes ! [TIMON *ariseth from the grounde.*

Herm. What wouldst thou haue ?

Tim. Houserooke :
Suffer mee not to perish with the colde,
Vnder the open ayre.

Herm. Thou art troublesome.—
I hearde from Pseudocheus, a most skillfull chronographer, that the moone was an ilande pendante in the ayre, and that there inhabite many myriades of men.

Stil. Tis true, not circumscriptiuely as the last spheare, nor repletiuely, but definitiuely as an angell ; this hee spake tentatiuely, not dogmatically.

Tim. What, wilt thou not vouchesafe to looke on mee ?

Herm. Bee gone, bee gone ! thou art troublesome, I say.

Tim. Thou thanklesse wretch, dost thou reiect mee thus ?

Thus proudly tramplest on my miseries ?

Herm. If thou art wretched, goe and hange thyselfe ;
An haltar soone will mitigate thy grieve.

Stil. A man may hange himselfe 2 manner of waies ;
either aptitudinally and catachrestically, or perpendicularly and inhæsiuely : choose which of these thou wilt.

Tim. O Titan, seest thou this, and is it seene ?
Eternall darknes ceaze vppon the day !
Yee starres, goe backward ! and a fearefull fire
Burne vp the articke and antarticke pole !
Noe age, noe country yeelds a faithfull friende.
A cursed furie ouerflowes my breast :

I will consume this cittie into dust
And ashes ! where is fire ? Tysiphone,
Bring here thy flames ! I am to mischiefe bente ;
These naked handes wante but some instrumente.

Herm. Stilpo, Speusippus, vent your sentences :
Appease his fury ; it doth rage to much.

Speus. Man's like vnto the sea, that ebbes and flowes,
And all things in this world vnstable are.

Stil. There's nothing on the earth that's permanent :
As cloudes disperse the force of Boreas,
Soe all things into nothing doe returne.

Speus. Aduersity cannot daunte a wise man.

Stil. Art thou opprest with griefe ? be patient.

Speus. A heauy burthen patience makes light.

Stil. Hath fortune left thee naked and forlorne ?
Then clothe thyselfe with vertue.

Speus. Vertue alone beatifies the minde.

Stil. Shee is not blinde.

Speus. Shee cannot bee deceau'd.

Stil. Shee doth despise noe man.

Speus. Shee none forsakes.

Stil. Shee is not angry.

Speus. Doth not change.

Stil. Nor rage.

Speus. With comfort shee relieues the griued soule.

Stil. Shees fairer euery day than other.

Speus. The nearer, shee the fairer doth appeare.

Tim. This grieues mee worse than all my pouerty.—
Hence, hence, yee varletts !

Stil. The chiefest good in vertue doth consiste.

Speus. Whose rage is moderate, that man is wise.

Stil. Hee that is wise is rich.

Speus. Whom fortune quailles
Is poore and base.

Tim. Your counsaile hath deseru'd these thanks.

[TIMON beates them.]

Speus. Oh, oh !

Oh ! dost thou buffet a philosopher ?

Will a free cittie such a deede allowe ?

Stil. O, I am holy ' oh, withdraw thy handes !

Herm. Ile runne away, and take mee to my heeles.

Tim. Not soe, not soe ; Ile recompence thy pride.

[*TIMON beates him ; HERM. runnes away ; TIM. followes him in at one dore, and enters at another.*]

Stil. How doth thy heade, Speusippus ?

Speus. It doth ake,

As well posterioristically

As prioristically. Let vs hence,

Least hee againe assault vs with his fistes.

[*Exeunt SPEUS. and STIL.*]

Tim. What, hath hee thus escaped from my handes ?

Thou goddess Nemesis, reuenge my wronge !

Let him, O, let him wander vp and downe,

A wretche vnknowne, through cities and through townes !

Let him desire to die, and yet not die !

And when hees deade, rewarde him, Rhadamant,

According to his meritts ! hee deserues

The paine of Sysiphus, thirste of Tantalus,

And in thy lake, Cocytus, to remaine.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. My masters voyce doth ecchoe in my eares :

How full of fury is his countenance !

His tongue doth threaten, and his heart doth sighe ;

The greatnes of his spirit will not downe.

Tim. Thee, thee, O sunne, I doe to witnesse call,

These harde misfortunes I haue not deseru'd !

Lach. But sitte vppon some other earthe and pray :

This place is barbarous ; here their proude handes

Scorne to relieve a poore man in his neede.

[*TIMON standes vp.*]

Tim. O thou, reuenge, come wholly to my hands !
I will reuenge.

Lach. That takes not griefe away.

Tim. But it will lessen griefe : something Ile doe ;
Ile not consume this day in idlenesse.
Inuite these rascalls.

Lach. What shall they doe here ?

Tim. I haue prepared them a worthy feaste :
Goe, call them therefore ; tell them there remaines
Of soe much wealth as yet some ouerplus.

[*Exit TIMON at one dore, LACH. at another.*]

SCENA 4^a.

*Enter OBBA with a basket, about to spreade the table, and
GRUNNIO speakes to him out of his hole.*

Grun. Is this the wedding day ? soe Joue mee loue,
These teethe as yet toucht not one crust this day.

Ob. Neither shall they ; hence, thou spidercatcher !^v

[*Hee offers to pull him out.*]

Grun. Obba, why art thou soe extieme angry ?
And why dost thou soe vnmercifully,
Without my dinner, turne mee out of dores ?

Ob. Wee nothing haue to doing with you now :
Thy masters daughter hath cast of Timon.
Come out of thy hole ; thou shalt not lurke here.

[*Hee pulls him out.*]

Grun. O cruell Obba, hast thou noe pittie ?
O, suffer but my nose to smell the meate !
I truly am more hungry than hunger.

Ob. Wert thou hunger itselke in the abstracte,
Thou shouldst not moue mee to compassion.

Grun. Must I, then, Grunnio, bee hungerstaru'd ?
What shall I doe ? what will become of mee ?
Nothing's at home but leane long legg'd spiders.

^v spidercatcher] i. e. monkey.

Ob. Goe, fatte thyselfe with them.

Grun. Farewell, Obba :

Inhumane Obba, if I die this day,
One legge of mutton put into my graue,
I may suppe better in the world belowe. *[Exit.]*

SCEN. 5^a.

TIMON, LACHES, OBBA, PHILARGURUS, GELASIMUS,
PSEUDOCHEUS, DEMEAS, EUTRAPELUS : HERMOGENES,
STILPO, SPEUSIPPUS *come awhile after.*

Tim. Furnish the table, sette on dainty cheare ;
Timon doth bidde his friends their last farewell.

Phil. Thou wisely dost ; it is too late to spare
When all is spent ; whom the gods woulde haue
To liue but poorely, let him bee content.

Tim. What man is hee can wayle the losse of wealthe,
Guarded with such a friendly company ?
Ill thriue my gold, it shall not wring one teare
From these mine eies, nor one sigh from my hearte :
My friends sticke close to mee, they will not starte.

Dem. Is hee madde ? wee knew him not this morning :
Hath hee soe soone forgotte an iniury ?

Now enter HERM., STIL., SPEUS., and drawe backe.

Lach. Putte of fonde feare ; why draw yee backe your
feete ?

Herm. I feare my heade.

Tim. Much hayle, Hermogenes,—
Saue yee, philosophers.

Speus. Saue yee, said hee ?
Such words are better farre than stripes and blowes.

Tim. Yare welcome all : spende yee this day in mirth,
Mixe laughter and conceits with this our feaste,
And lay aside all graue seueritie.

Stil. There lie, philosopher. I put of all formalities,

excentricall and concentricall vniuersalities, before the thinge, in the thinge, and after the thinge, specifications categorematicall and syncategorematicall, hæcceities complete and ἀπλῶς, or incomplete and κατὰ τι.

Gelas. Ha, ha, he ! hee seemes like a dry heringe.

Tim. Expecte noe iunketts, or yet dainty fare :

What cheare poore Timon hath, y'are welcome to.

Phil. I loue a piece of beefe.

Gelas. I hony sopps.

Pseud. Giue mee a phoenix stew'd in ambergreece.

Dem. I loue an artichoke pie sok'd in marrow.

Eutr. Fill platters with wine ; weelee eate it with spoones.

Herm. I pray thee, putte a pheasante on the table.

Stil. I pray thee, let not mustard bee wanting.

Speus. Bee mindefull of fatte bacon ; I doe loue
To line my choppes well with the greeze thereof.

Tim. Weelee wante for nothing ; that shall bee my
care. [Exit.

Gelas. Philosophers say that mustarde is obnoxious to the memory.

Stil. Mustarde by itselfe is obnoxious, to the memory by an accident.

Herm. Heare yee my opinion, who am halfe a philosopher.

Eutr. Partly a fidler, partly a foole.

Gelas. Thou art too bitter ; peace.

Herm. Mustarde originally and proximely is obnoxious, to the memory instrumentally and remotely.

Gelas. O, ex'lent witty, and beyonde compare !
Thou shalt with mee to the Antipodes,
If that thou please : this ingenuity
I loue in any man.

Phil. Art thou resolved on thy iourney ?

Gelas. Yes :

This morning I haue play'd the alchymist,
Conuerting all my lands to pure golde.

Dem. A metalepsis or transumption from one thinge
to another.

Gelas. Pseudocheus,
How many miles thinke you that wee must goe?

Pseud. Two thousande, 44.

Stil. What dost thou meane?
A number numbering, or numbered?

Pseud. My eares attende not to these idle trifles:
Thou art a trifling philosopher; peace:
Perseus, hee had a winged horse.

Dem. The allegory of this fable I perspicuously laid
open in an oration newly penn'd. If you please, I will
relate it.

Pseud. Thou orator, care thou for thy metaphores:
Perseus, whats that to thee? the horses name
Was Pegasus.

Gelas. Yes, I remember't well.
What was his name saidst thou?

Pseud. Pegasus:
What if I know where Pegasus is fedde
With oates and hay?

Gelas. O witte worthy of immortalitie!

Pseud. One word's enough for a wise man:
Thou, mounted vppon Pegasus, shalt fly;
The shippe shall carry mee.

Lach. Let eache man take his place.

Stil. A place is a superficies concaue.

Speus. Or convexe of a body ambient.

Herm. True, if it bee considered entitatiuely, not for-
mally.—

Before I leaue, Ile make these termes threedbare:
Now, as I liue, they cost mee twenty pounds. [*Aside.*]

Eutr. Some one bring water : these philosophers
Washt not their vncleane handes this day.

Stil. A litle inke adhæres in the superficies of my
nayle.

Speus. I writte the state of a quæstion this day,—
whether the heauens bee made of stones.

Stil. It is made of stones stoned, not stoning.

Dem. O Jupiter, hee speakes solœcismes !

Phil. Where is thy master ?

Lach. Heele bee here anon :
In the meane time sitte downe.

Gelas. Philargurus,
Thy hoary haire deserue the highest place.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O happy mee, equall to Joue himselfe !
I going touche the starres. Breake out, O joy,
And smother not thyselfe within my breast !
Soe many friends, soe many friends I see ;
Not one hathe falsifi'de his faith to mee.
What, if I am opprest with pouertie ?
And grieve doth vexee mee ? fortune left mee poore ?
All this is nothing : they releue my wants ;
The one doth promise helpe, another golde,
A thirde a friendly welcome to his house
And entertainment ; eache man actes his parte ;
All promise counsaile and a faithfull heart.

Gelas. Timon, thou art forgettefull of thy feast.

Tim. Why doe yee not fall to ? I am at home :
Ile standing suppe, or walking, if I please.—
Laches, bring here the artichokes with speede.—
Eutrapelus, Demeas, Hermogenes,
I'le drinke this cuppe, a healtie to all your healths !

Lach. Conuerte it into poison, O yee gods !
Let it bee ratsbane to them !

[*Aside.*

Gelas. What, wilt thou haue the legge or els the winge?

Eutr. Carue yee that capon.

Dem. I will cutte him vp,
And make a beaste of him.

Phil. Timon, this healthe to thee.

Tim. Ile pledge you, sir.
These artichokes doe noe mans pallat please.

Dem. I loue them well, by Joue.

Tim. Here, take them, then !

[Stones painted like to them ; and throwes them at them.]

Nay, thou shalt haue them, thou and all of yee !
Yee wicked, base, perfidious rascalls,
Thinke yee my hate's soe soone extinguished ?

[TIMON beates HERM. aboue all the reste.]

Dem. O my heade !

Herm. O my cheekes !

Phil. Is this a feaste ?

Gelas. Truly, a stony one.

Stil. Stones sublunary haue the same matter with the heauenly.

Tim. If I Joues horridde thunderbolte did holde
Within my hande, thus, thus would I darte it !

[Hee hitts HERM.]

Herm. Woe and alas, my braines are dashed out !

Gelas. Alas, alas, twill neuer bee my happe
To trauaile now to the Antipodes !
Ah, that I had my Pegasus but here !
I'de fly away, by Joue.

[Exeunt [all except TIM. and LACH.]]

Tim. Yee are a stony generation,
Or harder, if ought harder may bee founde ;
Monsters of Scythia inhospitall,
Nay, very diuells, hatefull to the gods.

Lach. Master, they are gone.

Tim. The pox goe with them ;
 And whatsoe're the horridde sounding sea
 Or earthe produces, whatsoe're accurs'd
 Lurks in the house of silent Erebus,
 Let it, O, let it all sprawle forth here ! here,
 Cocytus, flowe, and yee blacke foords of Styx !
 Here barke thou, Cerberus ! and here, yee troopes
 Of cursed Furies, shake your fry brands !
 Earth's worse than hell : let hell chaunge place with
 earth,

And Plutoes regiment^w bee next the sunne !

Lach. Will this thy fury neuer bee appeas'd ?

Tim. Neuer, neuer it ; it will burne for euer :
 It pleases mee to hate. Goe, Timon, goe,
 Banishe thyselve from mans society ;
 Farther than hell fly this inhumane city :
 If there bee any exile to bee had,
 There will I hide my heade. [Exit.

Lach. Ile follow thee through sword, through fire, and
 deathe ;
 If thou goe to the ghosts, Ile bee thy page,
 And lacky thee to the pale house of hell :
 Thy misery shall make my faith excell. [Exit.

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA 1^{ma}.

GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, DÆMEAS, EUTRAPELUS,
 PÆDIO.

Gelas. My bootes and spurrs are on, all thinges ready ;
 Only I want my flying Pegasus.

Pseud. But staye awhile, till he hath eate his haye :
 Would'st haue him carrye thee three hundred myles
 Without a bayte ?

Gelas. Pædio, bidd the smyth view Pegasus,
 Yf any nayles be wanting in his shoes,
 Or yf his hoofes neede paring.

^w regiment] i. e. rule, sway.

Eutr. How circumspectly prouident is he !

Pseud. When thou art mounted vp aloft into
The middle region of th' aire, a hill
Hangs on the right hand, on the left a rock ;
Direct thy course iust in the middle waye.

Gelas. Betweene the rock and hill ; I apprehend.

Pseud. There rocky Ætna swells, breathes out his
flames :

Take heede least Pegasus there put his ffoote.

Eutr. The middle region of th'aire is couldest :
If thou art wise, at Ætna warme thy hands.

Pseud. Hould thou thie tounge.—
Ætna being left, fflye to Pindus hill ;
On right and left hand there thou shalt behoul
The Mamaluccian inhabitants.
Them and their citties and their regions
Thou soone shalt ouerpasse, and at the length
The Milky Waye thou shalt espie ; keepe that ;
That way will bringe thee to the Zodiaque.
There thou maist lodge all night, yf that thou please,
That cittie hath twelue inns for travaylours ;
Taurus, or Gemini, Cancer, Leo,
Or Virgo, yf you please, chouse which thou wilt ;
But dost thou heare me, Gelasimus ?
By noe meanes lodge thou in Aquarius.

Gelas. Why soe ?

Pseud. Because that liquour is to weake.

Gelas. What, doe they hang vp signe posts at their
dores ?

Pseud. Yes.

Gelas. That's well : Ile inn at the Virgine.

Pseud. Heere, take this paper ; this will shew the
way,
And all the distances from place to place.

[*He giues him a paper.*]

Eutr. Ha, ha, he !
Dost thou beleieve such foolish fictions,
Soe meerelie comicall ?

Pseud. H'st, peace ! parte of the prey shall come to
thee :
See'st thou not this Gould ?

[*He reades.*

Gelas. From Athens to Ætna sixtie fower myles.
From Ætna to Pyndus eightie one myle and a halfe.
From Pindus to the Mamuluccs 59 myles. From the
Mamuluccs to the Tingitanes 16^{teene} myles and a litle
more. From the Tingitanes vp to the Zodiaque 23.

There I will inne. Well, where must I goe next daye ?

From the Zodiaque downe to the pleasant ffeildes of
Thessalie 57.

There I will pick a posye of sweete fflowes.

From the pleasant feilds of Thessalie to Gurgustidonia
24 and somewhat more. From Gurgustidonia to the Squil-
magians 83. From the Squilmagians to the Pigmies 80
myles and a halfe. From the Pigmies to the Antipodes
90 short myles.

Pseudocheus,

Thou promisedst to write a chronicle
Of all thy travayles : prythee, haue a care
My travayles may be registred therein,
And lett that booke be my rare monument.

Eutr. He is ambitious : how he desires
To haue his folly made immortall !

Dem. If thou wilt, Ile notifie it sufficientlie to the
people. [To GELAS.

Gelas. Will you ? — Pseudocheus, reward the oratour.
—What, canst thou amplifie ?

Dem. Demosthenes could neuer paint a thinge out
better in his collours. Thus I beginne. A journey is
vndertaken ; but of whome ? of a younge man. Of what

manner of man ? not of a begger, but of one that yett is endued with the goodes of ffortune and body.—This is called the circumstance of the person : lett vs now come to the circumstance of the place.—What is th'end of his journey ? not Sparta, not Thebes, not Myteline it selfe; but he travailes to the Antipodes, the remotest region beneath the earth. What is the cause impulsive ? not marchaundize, not rapine, not warr, not——

Gelas. Egregious orator, it is enough :

Howers haue wings, they quickly flye away ;
And 'tis noe wisemans parte to make delays.
Farewell, my ffreinds, for a long tyme farwell.

Eutr. Joue giue thy voyage ffortunate successe !

Dem. Goe that thou mai'st retorne ; retorne that thou mai'st goe ; maist thou not perish by the way thou goest !
farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA 2^{da} ACT. QUINTI.

Enter TIMON and LACHES with 3 spades^x in their hands.

Tim. Begon, I saye : why dost thou follow me ?
Why art thou yett soe instant ?

Lach. Faith commaunds.

Tim. Faith ! what is faith ? where doth shee hide her
head,

Vnder the rise or setting of the sunn ?
Name thou the place.

Lach. Here, in this brest.

Tim. Thou liest.

There is noe faith ; tis but an idle name,
A shaddowe, or nearer vnto nothing,
If any thinge.

Lach. Lett me but followe thee.

^x 3 spades] One being required for Gelasimus · see what follows.

Tim. If thou wilt follow me, then chainge thy shape
Into a Hydra that's in Lerna bred,
Or some strainge monster hatcht in Affrica ;
Bee what thou art not, I will hugg thee then :
This former face I hate, detest, and flye.

Lach. What is the reason thou dost hate me thus ?
Is this the recompence for all my paynes ?

[He discouers himselfe.]

Thou heretofore did'st turne me forth of dores,
When I did giue thee true and good advice :
Doth the same fury now possesse thye mynd ?
What wickednesse doth make me soe abhor'd ?

Tim. Thou art a man, that's wickednesse enough ;
I hate that fault ; I hate all humane kinde,
I hate myselfe, and curse my parents ghosts.

Lach. Doth greife and rage thus ouerflowe their
bancks ?

When will they ebbe ?

Tim. Thou sooner shalt vnite
Water to ffyre, heau'n to hell, darke to light :
My mynd is constant with a burning hate,
And knowes [not] how to chainge. Forsake me, then ;
I thee desire my foe, and not my mate.

Lach. Thinck mee thy foe, soe that thou suffer me
To be thy mate : noe hardnes I'll refuse ;
If thou commaund, my parents I'll despise,
Thou soe commaunding, will them euer hate.

Tim. Thou hast prevayled, be thou then my mate ;
But thou must suffer me to hate thee still :
Touch not our hand ; and exercise thie spade
In the remotest parte of all the ground.
O Joue that darts't thy peircing thunderboults,
Lett a dire comett with his blazing streames
Threaten a deadly plague from heau'n on earth !

Lach. Lett seas of bloudshedd ouerflow the earth !

Tim. Men, woemen, children perish by the sword !

Lach. Lett ffunerall follow funerall, and noe parte
Of this world ruyne want !

Tim. Lett greife teeme greife,
And lett it be a punishment to lyue !

Lach. Lett harvest cease !

Tim. Lett riuers all wax drye,
The hunger pyned parent eate the sonne !

Lach. The sonne the parent !

Tim. All plauges fall on this generacion,
And neuer cease ! Heare me, O, heare me, Joue !

Εμειδ ζῶντος γαῖα μυχθήτω πυρί,

Lett Atlas burthen from his shoulders slide,
And the whole ffabrick of the heauens fall downe !
While Timon lyues, yea, now while Timon prayes,
Returne, earth, into thy former chaos !
Lett neuer sunn shyne to the world againe,
Or Luna with her brothers borrow'd light !
Lett Timon see all theis things come to passe !
Such a reuenge best fitts such wickednesse.

[TIMON *diggs at one end of the stage,*
and LACHES at the other.

SCENA 3^a ACT. QUINTI.

*Enter GELASIMUS booted and spurd, with a watch in one
hand and a riding rodd in th'other.*

Gelas. Hee bad me should expect my Pegasus
In theis same feilds ; I wounder hee's not come.—

^γ *Εμειδ ζῶντος, &c*] “Sed nec populo, aut mœnibus patriæ, [Nero]
pepercit. Dicente quodam in sermone convivii,

Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μυχθήτω πυρί’

‘immo’, inquit, *Ἐμοῦ ζῶντος*. Planeque ita fecit. Nam, quasi
offensus deformitate veterum ædificiorum et angustis flexurisque
vicorum, incendit urbem,” &c. Suetonius,—*Nero*, C. 38. Some
critics have supposed the Greek to be a quotation from a lost drama
of Euripides.

Sirrah, thou digger, did'st thou see this day
A wynged horse here?

Tim. Thee, Joue confound thee,
Who e're thou art! hell swallow thee aliue,
And be tormented there among the sprites!

Gelas. What[s] this? vse rusticks thus to rage and
curse?

I'le aske this other man.—All hayle, good man.

Lach. I will not; I had rather be sick than be the
healthier for thy salutation. I beseech Joue that some
euill end may betyde!

Gelas. Now, as I liue, this thinge is very strainge:
Perchaunce theis men haue stolne away my horse.

Ile aske one question more.—

Leades this way to Pyræum, I pray you?

Tim. This way leade thee to the gallowes!

[*He throwes dust on him.*]

Gelas. O, most base deede, to dusty my new cloathes!
By Joue, by Joue, I'de sue thee at the lawe,
If I went not to the Antipodes.

Enter PÆDIO, with a cappe made with asses eares.

Pæd. Where shall I fynd my master?

Gelas. What's the newes? speake; here I am.

Pæd. Pseudocheus is shippt and gone to sea,
And sent to thee this guift. [*Deluvers him the capp.*]

Gelas. Oh, oh, my gould!

My Pegasus, my gould, my Pegasus!

What shall I doe? which shall I first lament?

[*He puts the capp [on].*]

Tim. What sweete content delighteth thus my eares?
Noe harmony's soe sweete as humane teares.
Water thye cheekes, and lett thyne eyes gush out
Whole seas of teares; weepe, sigh, mourne, and com-
plaine.

What, art thou wretched, and desirest to dye ?
Ile tell thee where are wild beasts, wherc's the sea,
Where's a steepe place vpon a stony rock
Thats scytuated on a mountaine high,
And vnderneath the roaring sea doth swell :
Wilt thou goe thither ? drowne thyselfe from thence ?
Ile be thy guide, and helpe thee at a push,
And when thou fall'st into the lowest hell,
I will reioyce. What say'st thou, wilt thou dye ?

Gelas. I am already dead.

Tim. Thee therefore will I on theis shoulders beare ;
Thy graue is made.

[He offers to bury him in the earth he had digged.]

Gelas. O, suffer me a while
To walke like to a shaddowe on the earth !
Or, yf thou be soe pleasd, Ile digg with thee.

Tim. Put of theis asses eares.

[He giues him a spade.]

Gelas. Theis were the true armes of my graundfather.²

[He puts of his cap.]

Tim. Soe maist thou wander as a laughing stock
Throughout the cittie, and be made a scoffe,
A noted fable to the laughing people !
A fitt reward for this thy foolishnes.

Gelas. Nothing greiues me soe much as that I may not
marry the daughter of the kinge of the Antipodes.

Tim. Follow your asses function, bend downe thy back ;
Thou shalt haue some flynt stones for thy paynes.

Gelas. I am very patient. O, where haue you putt
my owne proper heade ? I would not loose it willingly.

Pæd. Master, I tooke you for an Athenian ; I see now
thou art become an Arcadian. Other busynes calls me
hence ; I pray you, gyue me leaue to leaue you.

² *armes of my graundfather.]* See p. 11.

Gelas. Yf my acquaintance meete thee by the waye,^a
Tell them that Pegasus gaue me a fall. [*Exit PÆDIO.*

Tim. Againe with this my spade Ile wound the earth.
[*He diggs.*

Why do'st not gape, and open thy wide chincks?
Spew out thy vapours, and a blustering noyse
Of winds breake forth thy adoperated dennis?
Whats this? I am amaz'd! what doe I see?

[*He fynds gould.*

Sp[l]endour of gould reflects vpon myne eyes:
Is Cynthia tralucent^b in the daike?
Where shall I turne myne eyes? What, shall I hide
My new found treasure vnderneath the earth,
Or shall I drowne it in the ocean?
Though all the world loue thee, Timon hates thee:
Ile drowne thee in the seas profunditie.

[*He offers to goe drowne it.*

Lach. Stay, master, stay; where runn you headlong
thus?

Tim. To drowne the ruyne of the world and me.

Lach. The gods would haue thee to be fortunate.

Tim. Figge for the gods! I wilbe miserable.

Lach. Wilt thou be wretched of thy owne accord?

Tim. Vnder bright gould lurks wretched miserie;
I speake it by experience.

Lach. Vnder bright gould publique reuenge doth
lurke:

Keepe it, yf you are wise, keepe it, I saye;
Thus maist thou be reueng'd of thy false freinds,
Exterminating them owt of thie dores.

Tim. Thou hast prevayled, Laches.

^a *meete thee by the waye*] MS. "*meete thee by thee by the waye.*"

^b *tralucent*] i. e. translucent (a common form of the word in early writers)

Fair from the cittie is a desart place,
 Where the thick shaddowes of the cypresse trees
 Obscure the daye light, and madge howlett whoopes :
 That as a place Ile chuse for my repose.
 Lett that day be vnfortunate wherein
 I see a man ! thee alsoe will I flye,
 As^c ffearefull of thee.

Lach. I will followe thee.

Tim. Thy loue doth vex me : Timon hates all men,
 Yea, I detest them with a deadlie hate ;
 Neither the gods themselues doe I affect.^d

[*Exeunt TIM. and LACH.*]

Gelas. O, yee good people, what will become of me ?
 My land is sould, and all my gould is fledd,
 And nothing left me but this asses heade.
 O Pseudocheus, worst of trauailers,
 Hast thou thus cheated thy Gelasimus ?
 Is this the wedding thou didst promise me ?
 Is this my Pegasus ? I am vndone ;
 A noble gentleman of the Goulden Hill,
 The only propp and pillar of his howse,
 Gelasimus by name, is quite vndone.
 Graunt me, O Fortune, graunt me one request,
 And tell me whether thou wilt, yea or noe !
 Fyve or six talents poure downe suddenlie
 Into my hands, or hayle them on my heade !
 What sayst thou ? art thou deafe as thou art blinde ?
 Timon pul'd gould out from the earthes close iawes :
 What yf I alsoe digg ? Come hither, spade ;
 Digg out some gould, good spade.

^c *As.*] MS. "Of"

^d *affect*] i. e. love.

SCEN. 4^a. ACT. QUINTI.

Enter HERMOGENES, STILPO, SPEUSIPPUS.

Herm. The ayre is temperate; lets walke awhile in theis ffeilds.

Gelas. What company is this? Ile putt on this my proper head againe least they knowe me. [*Aside.*]

Stil. Aristotle in his Meteorologicke, and the xv^{teene} page as I remember, defendeth *παράδοξ et ἀτροπος*.^e

Herm. Neither canst thou disproue him, ffor the Lord Paradox and the Lord Atropos perchaunce were^f Aristotles freinds. Why walkes Speusippus soe?

Stil. Hee is a peripatetick.

Speus. Ile defend Aristotle to the death, yea, Ile sweare punctually to all hee writes.

Stil. Sweare thy hart out, Ile saye againe and againe that Aristotle was a blockhead; besides his beard, he had not one hayre of learning.

Speus. Stirr not vp my choller.

Stil. I defyne a peripateticke: a peripatetick is a two legd liuing creature, gressible, vnfeathered, of an vnshorne heade, a writhled beard, beetle browed, of a shallowe witt.

Speus. Ile not endure this disgrace.

Stil. What wilt thou doe? wilt thou fight, peripatetick?

Speus. A man may fight 2. manner of wayes, either *eminus* with his tounge, or *cominus* with his hands: Ile fight with the[e] *eminus* with my tounge. A peripatetick is not rightly defined; goe!

Herm. O Joue immortal, what spectacle see I!

GELAS. *sings.*

Come, come, O come, Melpomene!

Singe dolefull elegies with me;

Bewayle my heavy destinie,

Most detestable!

^e *παράδοξ et ἀτροπος*] So in MS And see the next speech.

^f *verie*] MS. "where."

*With incke thats blacke on paper white,
Both morning, noone, and eke at night,
My fate, my life, my death endite,*

Most lamentable !

*Lett stoare of teares bedew thy face,
Breake sighings from thy heart apace ;
Gelasimus is in a case*

Most miserable !

Herm. A prodigie, a prodigie ! an asse sings.

Stil. The worke of nature is either ordinary, or extraordinary ; this is an extraordinary asse.

Herm. Soe the gods loue [me], what fayre ears hath he !

Speus. As well according to the longitude as latitude.

Herm. Heare, thou asse ; who hyred thee to digg this ground ?

Gelas. My master.

Herm. Who'es thy master ?

Gelas. Hee that hyred me.

Herm. Art not thou an asse ?

Gelas. Do'st thinck me such an asse as to confesse my selfe an asse ?

Herm. By Joue, who could haue made a wyser answear ?

Stil. Except me and Plato, and ^s noe man could.

Speus. Hee's an asse materially, not formally.

Stil. Or partiallie, not totallie.

Speus. I'le resolute it in one word ; hee's an asse logically and capitally, not phisikallie and animallie.

Gelas. Philosophers, I will decide this controuersy. Yee say that I am an asse.

Stil. Wee say not soe absolutely, but according to some transcendentall respect.

^s and] Seems to have been inserted by mistake.

Speus. Haue yee the state of the question in brevitie thus. Wee say thou art an asse transcendentallie, not prædicamentally, that is (to expresse my selfe), reason not reasoning, but reasoned.

Gelas. Well, wincke awhile, and yee shall see a wondrousfull metamorphosis.

[*w. ^h and he put . . capp on [STILPO's] head.*

Herm. This philosopher is chainged into an asse.

Stil. A chainge is made either essentially or accidentallie; I am made an asse accidentallie.

Herm. Art not thou in the ayre, Gelasimus? Where's Pegasus, wherevpon thou mounted, Booted and spur'd, fled'st to the Antipodes?

Gelas. The skittish iade threw me from out the clouds Downe headlong on the earth.

Herm. O cruell fate!

Gelas. Soe it did please my euill spiritt: but Buy, yf thou please, my bootes and gilded spurs; Ile henceforth goe a foote.

Herm. What company comes hitherwards?

[TIMON, PHIL., CALL., BLAT., EUTR., DEM.,ⁱ
and LACH. passing over the stage.

Gelas. Timon hath found a mightie heape of gould: See, see how many clyents follow him!

Herm. Come, lett vs alsoe in among the rest; Perchaunce wee shall obteyne our former grace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VLT. ACT. VLT.

Enter TIMON, PHILARGURUS, CALLIMELA, BLATTE, GELASIMUS, HERMOGENES, EUTRAPELUS, LACHES, STILPO, and SPEUSIPPUS.

Tim. What company is this that followes mee? What would yee haue?

^h *w, § c*] Here a portion of the MS is cut off.

ⁱ *Dem*] This name ought to be omitted: see p. 91.

Lach. They follow thee as crowes doe carrion.

Call. My Timon, why turn'st thou away thye face ?
I loue thee better then myne eyes or soule :
Do'st thou dispise my loue ?

Tim. Thou can'st not wynn me with thy flattering
tounge :
Peace, peace, thou queane ! I sooner will receaue
Megæra to my bedd, a hissing snake
Into my bosome.

Phil. Timon, good Timon, be not soe perverse ;
Drowne all things that are past in Lethes ffloud :
I willinglie gyue thee my Calimele
To be thye wyfe.

Tim. Giue her to Cerberus,
Or to the Furies, to be tost in hell.

Blat. Timon, behould that face, how fayre it is ;
A dainty girle, neate and compleate throughout ;
Now, verylie, thou hast a stony hart,
If that face moue thee not : hould ; embrace her,
Fasten sweete kisses on her cherry lipps.
What, yf shee cast thee of ? the falling out
Of louers doth renewe and strenghten loue :
Soe, when I was a girle, I did reiect
Those woers whome I lou'd most heartely.

Tim. Why vrge yee me ? my hart doth boyle with
hate,
And will not stoope to any of your lures :
A burnt childe dreads the ffyre.

Call. My hony, at the last be reconcild ;
Bee not soe angry : sweete loue, be merry.

Blat. Hee hath a face like one's that is at cack,
Hee lookes soe sowerlie.

Tim. Is it this gould that doth allure your eyes ?

Phil. Now, as I liue, 'tis very glorious ;
How like to fyre it shynes !

Herm. It b[^l]yndes my eyes.

Tim. Art thou in loue with this gould, Callimele ?
Thou, then, shalt marry it, kisse it sweetelie ;
And it shall lye with thee in bedd.

Call. Ile not refuse what Timon doth commaund :
It shall lodge with me, yf you please.

Lach. If gould
Gett children of thee, who shall father them ?

Phil. Ile take a course for that ; it shalbe gelt.

Lach. Yes, geld it, yf thou doe fynd it in thy daughters
bedd.—

Master, good master, part not with that gould.

Phil. Timon, wilt thou dine at my house this day ?

Lach. Hee baites his hooke to gaine some of thy
golde ;

I know this fellowes crafty pollicy.

Tim. Philargurus, doth this golde please your eies ?

Phil. O my delight, my humor radicall,
My healthe, thou art farre brighter than the sunne !
My youth returnes, my bearde doth budde afreshe,
When I beholde thee, my felicity :
Let mee embrace thee and kisse the[e] awhile.

Lach. Tis vertue to abstaine from pleasing things :
Abstaine, good olde man ; doe your fingers itche ?

Tim. Thou yesterday thy daughter didst commaunde
To parte from mee, and to forsake my side ;
I was a begger worse than any dogge.

Herm. Worse than a snake, than the diuell himselfe :
O base and most abhominable olde man,
Durst hee abuse braue generous Timon ?

Phil. I was a dotarde, and a lier too,
When I soe saide : thou art another Joue.

Eutr. Away, thou mony-monging cormorant !
Thou art not worthy to see Timons face.

Herm. No, nor to wipe his shoes ; away, stinkarde !

Blat. Thou wicked knaue, Ile scratche out both thine eies,

If thou provoke my master with such words.

Tim. Yee crowes, yee vultures, yee doe gape in vaine :
I will make duckes and drakes with this my golde ;
Ile scatter it and sowe it in the streetes,
Before your fingers touch a piece thereof.

Herm. O sweetest Timon, let mee kisse thy feete !
So loue mee Joue, I'me gladde to see thee well :
I am your seruante ; what is't you commaunde ?
Impose that burthen that doth trouble thee
Vppon my shoulders.

Lach. O most noble fidler,
A fidle is a fitter fardle for thy backe !

Eutr. Tauernes want takings, and vintners doe breake,
Now thou absentst thyselfe : forsake the woods,
Frequent the citie ; weele be iouiall,
Play the good fellows.

Tim. O faithfull friends, in all my miseries
What whilewinde tooke yee all away from mee ?

Herm. Ile followe thee through fire to finde thee out,
To doe my Timon good.

Tim. I know thy faith,
Thy hollow heart how full of holes it is.

Eutr. Thou alsoe well dost knowe my faithfullnesse :
I hate these double hollow hearted men,
Whose tongues and hearts consent not both in one.

Lach. Another Pylades !

Gelas. Timon, beholde mee alsoe ; I am one
Of your retinue.

Enter DEMEAS.

Dem. Giue mee free passage ; yee knowen and vn-
knownen persons, gette yee out of my way, least, as I goe,

I offende any with my heade, my elbowe, or my breaste.

Lach. Vnlesse thy hornes offende, I nothing feare.

Dem. Wher's Athens piller? wher's my glory? wher's Timon? Thou hast blest myne eyes, now I see thee. Joue saue thee, who art the defence of Greece, and the whole worlds delight! the court and countrey both salute thee.

Lach. Thye eyes are purblynd; dost thou know this man?

Dem. Dost thinck me of soe weake a memory?—Heare, my humane Jup[iter], the decree that I haue written concerning thee before the Areopig[ites].

[*He takes¹ a pa[per] out of his [pocket, and reads]*]

Whereas Timon, the sonne of Echeratides the Colluten-sian, a champion and a wrestler, was in one day victor of both in the Olympick games—

Tim. But I as yett neere saw th' Olympick games.

Dem. What of that? that makes noe matter; thou shalt see them hereafter.

Tim. I neere as yett bore armes out of Athens.

Dem. But thou shalt in the next warr,—*ffor theis causes it seemes good to the court and the commonwealth, to the magistrates seuerallie, to the plebeians singulerlie, to all vniuersallie, to place Timon in Pallas Temple, houlding a goulden thunderbolt in his hand.* Demeas spake this suffragie because he was Timons disciple, for Timon is alsoe easily the prince^k of rhetoric; in my orations I vse to vse his metaphores.

Herm. Peace, oratour; wee alsoe ought to speake.

Dem. Would I had brought my litle sonne with me, whome I haue called Timon after thy name.

Tim. How canst thou? for thy wyfe had neuer a child.

¹ *He takes, &c.*] Here a portion of the MS is cut off.

^k *easily the prince*] A Latinism,—*facile princeps*.

Dem. But shee shall haue, and that that shalbe borne shalbe a man child, and that man child shalbe named Timon.

Tim. Well hast thou said. Dissembling hypocrites, Thinke yee that I will bee deceaued thus?

Call. My Timon, my husband!

Phil. My sonne in lawe!

Herm. My Mæcenas!

Eutr. My protector!

Dem. My sublunary Jupiter!

Lach. Thou asse, why braist thou not among the reste?

Gelas. Seest thou me not a woing of this maide Of 80 yeares?—What say you, my Blatte? Art thou inflam'd with thy Gelasimus? If thou wilt haue mee, Ile not seeke a wife Mong the Antipodes: what saies my chicke, My loue?—Sweete Timon, giue thy asse some golde, To buy some toy for this olde pretty maide.

Stil. Plato in his Acrostikes saith, it is better to giue than receaue.

Speus. Neither doth Aristotle dissent from Plato in his first of the Metaphysicks, the last text saue one.

Stil. Euery agent doth resuffer in his action. Wilt thou giue? so thou shalt receaue: wilt thou receaue? then giue. This therefore is the state of the quæstion: Timon is the terminus from whom; I the philosopher the terminus to whom; Timons hande is the medium, which mediating first from himselfe generating, then by remouing the impediment, gold is moued with a motion vniuniformly from Timon to mee in an instant.

Tim. Why vexee yee mee, yee Furies? I protest, And all the gods to witnesse inuocate, I doe abhorre the titles of a friende,

Of father, or companion. I curse
 The ayre yee breathe ; I lothe to breathe that aire ;
 I griue that these mine eyes should see that sunne,
 My feete treade on that earthe yee treade vpon.
 I first will meete Joue thundring in the clouds,
 Or in the wide deuouring Scylla's gulfe
 Or in Charybdis I will drowne myselfe,
 Before Ile shew humanity to man.

[*He beates them with his spade.*]

Lach. Master, wilt thou that I driue them away ?
 See how well arm'd I am !

Tim. Driue them to hell,
 That Timons eies may neuer see them more.

Phil. O Timon,¹ * * * * *

To bee thus handled ?
Herm Why dost thou * * *

Dem. Oh, wilt thou driue away thy orator ?
 Haue I not a decree concerning thee ?

Lach. I am your driuer : hoi, gee ! hence, away !—
 What, stand yee idle, my foolcosophers ?—
 Thou fidler, play the hunts vp^m on thy fidle ;
 Dost thou not see how they beginne to daunce ?

Gelas. Sweete Timon,
 Breake thou my heade with one small piece of gold.

[*Laches strikes him.*]

Oh, oh !

Lach. Get yee before mee, then ;—bee gone, I say :
 Thus I willⁿ follow [yee to] Athenes [aye].

[*Exeunt omnes [except TIMON].*]

¹ O Timon, &c] Here a portion of the MS. is cut off.

^m the hunts vp] Properly,—a tune to rouse and call together the sportsmen in a morning.

ⁿ Thus I will, &c.] The transcriber has carelessly omitted some words in this line.

TIMON. *Epilogue.*

I now am left alone ; this rascall route
Hath left my side. What's this ? I feele throughout
A sodeine change ; my fury doth abate,
My hearte growes milde, and laies aside its hate.
Ile not affecte newe titles in my minde,
Or yet bee call'd the hater of mankinde :
Timon doffs Timon, and with bended knee
Thus craues a fauour,—if our comedie
And merry scene deserue a plaudite,
Let louing hands, loude sounding in the ayre,
Cause Timon to the citty to repaire.

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A PLAY;

NOW FIRST PRINTED

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P R E F A C E.

The only extant MS. of the following play,—*Harleian* 7368,—is written in several hands,¹ a portion of it appearing to have belonged to a playhouse transcript: in some places it is slightly mutilated; and in others it presents so much confusion from the scenes having been re-modelled and the leaves misplaced, that considerable difficulty has been experienced in preparing a copy for the press.

Concerning the author of this tragedy nothing is known. It would seem to have been composed towards the close of the sixteenth century (about 1590, or perhaps a little earlier); but there are some grounds for supposing that a few additions were made to it at a later period.

A. D.

¹ Hence in the present edition the inconsistency in the use of *u* and *v*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EARLIER SCENES
OF THE PLAY.

I.

From Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. lxx. (b), ed. 1548.

[The VIII. yere of Kyng Henry the VIII.]

In this ceason, the Genowayes, Frenchemen and other straungiers sayde and boasted themselves to be in suche fauour with the kyng and hys counsayll, that they set naughte by the rulers of the citie ; and the multitude of straungers was so great aboute London, that the poore Englishe artificers coulede skace get any lyuynge ; and, moost of all, the straungers were so proude, that they disdayned, mocked and oppressed the Englishemen, whiche was the beginnyng of the grudge. For, amonge all other thynges, there was a carpenter in London called Willyamson, whiche bought two stockdones in Chepe, and as he was aboute to paye for them, a Frencheman tooke them oute of hys hande, and sayde they were not meate for a carpenter. "Well," sayde the Englishman, "I haue bought them and now payd for them, and therefore I will haue them." "Naye," sayde the Frencheman, "I will haue theim for my lorde the ambassador ;" and so, for better or worse, the Frencheman called the Englisheman knaue, and went awaye with the stockdones. The straungiers came to the Frenche ambassadour, and surmysed a complaynt agaynste the poore carpenter : and the ambassadour came to my lorde Mayre, and sayde so muche, that the carpenter was sent to pryson ; and yet not contented with this, so complayned to the kynges counsail, that the kynges commaundement was layde on hym. And when Syr Ihon Baker knyght and other worshipfull persones sued too the ambassadour for hym, he aunswered, by the body of God, that the English knaue shoulde lose his lyfe ; for, he sayde, no Englishe Frenchemen.

man shoulde deny that the Frenchemen required. And other aunswer had they none.

Also a Frencheman that had slayne a man should abiure the realme, and had a crosse in his hande; and then sodeinly came a great sorte of Frenchmen aboute him, and one of them sayde to the constable that led hym, "Syr, is this crosse the price to kyll an Englishman?" The constable was somewhat astonyed, and aunswered not. Then sayde another Frencheman, "On that pryce we woulde be banyshe all, by the masse:" thys saiying was noted to be spoken spitefully. Howebeit, the Frenchemen were not alonely oppressors of the Englishemen; for a Lombarde, called Fraunces de Bard, entised a mannes wyfe in Lombarde Strete to come to his chambre with her husbandes plate; whiche thyng she dyd. After, when her husbände knewe it, he demaunded hys wyfe; but aunswer was made he shoulde not haue her: then he demaunded his plate, and in lyke maner aunswer was made that he shoulde neither haue plate nor wyfe. And when he had sewed an accion agaynste the straunger in the Guyld Hall, the straunger so faced the Englisheman, that he faynted in hys sute. And then the Lombarde arrested the poore man for his wyfes boorde while he kept her from her husband in his chamber. This moocke was much noted; and, for these and many other oppressions done by them, there encreased suche a malice in the Englishemennes hartes, that at the laste it brast oute. For, amongst other that sore grudged at these matters, there was a broker in London, called Ihon Lincoln, whiche wrote a bill before Easter, desyring Doctor Standyche at hys sermon at Sainet Marye Spyttell, the Mondaye in Easter weke, too moue the Mayre and aldermen to take parte with the comminaltie agaynst the straungiers. The doctor aunswered, that it became not hym too moue anye suche thyng in a sermon. From hym he departed, and came to a chanon in Saynete Mary Spittell, a doctor in deuinitie, called doctor Beke, and lamentably declared to hym, howe miserably the common artificers lyued,

and skase coude get any wooke to fynde them. their wyfes and chyldren, for there were such a number of artificers straungers that tooke awaye all the lyunge in maner; and also howe the Englishe merchauntes coude haue no utteraunce, for the merchaunt straungers brynge in all sylkes. clothe of golde, wyne, oyle, iron, and suche other merchaundise. that no man almoost byeth of an Englisheman; and also outwarde they carye so muche Englishe wolle. tynne, and leade. that Englishmen that auenture outwarde can haue no lyuyng: “ whiche thynges,” sayd Lyncoln, “ hathe bene shewed to the counsayll, and cannot be heard; and farther,” sayde he, “ the straungiers compasse the cytye rounde aboute in Southwarke. in Westmynster, Temple Barre, Holborne, Sayncte Martynes, Sayncte Ihons Strete, Algate, Towre Hyll, and Sayncte Katherynes, and forstall the market, so that no good thyng for them commeth to the market; whiche is the cause that Englishmen want and sterue, and thei lyue haboundantly in great pleasoure; wherefore,” sayde Lyncolne, “ Master doctor, syth you were borne in London. and se the oppression of the straungers and the great misery of your awne natyue countray, exhorte all the cytiezens to ioyne in one agaynst these straungers, raueners and destroyers of your countrey.” Master doctor, hearynge thys, sayde he muche lamented the case if it were as Lyncoln hadde declared. “ Yes,” sayde Lyncolne. “ that it is, and muche more, for the Dutchemen bryng ouer iron, tymber, lether, and weynskot, ready wrought, as nayles, lockes, baskettes, cupbordes, stooles, tables, chestes, gyrdels, with poyntes, sadelles, and painted clothes, so that, if it were wrought here, Englishmen might haue some worke and lyuyng by it; and, besyde this, they growe into such a multitude. that it is to be looked upon, for I sawe on a Soudaye this Lent vi. c. straungiers shotyng at the popyngaye with crosbowes, and they kepe such assemblyes and fraternities together, and make such a gathering to their common boxe, that euery botcher will holde plee with the cytye of London.” “ Wel,” sayd the doc-

tor, "I will do for a reformation of this matter asmuche as a priest may do ;" and so receaued Lincolnes byl, and studyed for his purpose. Then Lyncoln, very ioyous of hys enterprice, went from man to man, sayng that shortly they shoulde heare newes, and daily excited younge people and artificers to beare malice to the straungiers.

When Ester came, and Doctor Bele should preache the Twesdaye in Ester weke, he came into the pulpit, and there declared that to him was brought a pitiful bill, and red it in thys wyse ; *To al you the worshipful lordes and masters of this citie, that wil take compassion ouer the poore people your neyghbours, and also of the great importable hurtes, losses, and hynderaunces, whereof procedeth the extreme pouertie too all the kynges subiectes that inhabite within this citie and suburbes of the same ; for so it is that the alyens and straungiers eate the bread from the poore fatherles chyl dren, and take the liuyng from all the artificers, and the entercourse from all merchauntes, wherby pouertie is so muche encreased, that euery man bewaileth the misery of other ; for craftesmen be brought to beggery, and merchauntes to nedynes : wherefore, the premisses considred, the redresse must be of the commons, kny t and vnyte to one parte, and as the hurt and dammage greueth all men, so muste all men set to their willyng power for remedy, and not to suffre the sayd alyens so highly in their wealth, and the naturall borne men of [t]his region too come to confusion.* Of this letter was more ; but the doctor red no farther ; and then he began, *Cælum cæli Domino, terram autem dedit filijs hominum* ; and upon thys text he intreated, that this lande was geuen too Englishemen, and as byrdes woulde defende their nest, so oughte Englishemen to cheryshe and defende themselves, and to hurte and greue aliens for the common weale. And vpon this text, *pugna pro patria*, he brought in howe by Goddes lawe it was lawfull to fight for their countrey, and euer he subtellye moued the people to rebell agaynst the straungiers, and breake the kynges peace, nothyng regardynge the league betwene prynces and the kynges honoure.

Of this sermon many a light person tooke courage, and openly spake against straungiers. And, as the deuell woulde. the Sundaye after, at Grenewiche, in the kynges gallery was Fraunces de Bard, whiche, as you harde, kept an Englishemens wyfe and his goodes, and yet he coulde haue no remedy; and with him were Domyngo, Anthony Caueler, and many mo straungiers; and ther they, talkynge with Syr Thomas Palmer knyght, iested and laughed howe that Fraunces kepte the Englishemens wyfe, saynge, that if they had the Mayres wife of London, they woulde kepe her. Syr Thomas sayd, "Sirs, you haue to muche fauour in Englande." There were diuerse Englishe merchautes by, and harde them laugh, and were not content, insomuche as one William Bolt, a mercer, sayd. "Wel, you whoreson Lombardes, you reioyse and laugh; by the masse, we will one daye haue a daye at you, come when it will;" and that saynge the other merchautes affirmed. This tale was reported aboute London, and the younge and euell disposed people sayde, they woulde be reuenged on the merchaunt straungiers, as well as on the artificers straungiers. On Monday the morow after, the kyng remoued to hys maner of Rychemonde.

The ix. yere.

Vpon this rumour, the xxviii. daye of Aprill, diuerse younge men of the citie assaulted the alyens as they passed by the stretes; and some were stricken and some buffeted, and some throwen in the canel. Wherefore the Mayre sent diuerse persons to ward, as Stephyn Studley skynner, and Bettes, and Stephenson, and diuerse other, some to one counter, and some to another, and some to Newgate. Then sodeynly was a comen secret rumour, and no man could tell how it began, that on May daye next, the citie would rebell, and slaye all aliens, insomuche as diuerse straungers fled oute of the citie. This brute ranne so farre that it came to the kynges counsayl, inso-much as the Cardinall, beyng Lord Chancelour, sent for Ihon Rest, Mayre of the citie, and other of the counsail of the citie,

and demaunded of the Mayre in what case the citie stode. To whome he aunswered, that it was wel, and in good quyet. "Nay," sayd the Cardinal, "it is informed vs that your young and ryotous people will ryse, and distresse the straungiers : heare ye of no such thing?" "No, surely," sayd the Mayre, "and I trust so to gouerne them, that the kynges peace shal be obserued ; and that I dare undertake, if I and my brethren the aldermen may be suffered." "Wel," sayd the Cardinal, "go home, and wisely forsee this matter ; for, and if any suche thing be, you may shortly preuent it." The Mayre came from the Cardinals at iiii. of the clocke at afternone on May euen, and demaunded of the officers what they harde. Diuerse of them aunswered, that the voyce of the people was so, and had ben so ii. or iii. dayes before. This heryng, the Mayre sent for al his brethren to the Gylde Hall in great hast, and almost vii. of the clocke or the assemble was set. Then was declared to them by Master Brooke, the recorder, how that the kynges counsail had reported to them that the comminaltie that night would ryse, and distresse all the aliens and straungers that inhabited in the citie of London. The aldermen aunswered, they harde say so ; but they mistrusted not the matter ; but yet they sayd that it was wel done to forsee it. Then sayd the recorder, it were best that a substancial watche were set of honest persons, housholders, whiche might withstand the euell doers. An alderman sayde, that it was euell to rayse men in harneys ; for, if suche a thinge were entended, they coulde not tell who woulde take their parte. Another alderman sayd, that it were best to kepe the younge men asonder, and euery man to shut in hys doores, and to kepe hys seruantes within. Then with these opinions was the recorder sent to the Cardinal before viii. of the clocke And then he, with suche as were of the kynges counsail at hys place, commaunded that in no wyse watche shoulde be kept, but that euery man shoulde repayre to hys awne house, and there to kepe hym and hys seruantes tyl vii. of the clocke of the mornynge : with whiche commaunde-

ment the sayde Rycharde Brooke, sergeaunt at the lawe and recorder, and Syr Thomas Moore, late vndershrife of London, and then of the kynges counsaill, came to the Guyld Hall halfe houre and before ix. of the clocke [*sic*], and there shewed the commaundement of the kynges counsayl. Then in all hast euery alderman sent to his warde, that no man shoulde styrre after Euell Ma. ix. of the clocke out of his house, but to kepe hys doores shut day and hys seruantes within tyll vii. of the clocke in the mornyng. After this commaundement, Syr Ihon Mondy, alderman, came from hys warde, and founde two young men in Chepe plaiynge at buckelers, and a great company of young men lokynge on them, for the commaundement was then skace knowen, for then it was but ix. of the clocke. Master Mondy, seying that, bade them leaue; and the one younge man asked hym why; and then he sayd, "Thou shalt know," and toke hym by the arme to haue had him to the counter. Then all the young men resisted the alderman, and toke him from Master Mondy, and cryed "Prentyses and clubbes!" Then out at euery doore came clubbes and weapons, and the alderman fled, and was in great daungier. Then more people arose out of euery quarter, and oute came seruynghemen and water men and courtiers; and by a xi. of the clocke there were in Chepe vi. or vii. hundreth. And oute of Paules Churcheyarde came iii. hundreth, which wist not of the other; and so out of all places they gathered, and brake up the counters, and tooke out the prisoners that the Mayre had thether committed for hurtyng of the straungers, and came to Newgate, and tooke out Studley and Petyt committed thether for that cause. The Mayre and shrifes were there present, and made proclamacion in the kynges name; but nothyng was obeyed. Thus they ranne a plump thorow Sainct Nycholas Shambles; and at Saynct Martyns Gate there met with them Syr Thomas Moore and other, desyrynge theym to go to their lodgynges; and as they were intreatyng and had almost brought them to a staye, the people of Saynct Martynes threwe oute stones and battes.

and hurte dyuerse honest persones that were persuadynge the ryotous people to ceasse, and they bade them holde their handes ; but still they threwe oute bryckes and hoate water. Then a sergeaunt of armes, called Nycholas Dounes, whiche was there with Master Moore entreatynge them, beyng sore hurt, in a fury cryed “ Doune with them ! ” Then all the misruled persons ranne to the dores and wyndowes of Saynct Martyn, and spoyled all that they founde, and caste it into the strete, and lefte fewe houses vnspoyled. And, after that, they ranne hedlynge into Cornehill by Leaden Hal to the house of one Mutuas, a Frenchman or Pycarde borne, whiche was a greate bearer of Frenchemen, were they pyckpurses or howe euell disposicion soeuer they were of ; and within hys gate, called Grenegate, dwelled dyuerse Frenchmen that kalendred worsted contrary to the kynges lawes, and all they were so borne out by the same Mutuas that no man durst medle with them ; wherfore he was sore hated, and, if the people had found him in their fury, they would haue striken of his head. But, when they found hym not, the watermen, and certayn young priestes that were there, fell to riflynge : some ranne to Blanchechapelon, and brake the straungers houses, and threwe shooes and bootes into the strete. This from x. or xi. of the clocke continued these ryotous people, duryng whiche tyme a knight, called Syr Thomas Parr, in great hast went to the Cardinall, and tolde him of thys ryot : which incontinent strengthened his house with men and ordinaunce. And after, this knight roade to the kyng at Richemond, and made the report much more then it was. Wherfore the kyng hastely sent to London, and was truly aduertised of the matter, and how that the ryot was ceassed, and many of the doers apprehended. But while this ruffling continued, Syr Richard Cholmeley, knyght, Lieutenaunt of the Towre, no great frende to the citie, in a frantyke fury losed certayn peces of ordinaunce, and shot into the citie ; whiche did litle harme, howbeit his good wil apered. About iii. of the clocke, these ryotous persons seuered, and went to

their places of resorte, and by the waye they were taken by the Mayre and the heddes of the citie, and some sent to the Towre, and some to Newgate, and some to the counters, to the number of iii. c. : some fled, and specially the watermen and priestes and seruyngmen ; but the poore prentises were taken. About fyue of the clocke, the Erles of Shrewesbury and Surrey, whiche had harde of this ryot, came to London with suchie strength as they had ; so dyd the Innes of Court, and diuerse noblemen . but, or they came, all the ryot was ceased, and many taken as you haue heard.

Then were the prisoners examined, and the sermon of Docter Bele called to remembraunce, and he taken, and sent to the Towre, and so was Iohn Lyncoln : but with this ryot the Cardinall was sore displeased. Then the iiii. day of May was an oyer and determiner at London before the Mayre, the Duke of Norffolke, the Erle of Surrey, and other. The citie thought that the duke bare them grudge for a lewde priest of his which the yere before was slayn in Chepe, in so much the duke then in his fury sayd, “ I pray God, I may once haue the citezens in my daungier ! ” and the duke also thought that they bare him no good wil ; wherfore he came into the citie with xiii. c. men in harneys, to kepe the oyer and determiner. And upon examinacion it could neuer be proued of any metyng, gathering, talking, or conuenticle, at any daye or tyme before that day, but that the chaunce so happened without any matter prepensed of any creature sauing Lyncoln, and neuer an honest person in maner was taken but onely he. Then proclamacions were made, that no women shoulde come together to bable and talke, but all men should kepe their wyues in their houses. All the stretes that were notable stode ful of harnesssed men, which spake many opprobrious wordes to the citezens, which greued them sore ; and, if they woulde haue bene reuenged, the other had had the worsse, for the citezens were ii. c. to one : but, lyke true subiectes, they suffred patiently.

When the lordes were set, the prisoners were brought in thorough the stretes tyed in ropes, some men, some laddes, some

chyl dren of xiii. yere. There was a great mourning of fathers and frendes for their chyl dren and kynsfolke . among the prisoners, many were not of the cite ; some were priestes, and some husbandmen and laborers the whole some of the prisoners were ii. c. lxxviii. persons. The cause of the treason was, because the kyng had amitie with all Christen prynces that they had broken the truce and league, contrary to the statute of Kyng Henry the V. Of this treason diuerse were endited ; and so for that tyme the lordes departed. And, the next day, the duke came agayn, and the Erle of Surrey with ii. M. armed men which kept the stretes. When the Mayre the duke, and the Erle[s] of Shrewsbury and Surrey were set, the prisoners were arreigned, and xiii. founde giltie of high treason, and adiudged to be hanged, drawen, and quartered ; and for execucion wherof were set vp xi. payre of galowes in diuerse places where the offences were done, as at Algate, at Blanche-chapelon, Gracious Strete, Leaden Hal, and before euery counter one, and at Newgate, at S. Martens, at Aldrisgate, at Bishopsgate. This sight sore greued the people, to se galowes set in the kynges chamber. Then were the prysoners that were iudged brought to the places of execucion, and executed in most rygorous maner ; for the Lord Edmond Haward, sonne to the Duke of Northfolke and Knight Mershal, shewed no mercy, but extreme cruelty to the poore yongelinges in their execucion : and likewise the dukes seruantes spake many opprobrious wordes ; some bad hange, some bad drawe, some bad set the cite on fyre : but all was suffred.

On Thursday the vii. day of May was Lyncoln, Shyrwyn, and two brethren called Bets, and diuerse other adiudged to dye. Then Lyncoln said, “ My lordes, I meant wel ; for, and you knew the mischief that is ensued in this realme by straungers, you would remedy it ; and many tymes I haue complained, and then I was called a busy fellow : now our Lord haue mercy on me ! ” Then all the sayd persons were layd on the hardels, and drawen to the Standarde in Chepe ; and first was Ihon Lyncoln executed ; and, as the other had the rope

about their neckes. there came a commaundement from the kyng to respite execucion. Then the people cryed, "God saue the kyng!" Then was the oyer and determiner deferred tyll another daye, and the prisoners sent agayn to warde, and the harnesssed men departed oute of London, and all thynges quyet.

The xi. daye of Maye the kynge came to his maner of Grenewiche, where the recorder of London and diuerse aldermen came to speake with his grace, and al ware gounes of black colour. And, when they perceaued the kyng comming out of his priuie chambre into his chambre of presence, they kneled doune, and the recorder sayd, "Our most natural beninge and souereigne lorde, we knowe well that your grace is displeased with vs of your citie of London for the great ryot late done: we assertein your grace that none of vs, nor no honest person, were condesyndyng to that enormitie; and yet we, oure wyfes and chyl-dren, euery houre lament that your fauour shoulde be taken from vs; and, forasmuche as light and ydle persones were the doers of the same, we moost humbly beseche your grace to haue mercy of vs for our negligence, and compassion of the offendours for their offence and trespasse." "Truly," sayd the kyng, "you haue highly displeased and offended vs, and ye oughte to wayle and be sory for the same; and where ye saye that you the substanciall persons were not concentyng to the same, it appereth to the contrary, for you neuer moued to let them, nor sturred once to fight with them, whiche you saye were so small a numbre of light persones; wherefore we must thynke, and you cannot deny but you dyd wyneke at the matter: but at this tyme we will graunt to you neither our fauor nor good will, nor to thoffenders mercy; but resort to the Cardinall, our Lord Chauncelour, and he shal make you an answer, and declare our pleasure:" and with this answer the Londoners departed, and made relacion to the Maior.

* * * * *

Thursdaye the xxii. day of May, the kynge came into Westminster hall, for whome at the vpper ende was set a clothe of

estate, and the place hanged with arras: with him was the Cardinal, the Dukes of Northfolke and Suffolke, the Erles of Shrewsbury, of Essex and Wilshyre, of Surrey [*sic*], with many lordes and other of the kinges counsail. The Mayre and aldermen, and al the chief of the citie were there in their best liuery (according as the Cardinal had them apoynted) by ix. of the clock. Then the kyng commaunded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Then came in the poore younglinges and olde false knaues, bounden in ropes, all along, one after another, in their shertes, and euery one a halter about his neck, to the number of iiii. c. men and xi. women. And, when all were come before the kinges presence, the Cardinall sore laied to the Mayre and comminaltie their negligence, and to the prisoners he declared that they had deserued death for their offence. Then al the prisoners together cryed, "Mercy, gracious lord, mercy!" Then the lordes altogether besought his grace of mercy; at whose request the kyng pardoned them al. And then the Cardinal gaue vnto them a good exhortacion, to the great gladnes of the herers. And, when the generall pardon was pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogether cast vp their halters into the hall roffe, so that the kyng might perceauie they were none of the discretest sorte. Here is to be noted, that diuerse offenders which were not taken, hering that the king was inclined to mercy, came wel appareled to Westmynster, and sodeynly stryped them into their shertes, with halters, and came in emong the prisoners willingly, to be partakers of the kynges pardon: by the whiche doyng it was well knowen that one Jhon Gelson, yoman of the croune, was the first that began to spoyle, and exhorted other to dooe the same, and because he fled and was not taken, he came in the rope with the other prisoners, and so had his pardon. This compaignie was after called the Blacke Wagon. Then were all the galowes within the citee taken doune, and many a good praiser saied for the kyng; and the citezens toke more hede to their seruantes.

II.

*The Story of Ill May-Day¹ in the time of King Henry VIII.,
and why it was so called, and how Queen Catherine beguiled the
lives of Two Thousand London Apprentices.*

[From *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses.*]

Peruse the stories of this land,
And with advertisement mark the same,
And you shall justly understand
How Ill May-day first got the name.
For when King Henry th' Eighth did reign,
And rul'd our famous kingdom here,
This royal queen he had from Spain,
With whom he liv'd full many a year ;

Queen Catherine nam'd, as stories tell,
Sometime his elder brother's wife ;
By which unlawful marriage fell
An endless trouble during life :
But such kind love he still conceiv'd
Of his fair queen and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
Their journeys fast for England bends ;

And with good leave were suffered
Within our kingdom here to stay :
Which multitude made victuals dear,
And all things else, from day to day ;
For strangers then did so increase
By reason of King Henry's queen,
And privileg'd in many a place
To dwell, as was in London seen.

¹ *The Story of Ill May-Day, &c.*] Now reprinted from Evans's *Old Ballads*, iii. 76, ed. 1810.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
And who but strangers bore the bell ?
Which was a grief to Englishmen,
To see them here in London dwell :
Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,
As prentices on Maying went,
Who made the magistrates believe,
At all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
As like in London never were ;
For by the same full many a one
With loss of life did pay full dear ;
For thousands came with bilboa-blade,
As with an army they could meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran down with blood,
In every street where they remain'd ;
Yea, every one in danger stood
That any of their part maintain'd :
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they suffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand :
Till at the last King Henry's power
This multitude encompass'd round,
Where with the strength of London's Tower
They were by force suppress'd and bound :

And hundreds hang'd by martial law
On sign-posts at their masters' doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe.
And frighted from such loud uproars ;
And others, which the fact repented
(Two thousand prentices at least),
Were all unto the king presented,
As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go
To Westminster, there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also.
But such a cry in every street
Till then was never heard or known,
By mothers for their children sweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
Possess'd the court with trembling fear :
Whereat the queen herself relents,
Tho' it concern'd her country dear.
"What if," quoth she, "by Spanish blood
Have London's stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this country's good,
And pardon for these young men get ;

Or else the world will speak of me,
And say Queen Catherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be
These young men did these fortunes find."
And so, disrob'd from rich attires,
With hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

“The lives,” quoth she, “of all the blooms
Yet budding green, these youths, I crave :
O, let them not have timeless tombs !
For nature longer limits gave.”
In saying so, the pearly tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes .
Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
And says, “Stand up, sweet lady, rise :

The lives of them I freely give ;
No means this kindness shall debar ;
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live
To serve me in my Bullen war.”
No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As though it thunder’d down from heaven
The queen’s renown amongst them all.

For which, kind queen, with joyful heart
She gave to them both thanks and praise ;
And so from them did gently part,
And liv’d beloved all her days :
And when King Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov’d men indeed,
And fear’d no force of warlike band ;

For at the siege of Tours in France
They shew’d themselves brave Englishmen ;
At Bullen, too, they did advance
St. George’s lusty standard then :
Let Touraine, Tournay, and those towns
That good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London’s prentices’ renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done :

For Ill May-day, and ill May-games

Perform'd in young and tender days,

Can be no hindrance to their fames,

Or stains of manhood any ways .

But now it is ordain'd by law,

We see, on May-day's eve at night,

To keep unruly youths in awe

By London's watch in armour bright,

Still to prevent the like misdeed

Which once through headstrong young men came ;

And that's the cause that I do read

May-day doth get so ill a name.

CORRIGENDA.

Page 22, line 7

“*Enter at on dore Sir THOMAS MOORE.*”

I ought to have pointed out the impropriety of this title More is not knighted till p. 32.

Page 25, line 20.

“*Enter the L. Maier, SURREY, SHREWSBURY*”

I ought to have given this stage-direction, with additions in brackets, thus ;

“*Enter the L. Maier, SURREY, SHREWSBURY, [PALMER, CHOLMLEY, and MOORE].*”

Page 83, line 9

“Theres no man thats *ingenuous* can be poore”

Formerly *ingenuous* and *ingenious* were used as synonymous

•

SIR THOMAS MORE,

A PLAY.

•

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

Earl of SHREWSBURY.

Earl of SURREY

SIR THOMAS PALMER

SIR ROGER CHOLMLEY.

SIR JOHN MUNDAY.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Lord Mayor.

Aldermen.

SURESBY, a Justice.

Other Justices.

Sheriffs

Recorder.

Sergeant at Arms.

Clerk of the Council.

ERASMUS.

Bishop of ROCHESTER.

ROPER, son-in-law to MORE.

JOHN LINCOLN, a broker.

GEORGE BETTS.

His brother (the "Clown").

WILLIAMSON, a carpenter.

SHERWIN, a goldsmith

FRANCIS DE BARDE, } Lombards.

CAVELER,

LIFTER, a cut-purse

SMART, plaintiff against him.

HARRY,

ROBIN, } Prentices.

KIT, and others,

MORRIS.

FAULKNER, his servant.

Players

GOUGH,

CATESBY,

RANDALL,

Butler,

Brewer,

Porter,

Horsekeeper,

} Belonging
to MORE's
household.

CROFTS.

DOWNES.

Lieutenant,

Warders,

Gentleman Porter,

} of the
Tower

Hangman.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Mes-
sengers, Guard, Attendants.

Lady MORE.

Lady Mayoress.

Mistress ROPER, daughter to
MORE.

Another daughter to MORE.

DOLL, wife to WILLIAMSON.

A Poor Woman.

Ladies.

¹ *Dramatis Personæ*, &c.] Not in MS.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

*Enter,*¹ *at one end, IOHN LINCOLNE, with [the two BETTSES] together ; at the other end, enters FRAUNCES DE [BARDE, and DOLL] a lustie woman, he haling her by the arme.*

Doll. Whether wilt thou hale me ?

Bard. Whether I please ; thou art my prize, and I pleade purchase² of thee.

Doll. Purchase of me ! away, ye rascall ! I am an honest plaine carpenters wife, and thoughe I haue no beautie to like³ a husband, yet whatsoeuer is mine scornes to stoupe to a straunger : hand off, then, when I bid thee !

Bard. Goe with me quietly, or Ile compell thee.

Doll. Compell me, ye dogges face ! thou thinkst thou hast the goldsmiths wife in hand, whom thou enticedst from her

¹ *Enter, &c.*] On the margin, at the commencement of the play, the MS. has the following note in the handwriting of the Master of the Revels. "Leaue out * * y^e insurrection wholy, and the cause thereof, and begin with Sir Tho. Moore at y^e mayors sessions, with a reportt afterwarde off his good service don, being shrue off London. vpon a mutiny agaynst y^e Lumbardes, only by a shortt reportt, and nott otherwise, att your own perrilles. E Tyllney"

² *purchase*] i. e. booty

³ *like*] i. e. please.

husband with all his plate, and when thou turndst her home to him againe, madste him, like an asse, pay for his wifes boorde.

Bard. So will I make thy husband too, if please me.

Doll. Heere he comes himselfe ; tell him so, if thou darste.

Enter CAUELER with a paire of dooues ; WILLIAMSON the carpenter, and SHERWIN following him.

Caue. Followe me no further ; I say thou shalt not haue them.

Wil. I bought them in Cheapeside, and paide my monie for them.

Sher. He did, sir, indeed ; and you offer him wrong, bothe to take them from him, and not restore him his monie neither.

Caue. If he paid for them, let it suffice that I possesse them : beefe and brewes¹ may serue such hindes ; are piggions meate for a coorse carpenter ?

Lin. It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus jetted on² by straungers, and they not dare to reuendge their owne wrongs.

Geo. Lincolne, lets beate them downe, and beare no more of these abuses.

¹ *brewes*] Means, in our early English writers, broth, soup.—In Scotland, at the present day, the word, pronounced *brose*, signifies “A kind of pottage, made by pouring water or broth on meal, which is stirred while the liquid is poured. The dish is denominated from the nature of the liquid, as *water-brose*, *kail-brose*” Jamieson’s *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*

² *jetted on*] Equivalent to—boldly encroached upon. So in Shakespeare’s *Richard III* act ii. sc. 4 ;

“Insulting tyranny begins to *jet*
Upon the innocent and aweless throne.”

where the commentators explain “*jet*”—strut ; and where Messrs Malone and Knight (in spite of a passage in *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 1.) prefer the wrong reading of the folio, “*jut*”

Lin. We may not, Bettes: be pacient, and heare more.

Doll. How now, husband! what, one straunger take thy food from thee, and another thy wife! bir-Lady, flesh and blood, I thinke, can hardly brooke that.

Lin. Will this geere neuer be otherwise? must these wrongs be thus endured?

Geo. Let vs step in, and help to reuendge their iniurie.

Bard. What art thou that talkest of reuendge? my lord ambassadour shall once more make your Maior haue a check, if he punishe thee not for this saucie presumption.

Will. Indeed, my lord Maior, on the ambassadours complainte, sent me to Newgate one day, because (against my will) I tooke the wall of a straunger: you may doo any thing; the goldsmith's wife and mine now must be at your comaundment.

Geo. The more pacient fooles are ye bothe, to suffer it.

Bard. Suffer it! mend it thou or he, if ye can or dare. I tell thee, fellowe, and she were the Maior of Londons wife, had I her once in my possession, I would keep her in spite of him that durst say nay.

Geo. I tell the, Lombard, these wordes should cost thy best cappe, were I not curbd by dutie and obedience: the Maior of Londons wife! Oh God, shall it be thus?

Doll. Why, Bettes, am not I as deare to my husband as my lord Maiors wife to him? and wilt thou so neglectly suffer thine owne shame?—Hands off, proude stranger! or, [by] him that bought me, if mens milkie harts dare not strike a straunger, yet women will beate them downe, ere they beare these abuses.

Bard. Mistresse, I say you shall along with me.

Doll. Touche not Doll Williamson, least she lay thee along on Gods deare earthe.—And you, sir [*To CACELER*], that allow such coorse cates to carpenters, whilst pidgions, which they pay for, must serue your daintie appetite, deliuer them back to my husband again, or Ile call so many women to myne assistance as weele not leaue one inche vntorne of thee: if our husbands must be brudeled by lawe. and forced to beare your

wrongs, their wiues will be a little lawelesse, and soundly beate ye.

Caue. Come away, De Bard, and let vs goe complaine to my lord ambassadour. [*Ex. Ambo.*]

Doll. I,¹ goe, and send him among vs, and weele giue him his welcome too — I am ashamed that freeborne Englishmen, hauing beatten straungers within their owne homes, should thus be brau'de and abusde by them at home.

Sher. It is not our lack of courage in the cause, but the strict obedience that we are bound too.² I am the goldsmith whose wrongs you talkte of; but how to redresse yours or mine owne is a matter beyond all our abilities.

Lin Not so, not so, my good freends: I, though a meane man, a broaker by profession, and namd Iohn Lincolne, haue long time winckt at these vilde³ ennormitees with mighty impaciencie, and, as these two bretheren heere (Betses by name) can witnesse, with losse of mine owne liffe would gladly remedie them.

Geo. And he is in a good forwardnesse, I tell ye, if all hit right.

Doll. As how, I prethee? tell it to Doll Williamson.

Lin. You knowe the Spittle sermons begin the next weeke: I haue drawne a [bill] of our wrongs and the straungers insolencies.

Geo. Which he meanes the preachers shall there openly publishe in the pulpit.

Wil. Oh, but that they would ' yfaith, it would tickle our straungers thorowly.

Doll. I, and if you men durst not vndertake it, before God, we women [would. Take] an honest woman from her husband! why, it is intollerable.

Sher. But how finde ye the preachers affected to [our proceeding]?

¹ I] i. e. Ay.

² too] i. e. to.

³ vilde] i. e. vile.

Lin. Master Doctor Standish " " " "

* * * * * * *

* * [re]forme it, and doubts not but happie suc-
cesse will ensue * * our wrongs You shall perceave
ther's no hurt in the bill: heer's a copie of it; I pray ye.
heare it.

All. With all our harts; for Gods sake. read it.

Lin. [*reads.*] *To you all, the worshipfull lords and maisters of this cittie, that will take compassion ouer the poore people your neighbours, and also of the greate importable¹ hurts, losses, and hindaunces, wherof proceedeth extreamie pouertie to all the kings subiects that inhabite within this cittie and suburbs of the same: ffor so it is that aliens and straungers eate the bread from the fatherlesse children, and take the living from all the artificers and the entercourse from all merchants, wherby pouertie is so much encreased, that every man bewayleth the miserie of other; for craftsmen be brought to beggerie, and merchants to needines: wherfore, the premisses considered, the redresse must be of the commons knit and united to one parte: and as the hurt and damage greeueth all men, so must all men see to their willing power for remedie, and not suffer the sayde aliens in their wealth, and the naturall borne men of this region to come to confusion.*

Doll. Before God, tis excellent; and Ile maintaine the suite to be honest.

Sher. Well, say tis read, what is your further meaning in the matter?

Geo. What! marie, list to me. No doubt but this will store vs with freends enow, whose names we will closely keepe in writing; and on May day next in the morning weelee goe foorth a Maying, but make it the wurst May day for the straungers that euer they sawe. How say ye? doo ye subscribe, or are ye faintharted reuolters?

Doll. Holde thee, George Bettes, ther's my hand and my

¹ *importable*] i. e. unbearable, intolerable.

hart · by the Lord, Ile make a captaine among ye, and doo somewhat to be talke of for euer after.

Wil. My maisters, ere we parte, lets freendly goe and drinke together, and sweare true secrecie vppon our liues.

Geo. There spake an angell.¹ Come, let vs along, then.

[*Exeunt.*

An arras is drawne, and behinde it (as in sessions) sit the L. Maior, Iustice SURESBIE, and other Justices ; Sheriffe MOORE and the other Sherife sitting by. SMART is the plaintife, LIFTER the prisoner at the barre. [Recorder, Officers.]

L. Mai. Hauing dispachte our weightier businesses,
We may giue eare to pettie felonies.

Master Sheriffe Moore, what is this fellowe ?

Moore. My lord, he stands indited for a pursse ;
He hath bin tryed, the jurie is together.

Mai. Who sent him in ?

Sure. That did I, my lord :
Had he had right, he had bin hangd ere this ;
The only captayne of the cutpursse crewe.

L. Mai. What is his name ?

Sure. As his profession is, Lifter, my lord,
One that can lift a purse right cunningly.

L. Mai. And is that he accuses him ?

Sure. The same, my lord, whom, by your honors leaue,
I must say somewhat too,² because I finde
In some respectes he is well woorthie blame.

L. Mai. Good Master Justice Suresbie, speake your minde ;
We are well pleasse to giue you audience.

Sure. Heare me, Smart ; thou art a foolish fellowe :
If Lifter be conuicted by the lawe,

¹ *There spake an angell*] A sort of proverbial expression, which occurs in various old plays

² *too*] i e. to.

As I see not how the jurie can acquit him.

He stand too't thou art guiltie of his death.

Moore. My lord, thats woorthie the hearing.

L. Mai. Listen, then, good Maister Moore.

Sure. I tell thee plaine, it is a shame for thee.

With such a sum to tempte necessitie ;

No lesse then ten poundes, sir, will serue your turne,

To carie in your purse about with ye,

To crake¹ and brag in tauernes of your monie .

I promise ye, a man that goes abroad

With an intent of trueth, meeting such a bootie.

May be prouokte to that he neuer meante.

What makes so many pilferers and fellons,

But such fond² baites that foolish people lay

To tempt the needie miserable wretch ?

Ten poundes, odd monie ; this is a prettie sum

To beare about, which were more safe at home.

Fore God, twere well to fine ye as much more

[*Lord Maior and MOORE whisper.*

To the releefe of the po[ore pri]soners,

To teache ye be * * * your owne,

* * * rightlie seru'de.

* * * *

Moore. Good my lord, soothe a * * * for once,

Only to trye conclusions³ in this case.

L. Maior. Content, good Master Moore : wee le rise awhile,

And, till the jurie can returne their verdict,

Walke in the garden.—How saye ye, Justices ?

¹ *crake*] i. e. vaunt.

² *fond*] i. e. foolish.

³ *conclusions*] i. e. experiments. The word continued to be used in this sense long after the date of the present play. "But some part of most dayes was usually spent in philosophical *conclusions*." Walton's *Life of Sir H Wotton*.

All. We like it well, my lord ; wee le follow ye.

[*Ex. L. Maior and Iustices.*

Moore. Nay, plaintife, goe you too ;—and, officers,

[*Ex. SMART.*

Stand you aside, and leaue the prisoner

To me awhile.—*Lifter*, come hether.

Lift. What is your woorships pleasure ?

Moore. Sirra, you knowe that you are knowne to me,
And I haue often sau'de ye from this place,
Since first I came in office : thou seest beside,
That Justice Suresbie is thy heauie freend,
By all the blame that he pretends to *Smarte*,
For tempting thee with such a summe of monie.
I tell thee what ; deuise me but a meanes
To pick or cutt his pursse, and, on my credit,
And as I am a Christian and a man,
I will procure thy pardon for that jeast.

Lift. Good Master Shreeue, seeke not my ouerthrowe :
You knowe, sir, I haue manie heauie freends,
And more endictments like to come vppon me.
You are too deepe for me to deale withall ;
You are knowne to be one of the wisest men
That is in England : I pray ye, Master Sheriffe,
Goe not aboute to vndermine my life.

Moore. *Lifter*, I am true subiect to my king ;
Thou much mistakste me : and, for thou shalt not thinke
I meane by this to hurt thy life at all,
I will maintaine the act when thou hast doone it.
Thou knowest there are such matters in my hands,
As if I pleasde to giue them to the iurie,
I should not need this way to circumuent thee.
All that I aime at is a merrie iest :
Performe it, *Lifter*. and expect my best.

Lift. I thanke your woorship : God preserue your life !

But Master Justice Suresbie is gon in ;
I knowe not how to come neere where he is.

Moore. Let me alone for that ; Ile be thy setter ;
Ile send him hether to thee presently,
Vnder the couller of thine owne request,
Of priuate matters to acquainte him with.

Lift. If ye doo so, sir, then let me alone ;
Fortie to one but then his pursse is gon.

Moore. Well said : but see that thou diminish not
One penie of the monie, but giue it me ;
It is the cunning act that credits thee.

Lift. I will, good Master Sheriffe, I assure ye. [*Exc. MOORE.*]
I see the purpose of this gentleman
Is but to check the follie of the Justice,
For blaming others in a desperate case,
Wherin himselfe may fall as soone as any.
To saue my life, it is a good aduenter :
Silence there, hoe ! now dooth the Justice enter.

Ent. Iust. Suresbie.

Sure. Now, sirra, now, what is your will with me ?
Wilt thou discharge thy conscience like an honest man ?
What sayst to me, sirra ? be breefe, be breef.

Lift. As breefe, sir, as I can.—
If ye stand fayre, I will be breefe anon. [*Aside.*]

Sure. Speake out, and mumble not ; what saist thou, sirra ?

Lift. Sir, I am chargde, as God shall be my comforte,
With more then's true.

Sure. Sir, sir, ye are indeed, with more then's true,¹
For you are flatly chargde with fellonie ;
You'r chargde with more then trueth, and that is theft ;
More then a true man should be chargde withall ;
Thou art a varlet, that's no more then true.

¹ *true*] i e. honest.

Trifle not with me ; doo not, doo not, sirra ;
 Confesse but what thou knowest, I aske no more.

Lift. There be, sir, there be, ift shall please your woor-
 ship——

Sure. There be, varlet ! what be there ? tell me what there
 be ?

Come off or on : there be ' what be there, knaue ?

Lift. There be, sir, diuers very cunning fellowes,
 That, while you stand and looke them in the face,
 Will haue your pursse.

Sure. Th'art an honest knaue :
 Tell me what are they ? where they may be caught ?
 I,¹ those are they I looke for.

Lift. You talke of me, sir ;
 Alas, I am a punie ! ther's one indeed
 Goes by my name, he puts downe all for pursses ;

* * * * * *

[*Sure.*] " " " * *

* as familiare as thou wilt, my knaue ;
 Tis this I long to knowe.

Lift. And you shall haue your longing ere ye goe.—

This fellowe, sir, perhaps will meete ye thus,
 Or thus, or thus, and in kinde complement
 Pretend acquaintaunce, somewhat doubtfully ;
 And these embraces serue ——

[*Aside.*
 [Action.

Sure. I, marie, Lifter, wherfore serue they ?

[*Shrugging gladly.*

Lift. Only to feele
 Whether you goe full vnder saile or no,
 Or that your lading be aboard your barke.

Sure. In playner English, Lifter, if my pursse
 Be storde or no ?

Lift. Ye haue it, sir.

Sure. Excellent, excellent.

Lift. Then, sir, you cannot but for manners sake
Walke on with him ; for he will walke your way,
Alleading either you haue much forgot him,
Or he mistakes you.

Sure. But in this time has he my pursse or no ?

Lift. Not yet, sir, fye !—no, nor I haue not yours.—

[*Aside.*

But now we must forbear ; my lords returne.

Ent. Lord Maior. &c.

Sure. A murren on't !—Lifter, weele more anon :
I, thou sayst true, there are shrewde knaues indeed ;

[*He sits downe.*

But let them gull me, widgen me, rooke me, foppe me,
Yfaith, yfaith, they are too short for me.

Knaues and fooles meete when pursses goe ;
Wise men looke to their pursses well enough.

Moore. Lifter, is it doone ?

Lift. Doone, Master Shreeue ; and there it is.

Moore. Then builde vppon my woord, Ile saue
thy life. } *Aside.*

Recor. Lifter, stand to the barre :

The jurie haue returnd thee guiltie ; thou must dye,
According to the custome.—Looke to it, Master Shreeue.

L. Maior. Then, gentlemen, as you are wunt to doo,
Because as yet we haue no buriall place,
What charitie your meaning's to bestowe
Toward buriall of the prisoners now condemnde,
Let it be giuen. There is first for me.

Recor. And thers for me.

Another. And me.

Surc. Bodie of me, my pursse is gon !

Moore. Gon. sir ! what, heere ! how can that be ?

L. Maior. Against all reason, sitting on the benche.

Sure. Lifter, I talkte with you ; you haue not lifted me ?
ha !

Lift. Suspect ye me, sir ? Oh, what a world is this !

Moore. But heare ye, Master Suresbie ; are ye sure
Ye had a pursse about ye ?

Sure. Sure, Master Shreene ! as sure as you are there,
And in it seauen poundes, odd monie, on my faith.

Moore. Seauen poundes, odd monie ! what, were you so
madd,

Beeing a wise man and a magistrate,
To trust your pursse with such a liberall sum ?
Seauen poundes, odd monie ! fore God, it is a shame,
With such a summe to tempt necessitie :
I promise ye, a man that goes abroad
With an intent of trueth, meeting such a bootie,
May be wrought to that he neuer thought.
What makes so many pilferers and fellons,
But these fond baites that foolish people lay
To tempte the needie miserable wretche ?
Should he be taken now that has your pursse,
Ide stand too't, you are guiltie of his death ;
For, questionlesse, he would be cast by lawe.
Twere a good deed to fine ye as much more,
To the releefe of the poore prisoners,
To teache ye lock your monie vp at home.

Sure. Well, Master Moore, you are a merie man ;
I finde ye, sir, I finde ye well enough.

Moore. Nay, ye shall see, sir, trusting thus your
monie,
And Lifter here in triall for like case,
But that the poore man is a prisoner,
It would be now suspected that he had it.
Thus may ye see what mischeefe often comes
By the fond cariage of such needlesse summes.

L. Maior. Beleeue me, Master Suresbie, this is straunge,
 You, beeing a man so setled in assuraunce,
 Will fall in that which you condemnd in other.

Moore. Well, Master Suresbie, theres your pursse agayne,
 And all your monie : feare nothing of Moore ;
 Wisedome still * * * the doore.¹

* * * * *

¹ *the doore*] "He [More] used, when he was in the city of London as justice of peace, to go to the sessions at Newgate, as other justices did; amongst whom it happened that one of the ancient justices of peace was wont to chide the poor men that had their purses cut, for not keeping them more warily, saying that their negligence was cause that there were so many cutpurses brought thither; which when Sir Thomas had heard him often speak, at one time especially, the night after he sent for one of the chief cutpurses that was in prison, and promised him that he would stand his good friend, if he would cut that justice's purse, whilst he sat the next day on the bench, and presently make a sign thereof unto him; the fellow gladly promiseth him to do it. The next day, therefore, when they sat again, that thief was called amongst the first, who, being accused of his fact, said that he would excuse himself sufficiently, if he were but permitted, in private, to speak to some one of the bench; he was bid therefore to chuse one whom he would; and he presently chose that grave old man, who then had his pouch at his girdle; and whilst he roundeth him in the ear, he cunningly cuts his purse, and, taking his leave solemnly, goeth down to his place. Sir Thomas, knowing by a sign that it was dispatched, taketh presently an occasion to move all the bench to distribute some alms upon a poor needy fellow that was there, beginning himself to do it. When the old man came to open his purse, he sees it cut away, and, wondering, said, that he had it when he came to sit there that morning. Sir Thomas replied in a pleasant manner, 'What! will you charge any of us with felony?' He beginning to be angry and ashamed of the matter, Sir Thomas calls the cutpurse, and wills him to give him his purse again, counselling the good man hereafter not to be so bitter a censurer of innocent men's negligence, when as himself could not keep his purse safe in that open assembly." *C. More's Life of Sir T. More*, p. 97, ed. 1828.

Enter the Earles of SHREWESBURIE and SURRIE, Sir THOMAS PALMER, and Sir ROGER CHOLMELEY.

Shrew. My lord of Surrey,¹ and Sir Thomas Palmer,
Might I with pacience tempte your graue aduise,
I tell ye true, that in these daungerous times
I doo not like this frowning vulgare brow :
My searching eye did neuer entertaine
A more distracted countenance of greefe
Then I haue late obseru'de
In the displeased commons of the cittie.

Sur. Tis straunge that from his princely clemencie,
So well a tempred mercie and a grace,
To all the aliens in this fruitefull land,
That this highe-creasted insolence should spring
From them that breathe from his maiestick bountie,
That, fatned with the trafficque of our cuntry,
Alreadie leape into his subiects face.

Pal. Yet Sherwin hindred to commence his suite
Against De Bard by the ambassadour,
By supplication made vnto the king,
Who hauing first entic'de away his wife,
And gott his plate, neere woorth foure hundred pound,
To greeue some wronged cittizens that found
This vile disgrace oft cast into their teeth,
Of late sues Sherwin, and arrested him
For monie for the boording of his wife.

Sur. The more knaue Bard, that, vsing Sherwins goods,
Dooth aske him interest for the occupation.
I like not that, my lord of Shrewesburie :
Hees ill bested that lends a well pac'de horsse
Vnto a man that will not finde him meate.

¹ *My lord of Surrey, &c.*] Opposite this speech Tylney has written
"Mend y^t."

Cholme. My lord of Surrey will be pleasant still.

Pal. I, beeing then imployed by your honors
To stay the broyle that fell about the same,
Wher by perswasion I enforc'de the wrongs,
And vrgde the greefe of the displeased cittie,
He answerd me, and with a sollemne oathe,
That, if he had the Maior of Londons wife,
He would keepe her in despite of any Englishe.¹

Sur. Tis good, Sir Thomas, then, for you and me ;
Your wife is dead, and I a batcheler :²
If no man can possesse his wife alone,
I am glad, Sir Thomas Palmer, I haue none.

Cholme. If a³ take my wife, a shall finde her meate.

Sur. And reason good, Sir Roger Cholmeley, too.
If these hott Frenchemen needslly⁴ will haue sporte,
They should in kindnesse yet deffraye the charge :

¹ *Englishe*] This word is crossed through by Tylney, who has substituted "man."

² *I a batcheler*] The person now speaking (and of course the author did not intend that there should be *two* earls of Surrey in the play) is afterwards distinctly mentioned as being the celebrated poet,—who, at the time when the present scene is supposed to take place, was,—if indeed he yet had seen the light,—a mere infant. Nott fixes the poet's birth in January 1518 (*Mem. of Surrey*, p. ix.). Sir H. Nicolas assigns it to some period between 1516 and 1518. (*Mem. of Surrey, Aldine Poets*, p. xvi.). In Howard's *Memorials, &c. of the Howard Family*, p. 19, he is stated to have been born in 1517.

³ *a*] i. e. he.

⁴ *needslly*] i. e. necessarily. The word, though not acknowledged by dictionaries, is frequently found in our early writers :

"Thy absence makes me angrie for a while,
But at thy presence I must *needslly* smile."

Q. Mary to Brandon D. of Suffolk,—Drayton's *England's
Her. Epist.* ed. 8vo. n. d.

Tis hard when men possesse our wiues in quiet,
And yet leaue vs in, to discharge their diett.

Shrew. My lord, our catours¹ shall not vse the markett
For our prouision, but some straunger² now
Will take the vittailles from him he hath bought :
A carpenter, as I was late enformde,
Who hauing bought a paire of dooues in Cheape,
Immediatly a Frencheman³ tooke them from him,
And beat the poore man for resisting him ;
And when the fellowe did complaine his wrongs,
He was seuerely punish'de for his labour.

Sur. But if the Englishe blood be once but vp,
As I perceiue their harts alreadie full,
I feare me much, before their spleenes be coolde,
Some of these saucie aliens for their pride
Will pay for't soundly, wheresoere it lights :
This tyde of rage that with the eddie striues,
I feare me much, will drowne too manie liues.

Cholme. Now, afore God, your honors, pardon me :
Men of your place and greatnesse are to blame.
I tell ye true, my lords, in that his maiestie
Is not informed of this base abuse
And dayly wrongs are offered to his subiects ;
For, if he were, I knowe his gracious wisdom
Would soone redresse it.

Enter a Messenger.

Shrew. Sirra, what newes ?

Cholme. None good, I feare.

Mess. My lord, ill newes ; and wurse, I feare, will followe,
If speedily it be not lookte vnto :
The cittie is in an vproare, and the Maior

¹ *catours*] i. e. caterers.

² *straunger*] Crossed out by Tylney, who has substituted "Lombard."

³ *Frencheman*] Altered by the same to "Lombard."

Is threatned, if he come out of his house.

A number p^oore artifi[cers] * * *
* * * * * *

* fearde what this would come vnto :

This followes on the doctors publishing

The bill of wrongs in publike at the Spittle.

Shrew. That Doctor Beale may chaunce beshrewe¹ him-
selfe

For reading of the bill.

Pal. Let vs goe gather forces to the Maior,
For quick suppressing this rebellious route.²

Sur. Now I bethinke myselfe of Maister Moore,
One of the sheriffes, a wise and learned gentleman,
And in especiall fauour with the people :
He, backt with other graue and sober men,
May by his gentle and perswasive speeche
Perhaps preuaile more then we can with power.

Shrew. Beleeue me, but your honor well aduises :
Let vs make haste ; for I doo greatly feare,
Some to their graues this mornings worke will beare.

[*Exeunt.*³

*Enter three or foure Prentises of trades, with a paire of
cudgelles.*

Harry. Come, lay downe the cudgelles. Hoh, Robin, you
met vs well at Bunhill, to haue you with vs a Mayng this
morning !

Robin. Faith, Harrie, the head drawer at the Miter by the
great Conduite calld me vp, and we went to breakefast into

¹ *beshrewe*] i. e. curse.

² *route*] i. e. rabble.

³ *Exeunt*] After this, the MS. has the first sketch of a scene, which
subsequently occurs with considerable additions : see pp. 19-22.

St. Annes lane. But come, who beginnes? in good faith, I am cleane out of practise. When wast at Garrets schoole,¹ Harrie?

Har. Not this great while, neuer since I brake his vshers head, when he plaid his schollers prize at the Starre in Bread-streete. I vse all to George Philpots at Dowgate; hees the best backswordeman in England.

Kit. Bate me an ace of that, quoth Bolton.²

Har. Ile not bate ye a pinne on't, sir; for, by this cudgell, tis true.

Kit. I will cudgell that oppinion out of ye: did you breake an vshers head, sir?

Har. I, marie, did I, sir.

Kit. I am very glad on't: you shall breake mine too, and ye can.

Har. Sirra, I prethee, what art thou?

Kit. Why, I am a prentise as thou art; seest thou now? Ile play with thee at blunt heere in Cheapeside, and when thou hast doone, if thou beest angrie, Ile fight with thee at [sharpe] in Moore feildes. I haue a sword to serue my turne in a fauor * * * * * come Julie, to serue³
* * * * *

¹ *Garrets schoole*] Some fencing-school; notorious, I presume, during this author's time (not during that of Sir T. More).

² *Bate me an ace of that, quoth Bolton*] See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 176, ed. 1768, and Nares's *Gloss*.

³ *to serue*] This (imperfect) scene is followed in the MS. by part of a scene (contained in a single leaf) between More, his wife, steward, and attendants, beginning—

“Now will I speake, like man in melancholy,” &c.

which belongs to a much later part of the play, and will be given afterwards.

*Enter LINCOLNE,*¹ [*two*] BETSES, WILLIAMSON, SHERWIN, and other, armed; DOLL in a shirt of maile, a headpiece, sword, and buckler; a crewe attending.

*Clo.*² Come, come; wele tickle ther turnips, wele butter ther boxes. Shall strangers rule the roste? yes; but wele baste the roste. Come, come; a flawnt, a flaunte!

George. Brother, giue place, and heare Iohn Lincolne speake.

Clo. I,³ Lincolne my leder,
And Doll my true breder,
With the rest of our crue,
Shall ran tan tarra ran;
Doo all they what they can.
Shall we be bobd,⁴ braude? no;
Shall we be helde vnder? no;
We ar freborne,
And doo take skorne
To be vsde soe.

Doll. Pease theare, I saye! heare Captaine Lincolne speake;
Kepe silens, till we know his minde at large.

Clo. Then largelye⁵ dilliuer; speake, bullie: and he that presumes to interrupte the in thie orratione, this for him.

Lincol. Then,⁶ gallant bloods, you whoes fre sowles doo skorne
To beare the inforsed wrongs of aliens,
Ad rage to ressolutione, fier the howses
Of theis audatious strangers. This is St. Martins,

¹ *Enter Lincolne, &c.*] This stage-direction is taken from the first draught of the scene (see note 3, p. 17), which in its present enlarged state has no heading.

² *Clo.*] i. e. Clown,—brother to George Betts.

³ *I*] i. e. Ay.

⁴ *bobd*] i. e. cheated.

⁵ *Clo. Then largelye, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the first sketch has—

“*All.* Agreed, agreed: speake, then, braue Captaine Lincolne.”

⁶ *Then*] First sketch, “Come.”

And yonder dwells Mutas,¹ a welthy Piccardye,²
 At the Greene Gate,³
 De Bard, Peter Van Hollocke, Adrian Martine,
 With many more outlandishe fugetiues.
 Shall theis enioy more priueledge then wee,
 In our owne cuntry? lets, then,⁴ become ther slaues.
 Since justis kepes not them in greater awe,
 Wele be ourselues roughe ministers at lawe.

Clo. Vse no more⁵ swords, nor no more words, but fier the houses; braue captaine, curragious, fier me ther houses.

Doll. I, for we maye as well make bonefiers on Maye daye as at midsommer: wele alter the daye in the callinder, and sett itt downe in flaming letters.

Sher. Staye; that⁶ wold much indanger the hole cittie, Whertoo I wold not the least preiudice.

Doll. No, nor I nether; so maie mine owne howse be burnd for companye. Ile tell ye what; wele drag the strangers into⁷ More felde, and theare bumbaste them till they stinke againe.

Clo. And thats soone doone; for they smell for feare all-redye.

Geor. Let some of vs enter the strangers houses, And, if we finde them theare, then bringe them forthe.

Doll. But⁸ if ye bringe them forthe eare⁹ ye finde them, Ile neare alowe of thatt.

¹ *Mutas*] Rather indistinctly written here: but in the first sketch, "Mewtas."

² *Piccardye*] First sketch, "Piccarde."

³ *the Greene Gate*] See extract from Hall, prefixed to this play.

⁴ *then*] So in first sketch. Omitted here in MS.

⁵ *Clo. Vse no more, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the first sketch has, "All. Fire the houses, fire the houses!"

⁶ *that*] So in first sketch. Here MS. has "no, *that*:" but this speech is evidently blank verse.

⁷ *into*] First sketch, "out *into*."

⁸ *But*] Omitted in first sketch.

⁹ *eare*] First sketch, "before "

Clo. Now, Marsse, for thie honner,
Dutch or Frenshe,
So yt be a wenshe,

Ile vppon hir. [*Exeunt*¹ SHERWIN, *Clowne*, and others.]

Willia. Now, lads, sure² shall we labor in our saftie.
I heare the Maire hath gatherd men in armes,
And that Shreue³ More an hower agoe risseude
Some of the Privye Cownsell in at Ludgate :
Forse now must make our pease, or eles we fall ;
Twill soone be knowne we ar the principall.

Doll. And what of that ? if thou beest afraide, husband, go
home againe, and hide thy hed ; for, by the Lord, Ile haue a
lyttill sporte, now we ar⁴ att ytt.

Geor. Lets stand vppon our swerds,⁵ and, if they come,
Resseawe them as they weare our ennemyes.

*Re-enter*⁶ SHERWIN, *Clowne*, and others.

Clo. A purchase,⁷ a purchase ! we haue fownd, we ha
fownde —

Doll. What !

Clo. Nothings ; nott a Frenshe Fleming nor a Fleming
Frenshe to be fownde ; but all fled, in plaine Englishe.

Linco. How now ! haue you fownd any ?

Sher. No, not one ; theyre all fled.⁸

¹ *Exeunt*, &c.] Here MS. has no stage-direction. First sketch, "Ex. some and Sherwin."

² *sure*] First sketch, "how" (making the line a question).

³ *Shreue*] First sketch, "Sheriffe."

⁴ *we ar*] First sketch, "I am."

⁵ *swerds*] i e. swords.—First sketch, "garde."

⁶ *Re-enter*, &c.] Here MS. has no stage-direction. First sketch, "En. Sher. and the rest."

⁷ *purchase*] i.e. prize, booty.

⁸ *No, not one ; theyre all fled*] First sketch, "Not one ; th'are fled."

Lincol. Then fier the houses, that, the Maier beinge busye
 Aboute the quenshinge of them, we maye skape ;
 Burne downe ther kennells : let vs straitte awaye,
 Leaste this daye¹ proue to vs an ill Maye daye.²

Clo. Fier, fier ! ile be the firste :
 If hanging come, tis welcome ; thats the worste. · [Exeunt.³]

*Enter at on dore Sir THOMAS MOORE and Lord Maire ; att
 an other doore Sir JOHN MUNDAY hurt.*

L. Maior. What, Sir Iohn Munday, are you hurt ?

Sir Iohn. A little knock, my lord. Ther was even now
 A sort⁴ of prentises playing at cudgells ;
 I did comaund them to ther masters howses ;
 But one of them, backt by the other crew,
 Wounded me in the forehead with his cudgill ;
 And now, I feare me, they are gon to joine
 With Lincolne, Sherwine, and ther dangerous traine.

Moore. The captaines of this insurrection
 Have tane themselves to armes, and cam but now
 To both the Counters,⁵ wher they have releast
 Sundrie indetted prisoners, and from thence
 I heere that they are gonn into St. Martins,
 Wher they intend to offer violence
 To the amazed Lombards : therfore, my lord,
 If we expect the saftie of the cittie,
 Tis time that force or parley doe encownter
 With thes displeased men.

¹ *Leaste this daye*] First sketch, "*Least that this.*"

² *an ill Maye daye*] i. e. an evil May-day: see ballad prefixed to the play.

³ [*Exeunt*] MS. has (in a different handwriting from the rest of the scene) "*Manett Clowne*;" which cannot be right.

⁴ *sort*] i. e. set, company.

⁵ *both the Counters*] i. e. the Counter prisons in the Poultry and Wood-street.

Enter a Messenger.

L. Maior. How now ! what newes ?

Mess. My lord, the rebells have broake open Newegate,
From whence they have deliverd manie prisoners,
Both fellons and notorious murderers,
That desperatlie cleave to ther lawles traine.

L. Maior. Vpp with the drawbridge, gather som forces
To Cornhill and Cheapside :—and, gentlemen,
If dilligence be vsde one¹ every side,
A quiet ebb will follow this rough tide.

Enter SHROWSBERIE, SURRIE, PALMER, CHOLMLEY.

Shro. Lord Maior, his maiestie, receaving notice
Of this most dangerous insurrection,
Hath sent my lord of Surry and myself,
Sir Thomas Palmer and our followers,
To add vnto your² forces our best meanes
For pacifying of this mutinie.
In Gods name, then, sett one with happie speed !
The king laments, if one true subiect bleede.

Surr. I heere they meane to fier the Lumbards howses :
Oh power, what art thou³ in a madmans eies !
Thou makst the plodding iddiott bloody-wise.

Moore. My lords, I dowt not but we shall appease
With a calm breath this flux of discontent :
To call them to a parley, questionles—

Palme. May fall out good : tis well said, Master Moore.

Moor. Letts to the simple men ; for many sweat
Vnder this act, that knowes not the lawes debtt
Which hangs vppon ther lives ; for sillie men
Plodd on they know not how, like a fooles penn,
That, ending, shoves not any sentence writt,

¹ one] i. e. on.

² your] MS. "our."

³ thou] MS. "then."

Linckt but to common reason or sleightest witt :
 Thes follow for no harme ; but yett incurr
 Self penaltie with those that raisd this stirr.
 A Gods name, one,¹ to calme our privat foes
 With breath of gravitie, not dangerous blowes ! [Exeunt.

*Enter LINCOLN, DOLL, Clown, GEORG BETTS, WILLIAMSON,
 others ; and a Sergaunt at armes.*

Lincolne. Peace, heare me : he that will not see a red hearing at a Herry grote,² butter at alevenpence a pounce, meale at nyne shillings a bushell, and beeff at fower nobles³ a stone, lyst to me.

Geo. Bett. Yt will come to that passe, yf straingers be sufferd. Mark him.

Linco. Our countrie is a great eating country ; argo⁴ they eate more in our countrey then they do in their owne.

*Betts. Clow.*⁵ By a halfpenny loff, a day, troy waight.

Linc. They bring in straing rootes, which is meerly⁶ to the

¹ one] i. e. on.

² a *Herry grote*] i. e. a Harry groat,—one of the groats coined in the reign of Henry VIII. (of which there were several kinds). The latest notice of a Harry groat which I recollect to have met with, is in a rhymed letter from Shadwell in the country to Wycherley in London: while you, says Shadwell, drink bad wine,

“ we can carouse

For *Harry groat* in low thatcht house,
 With country justice or with squire,
 With sleek black pot, o're good cole fire,
 Like your true Englishmen, in ale
 Thats wholesome, nappy, cleer and stale.”

MS. in my possession.

³ nobles] Gold coins, worth 6s. 8d. each.

⁴ argo] A corruption of *ergo*.

⁵ *Betts. Clow.*] See note 2, p. 19.

⁶ *meerly*] i. e. wholly.

vndoing of poor prentizes; for whats a sorry parsnyp to a good hart?

William. Trash, trash; they breed sore eyes, and tis enough to infect the cytty with the palsey.

Lin. Nay, yt has infected yt with the palsey; for theise basterds of dung, as you knowe they growe in dving, haue infected vs, and yt is our infeccion will make the cytty shake, which partly coms through the eating of parsnypps.

Clown. Betts. Trewe; and pumpions¹ togeather.

Seriant. What say ye to the mercy of the king?
Do ye refuse yt?

Lin. You would haue vs vppon thipp,² woold you? no, marry, do we not; we accept of the kings mercy, but wee will showe no mercy vppon the straungers.

Seriaunt. You are the simplest things that euer stood
In such a question.

Lin. How say ye now, prentisses? prentisses symple! downe with him!

All. Prentisses symple! prentisses symple!

Enter the L. Maier, SURREY, SHREWSBURY.

Maier. Hold! in the kinges name, hold!

Surrey. Friendes, masters, countrymen——

Mayer. Peace, how,³ peace! I charg you, keep the peace!

Shro. My maisters, countrymen——

¹ *pumpions*] i. e. pumpkins.

² *haue vs vppon thipp*] i. e. have us upon the hip. The expression appears to have been derived from hunting. Though twice used by Shakespeare, it is not of frequent occurrence: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, under *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

³ *how*] i. e. ho.—One of a hundred passages in old plays, which shew how improperly the two latest editors of Shakespeare have followed the folios in printing, “The guard!—*how*?” *Ant. and Cleop.* act iv. sc. 12.

Williamson. The noble earle of Shrewsbury, letts hear him.

Ge. Betts. Weele heare the earle of Surrey.

Linc. The earle of Shrewsbury.

Betts. Weele heare both.

All. Both, both, both, both !

Linc. Peace, I say, peace ! ar you men of wisdom, or what ar you ?

Surr. What you will haue them ; but not men of wisdom.

All. Weele not heare my lord of Surrey ; no, no, no, no, no ! Shrewsbury, Shrewsbury !

Moor. Whiles they ar ore the banck of their obedyence, Thus will they bere downe all things.

Linc. Shreiff Moor speakes : shall we heare Shreef Moor speake ?

Doll. Letts heare him : a¹ keepes a plentyfull shrevaltry, and a made my brother Arther Watchins Seriant Safes yeoman : lets heare Shreeve Moore.

All. Shreiu Moor, Moor, More, Shreue Moore !

Moor. Even by the rule you haue among yoursealues, Comand still audience.

All. Surrey, Sury !

*All.*² Moor, Moor !

Lincolne. }
Betts. } Peace, peace, scilens, peace.

Moor. You that haue voyce and credyt with the nymber, Comaund them to a stilnes.

Lincolne. A plaigue on them, they will not hold their peace ; the deule³ cannot rule them.

Moore. Then what a rough and ryotous charge haue you, To leade those that the deule cannot rule ?——
Good masters, heare me speake.

¹ a] i. e. he.

² All] So MS.

³ deule] i. e. devil.

Doll. I, byth mas, will we, Moor : thart a good howskeeper, and I thanck thy good worship for my brother Arthur Watchins.

All. Peace, peace.

Moor. Look, what you do offend you cry vppon, That is, the peace, not * * of you heare present : Had there such fellowes lyvd when you wer babes, That could haue topt the peace, as nowe you woold, The peace wherin you haue till nowe growne vp Had bin tane from you, and the bloody tymes Could not haue brought you to the state of men. Alas, poor things, what is yt you haue gott, Although we graunt you geat the thing you seeke ?

Bett. Marry, the removing of the straingers, which cannot choose but much advauntage the poor handycrafts of the cytty.

Moor. Graunt them remoued, and graunt that this your noyce

Hath chidd downe all the maiestie of England ;
Ymagin that you see the wretched straingers,
Their babyes at their backes and their poor lugage,
Plodding tooth ports and costes for transportacion,
And that you sytt as kinges in your desyres,
Authoryty quyte sylenct by your braule,
And you in ruff of your opynions clothd ;
What had you gott ? I'le tell you : you had taught
How insolence and strong hand should prevayle,
How ordere should be quelld ; and by this patterne
Not on¹ of you should lyve an aged man,
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With sealf same hand, sealf reasons, and sealf right,
Woold shark on you, and men lyke ravenous fishes
Woold feed on on another.

Doll. Before God, thats as trewe as the Gospell.

Lincoln. Nay, this [is] a sound fellowe, I tell you : lets mark him.

¹ on] i. e. one.

Moor. Let me sett vp before your thoughts, good freindes,
 On¹ supposytion ; which if you will marke,
 You shall perceauē howe horrible a shape
 Your ynnovation beres : first, tis a sinn
 Which oft thapostle did forwarne vs of,
 Vrging obedience to authority ;
 And twere no error, yf I told you all,
 You wer in armes gainst your [sovereign].

All. Marry, God forbid that !

Moo. Nay, certainly you are ;
 For to the king God hath his offyce lent
 Of dread, of justyce, power and comaund,
 Hath bid him rule, and willd you to obay ;
 And, to add ampler maiestie to this,
 He hath not only lent the king his figure,
 His throne and sword, but gyven him his owne name,
 Calls him a god on earth. What do you, then,
 Rysing gainst him that God himsealf enstalls,
 But ryse gainst God ? what do you to your sowles
 In doing this ? O, desperat as you are,
 Wash your foule mynds with teares, and those same handes,
 That you lyke rebells lyft against the peace,
 Lift vp for peace, and your vnreuerent knees,
 Make them your feet to kneele to be forgyven^{1 2}
 Tell me but this ; what rebell captaine,
 As mutynies ar incident, by his name

¹ *On*] i. e. One.

² *to kneele to be forgyven, &c.*] Originally written :

“to kneele to be forgyven

Is safer warrs then euer you can make

Whose discipline is ryot, why euen your warrs

Cannot proceed but by obedience what rebell captaine,” &c.

and before the two lines and a half were deleted, “why euen your warrs” was altered first to “why euen your ‘hurly,’” and afterwards to “in in to your obedience.”

Can still the rout? who will obey a traytor?
 Or howe can well that proclamation sounde,
 When ther is no adicion but a rebell
 To quallyfy a rebell? Youle put downe straingers,
 Kill them, cutt their throts, possesse their howses,
 And leade the maiestie of lawe in liom,¹
 To slipp him lyke a hound. Say nowe the king
 (As he is clement, yf thoffendor moorne)
 Should so much com to² short of your great trespas
 As but to banysh you, whether woold you go?
 What country, by the nature of your error,
 Should geve you harber? go you to Fraunce or Flanders,
 To any Jarman province, to Spaine or Portigall,
 Nay, any where that not adheres to England,—
 Why, you must needes be straingers: woold you be pleasd
 To find a nation of such barbarous temper,
 That, breaking out in hiddious violence,
 Woold not afoord you an abode on earth,
 Whett their detested knyves against your throtes,
 Spurne you lyke dogges, and lyke as yf that God
 Owed not nor made not you, nor that the elamentes
 Wer not all appropriat to your comfortes,
 But charterd vnto them, what woold you thinck
 To be thus vsd? this is the straingers case;
 And this your mountanish³ inhumanytye.

All. Fayth, a saies trewe: letts do as we may be doon by.

Linco. Weele be ruld by you, Maister Moor, yf youle stand
 our freind to procure our pardon.

Moor. Submyt you to theise noble gentlemen,
 Entreate their mediation to the kinge,
 Geve vp yoursealfe to forme, obey the maiestrate,
 And thers no doubt but mercy maie be found,
 Yf you so seek.

¹ *liom*] i. e. leash.

² *to*] i. e. too.

³ *mountanish*] MS. "momtanish."

To persist in it is present death: but, if you yeeld yourselves, no doubt what punishment you in simplicitie haue incurred, his highnesse in mercie will moste graciously pardon.

All. We yeeld, and desire his highnesse mercie.

[*They lay by their weapons.*]

Moore. No doubt his maiestie will graunt it you:

But you must yeeld to goe to seuerall prisons,
Till that his highnesse will be further knowne.

All. Moste willingly; whether you will haue vs.

Shrew. Lord Maior, let them be sent to seuerall prisons,
And there, in any case, be well intreated.¹—
My lord of Surrie, please you to take horsse,
And ride to Cheapeside, where the aldermen
Are with their seuerall companies in armes;
Will² them to goe vnto their seuerall wardes,
Bothe for the stay of further mutinie,
And for the apprehending of such persons
As shall contend.

Sur. I goe, my noble lord.

[*Ex. SUR.*]

Shrew. Weele straitte goe tell his highnesse these good newes;
Withall, Shreeue Moore, Ile tell him how your breath
Hath ransomde many a subiect from sad death.

[*Ex. SHREW. and CHOLM.*]

L. Maior. Lincolne and Sherwine, you shall bothe to Newgate;

The rest vnto the Counters.

Pal. Goe garde them hence: a little breath well spent
Cheates expectation in his fairst euent.

Doll. Well, Sheriffe Moore, thou hast doone more with thy good woordes then all they could with their weapons: giue me thy hand; keepe thy promise now for the kings pardon, or, by the Lord, Ile call thee a plaine coniecatcher.³

¹ *intreated*] i. e. treated.

² *Will*] i. e. Desire.

³ *coniecatcher*] i. e. cheat.

Lin. Farewell, Shreeue Moore ; and as we yeeld by thee,
So make our peace ; then thou dealst honestly.

Clo. Ay, and saue vs from the gallows, eles a deuiles debble¹
honestlye ! *[They are led away.]*

L. Maior. Maister Shreeue Moore, you haue preseru'de the
cittie

From a moste daungerous fierce commotion ;
For, if this limbe of riot heere in St. Martins
Had ioind with other braunches of the cittie
That did begin to kindle, twould haue bred
Great rage ; that rage much murder would haue fed.
Not steele, but eloquence hath wrought this good :
You haue redeemde vs from much threatned blood.

Moore. My lord and bretheren, what I heere haue spoke,
My countries looue, and next the citties care,
Enioynde me to ; which since it thus preuailes,²
Thinke, God hath made weake Moore his instrument
To thwart seditions violent intent.
I thinke twere best, my lord, some two houres hence
We meete at the Guildehall, and there determine
That thorow euery warde the watche be clad
In armour, but especially prouide
That at the cittie gates selected men,
Substantiall cittizens, doo warde to night,
For feare of further mischeife.

L. Maior. It shall be so :
But yond me thinks my lord of Shrewesburie.

Ent. SHREW.

Shrew. My lord, his maiestie sends loouing thanks
To you, your bretheren, and his faithfull subiects,
Your carefull cittizens.—But, Master Moore, to you
A rougher, yet as kinde, a salutation :

¹ *a deuiles debble]* i. e. a devil's dibble.

² *preuailes]* i. e. avails.

Your name is yet too short ; nay, you must kneele ;
A knights creation is thys knightly steele.

Rise vp, Sir Thomas Moore.

Moore. I thanke his highnesse for thus honoring me.

Shrew. This is but first taste of his princely fauour ;
For it hath pleased his high maiestie
(Noating your wisdomes and deseruing meritt)
To put this staffe of honor in your hand,
For he hath chose you of his Priuie Councell.

Moore. My lord, for to denye¹ my soueraignes bountie,
Were to drop precious stones into the heapes
Whence first they came ;
To vrdege my imperfections in excuse,
Were all as stale as custome : no, my lord,
My seruice is my kings ; good reason why,—
Since life or death hangs on our soueraignes eye.

L. Maior. His maiestie hath honord much the cittie
In this his princely choise.

Moore. My lord and bretheren,
Though I departe for * * my looue shall rest

* * * * * * *

I now must sleepe in courte, sounde sleepes forbear ;
The chamberlain to state is publique care :
Yet, in this rising of my priuate blood,
My studious thoughts shall tend the citties good.

Ent. CROFTES.

Shrew. How now, Croftes ! what newes ?

Croftes. My lord, his highnesse sends expresse commaunde
That a record be entred of this riott,
And that the cheefe and capitall offendours
Be theron strait arraignde, for himselfe intends
To sit in person on the rest to morrowe
At Westminster.

¹ *denye*] i. e. refuse, reject.

Shrew. Lord Maior, you heare your charge.—
Come, good Sir Thomas Moore, to court let's hye ;
You are th' appeaser of this mutinie.

Moore. My lord, farewell : new dayes begets new tides :
Life whirles bout fate, then to a graue it slydes.

[*Exeunt seuerally.*]

Enter Master Sheriffe [with Officers], and meete a Messenger.

Sheriff. Messenger, what newes ?

Mess. Is execution yet performde ?

Sheriff. Not yet ; the cartes stand readie at the stayres,
And they shall presently away to Tibourne.

Messe. Stay, Master Shreeue ; it is the councelles pleasure,
For more example in so bad a case,
A jibbit be erected in Cheapside,
Hard by the Standerd¹ ; whether you must bring
Lincolne and those that were the cheefe with him,
To suffer death, and that immediatly.

Sheriff. It shalbe doone, sir [*Ex. Mess.*].— Officers, be
speedie ;
Call for a jibbit. see it be erected ;
Others make haste to Newgate, bid them bring
The prisoners hether, for they here must dye :
Away, I say, and see no time be slackt.

Off. We goe, sir.

[*Ex. some seuerally ; others set vp the jibbit.*]

Sheriff. Thats well said,² fellowes ; now you doo your
dutie.—

God for his pittie help these troublous times !
The streetes stopte vp with gazing multitudes :
Commaund our armed officers with halberds

¹ *the Standerd*] See Stow's *Survey of London*, B. iii. p. 34, ed. 1720.

² *well said*] Is addressed to those who are setting up the gibbet, and is

Make way for entraunce of the prisoners ;
 Let proclamation once againe be made,
 That euery housholder, on paine of deathe,
 Keep in his prentises, and euery man
 Stand with a weapon readie at his doore,
 As he will answeere to the contrary.

Off. Ile see it doone, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter another Officer.*¹

Sheriffe. Bring them away to execution :
 The writt is come abooue two houres since ;
 The cittie will be fynde for this neglect.

Off. Thers such a presse and multitude at Newgate,
 They cannot bring the cartes onto the stayres,
 To take the prisoners in.

Sheriff. Then let them come on foote ;
 We may not dally time with great commaund.

Off. Some of the benche, sir, thinke it very fit
 That stay be made, and giue it out abroad
 The execution is deferd till morning,
 And, when the streetes shall be a little cleerd,
 To chaine them vp, and suddenly dispatch it.

equivalent to—well done. So in *A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you*, 1600, while Richard and Gloster are fighting,—

“*Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.*

Rob. Clashing of weapons at my welcome hyther ?
 Bickring vpon Blacke-heath ? *Well said*, olde man ;
 Ile take thy side,” &c.

Sig. I 3.

This meaning of *well said* was, I beleve, first pointed out in my note on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, i. 328.

¹ *Enter another Officer*] So MS.

Sheriff. Stay ; in meane time me thinkes they come along :
See, they are comming. So, tis very well :

The prisoners are brought in, well guarded.

Bring Lincolne there the first vnto the tree.

Clo. I,¹ for I cry lug,² sir.

Lin. I knewe the first, sir, did belong to me :
This the olde prouerbe now compleate dooth make,
That Lincolne should be hangd for Londons sake.

[He goes up.]

A Gods name, let vs to woorke. Fellowe, dispatche :
I was the formoste man in this rebellion,
And I the formoste that must dye for it.

Doll. Brauely, Iohn Lincolne, let thy death expresse,
That, as thou hu'dst a man, thou dyedst no lesse.

Lin. Doll Williamson, thine eyes shall witnesse it.—
Then to all you that come to viewe mine end
I must confesse, I had no ill intent,
But against such as wrongd vs ouer much :
And now I can perceiue it was not fit
That priuate men should carue out their redresse,
Which way they list ; no, learne it now by me,—
Obedience is the best in eche degree :
And asking mercie meekely of my king,
I paciently submit me to the lawe ;
But God forgiue them that were cause of it !
And, as a Christian, truely from my hart
I likewise craue they would forgiue me too

* * * * *

That others by example of the same
Hencefoorth be warned to attempt the like
Gainst any alien that repaireth hether.

¹ *I]* i. e. Ay.

² *I cry lug]* i. e. I cry slug, sluggard,—I am in no hurry

Fare ye well, all : the next time that we meete,
I trust in heauen we shall eche other greeete. [*He leapes off.*]

Doll. Farewell, Iohn Lincolne . say all what they can,
Thou lu'dst a good fellowe, and dyedst an honest man.

Clo. Wold I weare so farre on my journey ! the first stretche
is the werste¹, me thinks.

Sheriff. Bring Williamson there forward.

Doll. Good Master Shreeue, I haue an earnest suite,
And, as you are a man, deny't me not.

Sheriff. Woman, what is it ? be it in my power,
Thou shalt obtayne it.

Doll. Let me dye next, sir ; that is all I craue :
You knowe not what a comforte you shall bring
To my poore hart, to dye before my husband.

Sheriff. Bring her to death ; she shall haue her desire.

Clo. Sir, and I haue a suite to you too.

Sher. What is ytt ?

Clo. That, as you haue hangd Lincolne first, and will hange
hir nexte, so you will nott hange me at all.

Sher. Naye, you set ope the Counter gates, and you must
hange [for] the folý.

Clo. Well, then, so much for it !

Doll. Sir, your free bountie much contents my minde.
Commend me to that good shreeue Master Moore,
And tell him, had't not bin for his perswasion,
Iohn Lincolne had not hung heere as he does :
We would first haue [bin] lockt vp in Leadenhall,
And there bin burnt to ashes with the rooffe.

Sheriff. Woman, what Master Moore did was a subjects
dutie,
And hath so pleasse our gracious lord the king,
That he is hence remoou'de to higher place,
And made of councell to his maiestie.

¹ *werste*] i. e. worst.

Doll. Well is he woorthie of it, by my troth.
 An honest, wise, well spoken gentleman ;
 Yet would I praise his honestie much more.
 If he had kept his woord, and sau'de our liues :
 But let that passe ; men are but men, and so
 Woords are but wordes, and paies not what men owe.—
 You, husband, since perhaps the world may say
 That through my meanes thou comste thus to thy end.
 Heere I beginne this cuppe of death to thee.
 Because thou shalt be sure to taste no wursse
 Then I haue taken that must goe before thee.
 What though I be a woman ? thats no matter ;
 I doo owe God a death, and I must pay him.
 Husband, giue me thy hand ; be not dismayed ;
 This charre beeing charde,¹ then all our debt is payd.
 Only two little babes we leaue behinde vs,
 And all I can bequeathe them at this time
 Is but the looue of some good honest freend,
 To bring them vp in charitable sorte :
 What, maisters ! he goes vpright that neuer haltes,
 And they may liue to mend their parents faultes.

Will. Why, well sayd, wife ; yfaith, thou cheerst my hart :
 Giue me thy hand ; lets kisse, and so lets part.

[*He kisses her on the ladder.*]

Doll. The next kisse, Williamson, shalbe in heauen.—
 Now cheerely, lads ! George Bets, a hand with thee ;
 And thine too, Rafe ; and thine, good honest Sherwin.
 Now let me tell the women of this towne,
 No straunger yet brought Doll to lying downe :
 So long as I an Englishman can see,
 Nor Frenche nor Dutche shall get a kisse of me ;

¹ *This charre beeing charde*] i. e. This work or business being despatched. The expression is not uncommon ; see, for instance, Warner's *Albions England*, p. 306, ed. 1612, and Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 182, ed. 1768.

And when that I am dead, for me yet say,
I dyed in scorne to be a straungers preye.

[*A great shout and noise [within].*]

[*Within.*] Pardon, pardon, pardon, pardon !
Roome for the Erle of Surrey, roome there, roome !

Enter SURREY.

Sur. Saue the mans life, if it be possible.

Sheriff. It is too late, my lord ; hees dead alreadie.

Sur. I tell ye, Master Sheriffe, you are too forward,
To make such haste with men vnto their death ;
I thinke your paines will merit little thanks,
Since that his highnesse is so mercifull
As not to spill the blood of any subiect.

Sheriff. My noble lord, would we so much had knowen !
The Councelles warrant hastened our dispatche ;
It had not else bin doone so suddenly.

Sur. Sir Thomas Moore humbly vppon his knee
Did begge the liues of all, since on his woord
They did so gently yeeld : the king hath graunted it,
And made him Lord High Chauncellour of England,
According as he woorthily deserues.
Since Lincolnes life cannot be had againe,
Then for the rest, from my dread soueraignes lippes,
I heere pronounce free pardon for them all.

All. God saue the king, God saue the king !
My good Lord Chauncellour, and the Earle of Surrey !

[*Flinging vp cappes.*]

Doll. And Doll desires it from her very hart,
Moores name may liue for this right noble part ;
And whensoere we talke of ill May daie,¹

Praise Moore * * * * *

Sur. In hope his highnesse clemencie and mercie,

¹ *ill May daie*] i. e. evil May-day : see ballad prefixed to the play.

Which in the armes of milde and meeke compassion
 Would rather clip¹ you, as the loouing nurssse
 Oft dooth the waywarde infant, then to leaue you
 To the sharp rodd of justice, so to drawe you
 To shun such lewde² assemblies as beget
 Vnlawfull riots and such trayterous acts,
 That, striking with the hand of priuate hate,
 Maime your deare countrie with a publike wounde :—
 Oh God, that Mercie, whose maiestick browe
 Should be vnwrinckled, and that awefull Justice,
 Which looketh through a vaile of sufferance
 Vppon the frailtie of the multitude,
 Should with the clamours of outragious wrongs
 Be stird and wakened thus to punishment !—
 But your deserued death he dooth forgiue :
 Who giues you life, pray all he long may liue.

All. God saue the king, God saue the king !
 My good Lord Chauncellour, and the Earle of Surrey !

[*Exeunt.*]

A table beeing couered with a greene carpet, a state cushion on it, and the Purse and Mace lying thereon, enter Sir THOMAS MOORE.

Moore. It is in Heauen³ that I am thus and thus ;
 And that which we prophanlie terme our fortunes
 Is the provision of the power aboue,
 Fitted and shapte just to that strength of nature
 Which we are borne [withal]. Good God, good God,
 That I from such an humble bench of birth
 Should stepp as twere vp to my countries head,
 And give the law out ther ! I, in my fathers life,

¹ *clip*] i. e. embrace.

² *lewde*] i. e. wicked, evil.

³ *It is in Heauen, &c.*] This speech was evidently intended to come in

To take prerogative and tyth of knees
 From elder kinsmen, and him bynd by my place
 To give the smooth and dexter way to me

here. In the MS. it is pasted over the first draught of the present scene, which (as far as it can now be read) runs thus :

“*A table beeing covered with a greene carpet, a state cushion on it, and the Purse and Mace lying thereon, enter Sir Thomas Moore, and his man Randall with him, attyred like him.*”

“This must be
 newe written”

Moore. Come on, sir are you readie ?

Ran. Yes, my lord, I stand but vppon a fewe pointes ; I shall haue doone presently Is it your honors pleasure that I should growe proude now ?

Moore. I, I must haue thee proude, or else thou'lt nere
 Be neere allyed to greatnesse. Obserue me, sir.
 The learned clarke Erasmus is arriu'de
 Within our Englishe courte · this day, I heare,
 He feasteth with an Englishe honoured poett,
 The Earle of Surrey ; and I knowe this night
 The famous clarke of Roterdame will visite
 Sir Thomas Moore. Therfore, sir, acting parte,
 There take my place, furnisht with purse and mace
 He see if great Erasmus can distinguishe
 Merit and outward ceremonie. Obserue me, sirra :
 He be thy glasse, dresse thy behaiour
 According to my cariage ; but beware
 Thou talke not ouermuch, for twill betray thee :
 Who prates not oft seemes wise ; his witt fewe scan ;
 Whilste the tounge blabs tales of th' imperfect man.

Ran I conceiue your lordship, and haue learnde your shift
 So well that I must needes be apprehensiu.

[*The waites playes within.*]

Moore. This musique telles vs that the earle is come
 With learnde Erasmus. Now, my Lord Chauncellour”

* * * * *

That owe it him by nature ! Sure, thes things,
 Not phisickt by respecte, might turne our bloud
 To much corruption : but, Moore, the more thou hast,
 Ether of honor, office, wealth, and calling,
 Which might accite thee to embrace and hugg them,
 The more doe thou in serpents natures thinke them ;
 Feare ther gay skinns with thought of ther sharpe state ;
 And lett this be thy maxime, to be greate
 Is when the thred of hayday is once spoun,¹
 A bottom² great woond vpp greatly vudonn.—
 Com on, sir : are you redy ?

[*Enter RANDALL, attyred like Sir THOMAS MOORE.*]

Randall. Yes, my lord, I stand but one³ a few points⁴ ; I shall have donn presentlie. Before God, I have practised your lordshippes shift so well, that I thinke I shall grow prowde, my lord.

Moore. Tis fitt thou shouldst wax prowde, or ells thoult nere Be neere allied to greatnes. Observe me, sirra. The learned clarke Erasmus is arived Within our English court : last night I heere He feasted with our honord English poet,⁵ The Earle of Surrey ; and I learnd to day The famous clarke of Rotherdam will visett Sir Thomas Moore. Therfore, sir, take my seate ; You are Lord Chauncelor : dress your behaviour According to my carriage ; but beware You talke not over much, for twill betray thee :

¹ *spoun*] i. e. spun.

² *bottom*] i. e. ball of thread.

³ *one*] i. e. on.

⁴ *points*] Mean the tagged laces which fastened the hose or breeches to the doublet. A quibble, of course, is intended here.

⁵ *our honord English poet*] See note, p. 15.

Who prates not much seemes wise ; his witt few scan ;
 While the tongue blabs tales of the imperfitt man.
 Ile see if greate Erasmus can distinguishe
 Meritt and outward cerimony.

Rand. If I doe not deserve a share¹ for playing of your lordship well, lett me be yeoman vsher to your sumpter,² and be banisht from wearing of a gold chaine³ for ever.

Moore. Well, sir, Ile hide our motion⁴ : act my part
 With a firme boldnes, and thou winst my hart.

Enter the Shreive, with FAWKNER a ruffin, and Officers.

How now ! whats the matter ?

Faulk. Tugg me not, Ime noe beare. Sbloud, if all the doggs in Paris Garden⁵ hung at my tale, Ide shake em of with this, that Ile appeere before noe king cirstned but my good Lord Chauncelor.

Shre. Weee cristen you, sirra.—Bring him forward.

Moore. How now ! what tumults make you ?

Falk. The azurde heavens protect my noble Lord Chauncelor !

Moore. What fellowes this ?

Shre. A ruffian, my lord, that hath sett half the cittie in an vpprore.

Falk. My lord ——

¹ *a share*] i. e. a share in a company of actors : see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet* iii. 428, sqq.

² *sumpter*] i. e. sumpter-horse.

³ *a gold chaine*] Worn formerly as a mark of distinction by the upper servant in a great family : "Call in my chief gentleman i' the chain of gold." Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, act ii. sc 1.

⁴ *motion*] Does not, I apprehend, mean here—puppet-play, but purpose, design.

⁵ *Paris Garden*] The bear-garden on the Bank-side, Southwark.

Shre. Ther was a fray in Paternoster-row, and because they would not be parted, the street was choakt vpp with carts.

Fauk. My noble lord, Paniar Allies throat was open.

Moore. Sirra, hold your peace.

Fauk. He prove the street was not choakt, but is as well as ever it was since it was a streete.

Shreu. This fellow was a principall broacher of the broile.

Fauk. Sbloud, I brocht none ; it was broacht and half ronnn out, before I had a lick at it.

Shre. And would be brought before noe justice but your honor.

Fauk. I am haild, my noble lord.

Moore. No eare to choose for every triviall noice
But mine, and in so full a time ? Away !
You wronge me, Master Shreve : dispose of him
At your owne plesure ; send the knave to Newgate.

Fauk. To Newgate ! sbloud, Sir Thomas Moore, I appeale,
I appeale from Newgate to any of the two worshippfull Counters.¹

Moore. Fellow, whose man are you, that are thus lustie ?

Fauk. My names Jack Fawkner ; I serve, next vnder God
and my prince, Master Morris, secretary to my Lord of Winchester.

Moore. A fellow of your haire² is very fitt
To be a secretaries follower !

Fauk. I hope so, my lord. The fray was betweene the
Bishoppes men of Eelie and Winchester ; and I could not in

¹ *Counters*] See note, p. 22.

² *A fellow of your haire*] i. e. a fellow of your grain, texture, complexion, character (Sir Thomas quibbling on the word "*haire*," see what follows). This passage shews how very unnecessarily Mr. Collier doubted Johnson's explanation of "*hair*", and how very rashly Mr. Knight altered

honor but parte them. I thought it stood not with my reputation and degree to com to my questions and aunswers before a citty justice : I knew I should to the pott.

it to "air," in the following line of Shakespeare's *First Part of K. Henry IV.* act iv. sc. 1.,

"The quality and *hair* of our attempt."——

Farther on in the MS. is a portion of the first draught of the scene with Faulkner, &c., which I now subjoin.

"Me thinkes this straunge and ruffinhke disguise
Fits not the follower of a secrétaire

Faulk. My lord, I weare my haire vppon a vow.

Shrew But for no penaunce of your sinnes, I fcare

Sur. No, hees no haire-clothman, though he weare haire.

Moore. Faulkener, how long ist since you cutt your locks?

Faulk. Three yeares, my lord

Moore. How long wilt be before your vow expire?

Faulk. As many yeares as since my haire was cut.

Moore. Sure, vowes are holy things, if they be made

To good intent; and, sir, you shall not say,

You were compelde by me to breake your vowe,

But till the expiration of the same,

Because I will not haue ye walke the streetes

For euery man to stand and wunder at,

I will committ ye prisoner vnto Newgate,

Except meane time your conscience giue you leaue

To dispense with the long vow that you haue made.—

Away with him!

Sur. A cell moste meete for such a votarie.

Faulk. Well, sir, and I may perhaps be bailde er't be long,
and yet weare my haire. [*They lead him out.*]

Moore. And, Master Sheriff of London,
Heere in his highnesse name we gue you charge
Continuall watche be kept throughout the cittie,

Moore. Thou hast byn ther, it seemes, to¹ late allredie.

Fauk. I know your honor is wise and so forth ; and I desire to be only cattachyzd or examind by you, my noble Lord Chauncelor.

Moore. Sirra, sirra, you are a busie dangerous ruffian.

Fauk. Ruffian !

Moore. How long have you worne this haire ?

Fauk. I have worne this haire ever since I was borne.

For the suppressing of these mutinies ;
And, if hereafter any, that belong
Either to my Lord of Winchester or Elie,
Doo come into your cittie with a weapon,
Or abooue two of either faction
Shall be seene walking in the streetes together,
Or meete in tauerne or in ordinarie,
They be committed presently to prison.

Sur. And cause to be proclaind about the cittie,
That no man whatsoeuer, that belongs
Either to my Lord of Winchester or Elie,
Doo walke without the liuerie of his lord,
Either in cloke or any other garment,
That notice may be taken of the offenders.

Enter Master Morris, and ex. Sherif and the rest.

Moris. God saue your honor, my Lord Chauncellour !

Moore. Welcome, Master Morris : what newes, sir ?

Moris. I come moste humbly to entreate your honor
In the behalfe of a poore man of mine.

Moore. What ! the votarie that will not cut his haire,
Vntill the expiration of his vow ?

Moris. My lord, beeing sorie for his rude behaniour,
He hath cut his haire, and dooth conforme himselfe

* * * * * in his attire."

The remainder is pasted over.

¹ to] i. e. too.

Moore. You know thats not my question, but how long
Hath this shagg fleece hung dangling on thy head?

Fauke. How long, my lord! why, somtimes thus long, som-
times lowere, as the Fates and humors please.

Moore. So quick, sir, with me, ha? I see, good fellow,
Thou lovest plaine dealing. Sirra, tell me now,
When were you last at barbars? how longe time
Have you vppon your head woorne this shagg haire?

Fauke. My lord, Jack Faulkner tells noe Esops fables: troth,
I was not at barbars this three yeires; I have not byn cutt nor
will not be cutt, vppon a foolish vow, which, as the Destanies
shall drect, I am sworne to keepe.

Moore. When comes that vow out?

Fauk. Why, when the humors are purgd, not theis three years.

Moore. Vowes are recorded in the court of Heaven,
For they are holly acts. Yong man, I charge thee
And doe advize thee, start not from that vow:
And, for I will be sure thou shalt not shreve,¹
Besides, because it is an odious sight
To see a man thus hairie, thou shalt lie
In Newgate till thy vow and thy three years
Be full expired.—Away with him!

Fauke. My lord——

Moor. Cut of this fleece, and lie ther but a moneth.

Fauk. Ile not loose a haire to be Lord Chauncelor of Europe.

Moore. To Newgate, then! Sirra, great sinns are brede
In all that body wher thers a foule head.—
Away with him!

[*Exeunt* [all except RANDALL.]]

Enter SURRY, ERASMUS, and Attendants.

Surry. Now, great Erasmus, you approch the presence
Of a most worthy learned gentleman:
This little ile holds not a trewer frend
Vnto the arts; nor doth his greatnes add

¹ *shreve*] Is it for *swerve*?

A fained florish to his worthie parts ;
 Hees great in studie ; thats the statists¹ grace,
 That gaines more reverence then the outward place.

Erasmus. Report, my lord, hath crost the narrow seas,
 And to the severall parts of Christendom
 Hath borne the fame of your Lord Chauncelor :
 I long to see him, whom with loving thoughts
 I in my studie oft have visited.
 Is that Sir Thomas Moore ?

Surry. It is, Erasmus :
 Now shall you view the honorablest scholler,
 The most religious pollititian,
 The worthiest counsailor that tends our state.
 That study is the generall watch of England ;
 In it the princes saftie, and the peace
 That shines vppon our comonwealth, are forgd
 By loiall industrie.

Erasmus. I dowt him not
 To be as neere the life of excellence
 As you proclaime him, when his meanest servaunts
 Are of some waight : you saw, my lord, his porter
 Give entertainment to vs at the gate
 In Latten good phrase ; whats the master, then,
 When such good parts shine in his meanest men ?

Surry. His lordship hath som waightie busines ;
 For, see, as yett he takes noe notice of vs.

Erasmus. I thinke twere best I did my dutie to him
 In a short Latin speech.—

*Qui in celiberima patria natus est et² gloriosa, plus habet negotii
 ut in lucem veniat³ quam qui —*

¹ *statists*] i. e. statesman's.

² *et*] MS. "ett."

³ *plus habet negotii ut in lucem veniat*] This (though vile Latinity) is, I believe, what the author wrote. The MS. has "*plus habet negotii et in lucem veniat.*"

Rand. I prythee, good Erasmus, be covered.¹ I have forsworne speaking of Lattin, [else], as I am true counsailor, Ide tickle you with a speech. Nay, sitt, Erasmus ;—sitt, good my Lord of Surry. Ile make my lady com to you anon, if she will, and give you entertainment.

Erasmus. Is this Sir Thomas Moore ?

Surry. Oh good Erasmus, you must conceave his vaine : Hees ever furnisht² with thes conceits.

Rand. Yes, faith, my learned poet doth not lie for that matter : I am nether more nor less then mery Sir Thomas allwaies. Wilt supp with me ? by God, I love a parlous³ wise fellow that smells of a pollititian better then a long progress.

Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE.

Surry. We are deluded ; this is not his lordshipp.

Rand. I pray you, Erasmus, how longe will the Holland cheese in your countrie keepe without maggetts ?

Moore. Foole, painted barbarisme, retire thyself Into thy first creation ! [*Exit RANDAL.*].—Thus you see, My loving learned frends, how far respecte Waites often on the cerimonious traine Of base illitterat welth, whilst men of schooles, Shrowded in povertie, are counted fooles. Pardon, thou reverent Germaine, I have mixt So slight a jest to the faire entertainment Of thy most worthy self ; for know, Erasmus, Mirth wrinckls vpp my face, and I still crave, When that forsakes me I may hugg my grave.

Erasmus. Your honers mery humor is best phisick⁴

¹ *be covered*] i. e. put on your hat.

² *furnisht*] Read, for the metre, “furnishèd.”

³ *parlous*] i. e. perilous,—excessive.

⁴ *phisick*] On the margin of MS., opposite this line, is written “*et [aut] tu Erasmus an [aut] Diabolus.*”—“But of all strangers Erasmus challenged unto himself his [More’s] love most especially, which had long

Vnto your able boddy ; for we learne
 Wher mellancholly choaks the passages
 Of bloud and breth, the erected spirit still
 Lengthens our dayes with sportfull exercise :
 Studie should be the saddest time of life,
 The rest a sport exempt from thought of strife.

Moore. Erasmus preacheth gospell against phisicke,
 My noble poet.

Surry. Oh, my lord, you tax me
 In that word poct of much idlenes :
 It is a studie that makes poore our fate ;
 Poets were ever thought vnfitt for state.

Moore. O, give not vp faire poisie, sweet lord,
 To such contempt ! That I may speake my hart,
 It is the sweetest heraldrie of art,
 That setts a difference tweene the tough sharpe holly
 And tender bay tree.

Surry. Yett, my lord,
 It is become the very logic¹ number
 To all mechanick sciences.

continued by mutual letters expressing great affection; and increased so much that he took a journey of purpose into England to see and enjoy his personal acquaintance and more entire familiarity; at which time it is reported how that he who conducted him in his passage procured that Sir Thomas More and he should first meet together in London at the Lord Mayor's table, neither of them knowing each other. And in the dinner time they chanced to fall into argument, Erasmus still endeavouring to defend the worser part; but he was so sharply set upon and opposed by Sir Thomas More, that perceiving that he was now to argue with a readier wit than ever he had before met withal, he broke forth into these words, not without some choler, 'Aut tu es Morus aut nullus.' Whereto Sir Thomas readily replied, 'Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus,' because at that time he was strangely disguised, and had sought to defend impious positions." C. More's *Life of Sir T. More*, p. 92, ed. 1828.

¹ *logic*] Seems to be the reading of the MS. but qy?

Moore. Why, Ile show the reason :
 This is noe age for poets ; they should sing
 To the lowd canon *heroica facta* ,
*Qui faciunt reges heroica carmina laudant*¹ .
 And, as great subiects of ther pen decay,
 Even so vnphisickt they doe melt away.

Enter Master MORRIS.

Com, will your lordshipp in ?—My deere Erasmus—
 Ile heere you, Master Moris, presentlie.—
 My lord, I make you master of my howse :
 Weele banquet heere with fresh and staid delights,
 The Muses musick heer shall cheere our sprites ;
 The cates must be but meane wher scollers sitt,
 For thar made all with courses of neate witt.

[*Exeunt SURREY, ERASMUS, and Attendants.*]

How now, Master Morris ?

Moriss. I am a suter to your lordshipp in behalf of a ser-
 vaunt of mine.

Moore. The fellow with long haire ? good Master Moris,
 Com to me three years hence, and then Ile heere you.

Moris. I vnderstand your honor : but the foolish knave has
 submitted himself to the mercy of a barber, and is without,
 redy to make a new vow before your lordshipp, heerafter to
 leue cavell.

Moore. Nay, then, letts talke with him : pray, call him in.

Enter FAUKNER and Officers.

Fauk. Bless your honor ! a new man, my lord.

Moore. Why, sure, this [is] not he.

Fauk. And your lordshipp will, the barber shall give you
 a sample of my head : I am he in faith, my lord ; I am
ipse.

¹ *laudant*] MS. "lawdant."—In the *Gradus ad Par.* (in v. *Heroicus*),
 this line is attributed (by mistake, I believe) to "Ovid."

Moore. Why, now thy face is like an honest mans :
Thou hast plaid well at this new cutt, and wonn.

Faulk. No, my lord ; lost all that ever God sent me.

Moore. God sent thee into the world as thou art now,
With a short haire. How quickly are three years
Ronn out in Newgate !

Faulk. I think so, my lord ; for ther was but a haire's length
betweene my going thether and so long time.

Moore. Because I see som grace in thee, goe free.—
Discharge him, fellowes.—Farewell, Master Moris.—
Thy head is for thy shoulders now more fitt ;
Thou hast less haire vppon it, but more witt.

[*Exit.*

Moris. Did not I tell thee allwaies of thes locks ?

Faulk. And the locks were on againe, all the goldsmiths in
Cheapside should not pick them open. Shart,¹ if my haire
stand not an end when I looke for my face in a glass, I am a
polecatt. Heers a lowsie jest ! but, if I notch not that rogue
Tom barbar, that makes me looke thus like a Brownist,² hange
me ! Ile be worss to the nitticall³ knave then ten tooth drawe-
ings. Heers a head, with a pox !

Morre. What ails thou ? art thou mad now ?

Faulk. Mad now ! nayles, yf losse of hayre cannot mad a
man, what can ? I am deposde, my crowne is taken from me.
Moore had bin better a⁴ scowred Moreditch than a notcht mee
thus : does hee begin sheepesharing with Jack Faulkner ?

Morre. Nay, and you feede this veyne, sir, fare you well.

¹ *Shart*] i. e. 'S heart !

² *a Brownist*] An anachronism. Robert Brown, from whom the sect
of the Brownists derived its name, was not born till about 1547 · he is
said to have been more than eighty years of age at his death, which took
place in 1630.

³ *nitticall*] i. e. lousy.

⁴ *a*] i. e. ha'—have.

Falk. Why, farewell, frost.¹ Ile goe hang myselfe out of the Poll Head.² Make a Sarcen of Jack?

Morr. Thou desperate knave! for that I see the divell Wholy getts hold of thee——

Falk. The divells a dambd rascall.

Morr. I charge thee, wayte on mee no more; no more Call mee thy master.

Falk. Why, then, a word, Master Morris.

Morr. Ile heare no wordes, sir; fare you well.

Falk. Sbloud, farewell.

Morr. Why doest thou follow mee?

Falk. Because Ime an asse. Doe you sett your shavers vpon me, and then cast mee off? must I condole? haue the Fates playd the fooles? am I their cutt?³ now the poore sconce⁴ is taken, must Jack march with bag and baggage?

[*Weapes.*

Morr. You coxcomb!

Falk. Nay, you ha poacht mee; you ha given mee a hayre; its here, heare.

Morr. Away, you kynd asse! come, sir, dry your eyes: Keepe your old place, and mend theis fooleryes.

Falk. I care not to bee tournd off, and twere a ladder, so it bee in my humor, or the Fates becon to mee. Nay, pray, sir, yf the Destinyes spin mee a fyne thred, Falkner flyes another

¹ *Why, farewell, frost*] A proverbial expression. Compare Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, "And so farwell frost, my fortune naught me cost." Sig A a 12, ed. 1632. See also Porter's *Two Angrie Women of Abington*, p. 43, Percy reprint; and Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 189, ed. 1768.

² *the Poll Head*] i. e. the Polled Head,—some tavern so called.

³ *cutt*] i. e. common labouring horse (properly, a docked one),—used here, of course, with a quibble.

⁴ *sconce*] Another quibble,—*sconce* meaning both a head and a fortification.

pitch ; and to avoyd the headach hereafter, before Ile bee a hayremonger, Ile bee a whoremonger. [*Exeunt*.¹

Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, Master ROPER, and Servingmen setting stooles.

Moore. Come, my good fellowes, stirre, be dilligent ;
Sloth is an ydle fellowe, leaue him now ;
The time requires your expeditious seruice :

¹ [*Exeunt*] After this, the MS. has the original draught of the scene with Faulkner, &c. (which has been already given in note, p. 44), and next, the subjoined speeches, the first of which is written on the margin, and the second on a scrap of paper pasted over the latter part of the original draught just mentioned.

“ *Enter a Messenger to MOORE.*

Mess. My honorable lord, the Maior of London,
(*T. Goedal**) Accompanied with his lady and her traine,
Are coming hether, and are hard at hand,
To feast with you : a seriaunts come before,
To tell your lordshipp of ther neer aproche.

Moore Why, this is cheerfull newes: frends goe and come :
Reverend Erasmus, whose delitious words
Express the very soule and life of witt,
Newhe toke sad leave of me, [and] with teares
Trubled the sillver channell of the Themes,
Which, glad of such a burden, prowdlie sweld
And one her bosom bore him toward the sea.
Hees gon to Roterdam; peace goe with him !
He left me heavy when he went from hence ;
But this recomforts me; the kind Lord Maior,
His bretheren aldermen, with ther faire wives,

* *T. Goedal*] The actor who played the Messenger. Mr Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. cix.) says that this person was the “Goodale” who had a share in the Blackfriars theatre in 1589; but the Christian name of the sharer was “Baptiste,” and here the MS. has distinctly “*T. Goedal*.” Perhaps, they were brothers.

Place me heere stooles, to set the ladyes on.—
 Sonne Roper, you haue giuen order for the banquet?

Ro. I haue, my lord, and euery thing is readie.

Enter his Lady.

Moore. Oh, welcome, wife ! giue you direction
 How women should be plac'de ; you knowe it best.
 For my Lord Maior, his bretheren, and the rest,
 Let me alone ; men best can order men.

La. I warrant ye, my lord, all shalbe well.
 Ther's one without that stayes to speake with ye,
 And bad me tell ye that he is a player.

Moore. A player, wife !—One of ye bid him come in.

[*Ex. one.*

Nay, stirre there, fellowes ; fye, ye are to¹ slowe !
 See that your lights be in a readines :
 The banquet shalbe heere.²—Gods me, madame,
 Leaue my Lady Maioresse ! bothe of vs from the boord !
 And my sonne Roper too ! what may our guests thinke ?

Will feast this night with vs : why, soet shuld be ;
 Moores mery hart lives by good companie.—
 Good gentlemen, be carefull ; give great charge
 Our diet be made daynty for the tast ;
 For, of all people that the earth affords,
 The Londoners fare richest at ther bourds.
 Come, my good fellowes, &c."

Though the concluding words of the above fragment are the same as those at the commencement of the next scene, yet the fragment cannot be inserted in the text as a portion of that scene, because the fragment speaks of the Lord Mayor as about to arrive at More's house, while the scene speaks of him as having not only arrived there, but also "risen from the board."

¹ *to*] i. e. too

² *The banquet shalbe heere*] A *banquet* meant what we now call a

La. My lord, they are risen, and sitting by the fire.

Moore. Why, yet goe you and keepe them companie ;
It is not meete we should be absent bothe. [*Ex. La.*]

Enter Player.

Welcome, good freend ; what is your will with me ?

Player. My lord, my fellowes and myselfe
Are come to tender ye our willing seruice,
So please you to commaund vs.

Moore. What, for a play, you meane ?
Whom doo ye serue ?

Player. My Lord Cardinalles grace.

Moore. My Lord Cardinalls players ' now, trust me, welcome :

You happen hether in a luckie time,
To pleasure me, and benefit yourselues.
The Maior of London and some aldermen,
His lady and their wiues, are my kinde guests
This night at supper : now, to haue a play
Before the banquet, will be excellent.—
How thinke you, sonne Roper ?

Ro. Twill doo well, my lord,
And be right pleasing pastime to your guests.

Moore. I prethee, tell me, what playes haue ye ?

Player. Diuers, my lord ; *The Cradle of Securitie*,¹
Hit nayle o'th head,² *Impacient Pouertie*,³

dessert ; and it was generally eaten in a separate room, to which the guests removed after they had dined or supped — This speech is inconsistent with what More afterwards says (p. 66),

“ But by this time, I am sure, our banquet's readie,” &c.

¹ *The Cradle of Securitie*] Not extant. See an account of it in Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 272, sqq.

² *Hit nayle o'th head*] Not extant.

³ *Impacient Pouertie*] Not extant.

The play of Foure Pees,¹ *Dives and Lazarus*,²
Lustie Juuentus,³ and *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*.⁴

Moore. *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome* ¹ that, my lads,
 Ile none but that ; the theame is very good,
 And may maintaine a liberall argument :
 To marie wit to wisedome, asks some cunning ;
 Many haue witt, that may come short of wisedome.
 Wee see how Master poet playes his part,
 And whether witt or wisedome grace his arte.—
 Goe, make him drinke, and all his fellowes too.—
 How manie are ye ?

Player. Foure men and a boy, sir.

Moore. But one boy ? then I see,
 Ther's but fewe women in the play.

Player. Three, my lord ; Dame Science, Lady Vanitie,
 And Wisdome she herselfe.

Moore. And one boy play them all ? bir lady, hees loden.
 Well, my good fellowe, get ye strait together,
 And make ye readie with what haste ye may.—
 Prouide their supper gainste the play be doone,
 Else shall we stay our guests heere ouer long.—
 Make haste, I pray ye.

Player. We will, my lord. [Ex. Ser. and Player.]

¹ *The play of Foure Pees*] By John Heywood Reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i

² *Dives and Lazarus*] Not extant. It was written by a player, if we may trust to a passage in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*: see Collier's *Hist of Engl Dram. Poet* ii. 272.

³ *Lustie Juuentus*] By R. Wever (for I cannot think with Mr. Collier, —*Hist. of Engl Dram Poet*. ii. 317, — that there is any reason for doubting that Wever was its author.) Reprinted in Hawkins's *Or. of the English Drama*, vol. i.

⁴ *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*] No such drama ever existed . see a later note.

Moore. Where are the waytes? goe, bid them play,
To spend the time a while.

En. Lady.

How now, madame?

La. My lord, th'are coming hether.

Moore. Th'are welcome. Wife, Ile tell ye one thing;
Our sporte is somewhat mended; we shall haue
A play to night, *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*,
And acted by my good Lord Cardinales players:
How like ye that, wife?

La. My lord, I like it well.
See, they are comming.

*The waytes playes; enters Lord Maior, so many Aldermen as
may, the Lady Maioresse in scarlet, with other Ladies and
Sir THOMAS MOORES Daughters; Seruauntes carying lighted
torches by them.*

Moore. Once againe welcome, welcome, my good Lord
Maior,
And bretheren all, for once I was your brother,
And so am still in hart: it is not state
That can our looue from London separte.

* * * * *
* * * naught but pride.

But they that cast an eye still whence they came,
Knowe how they rose, and how to vse the same.

L. Maior. My lord, you set a glosse on Londons fame,
And make it happie euer by your name.
Needs must we say, when we remember Moore,
Twas he that droue rebellion from our doore
With graue discretious milde and gentle breath,
Sheelding a many subiects liues from death.
Oh, how our cittie is by you renownde,
And with your vertues our endeauours crownde!

Moore. No more, my good Lord Maior : but thanks
to all,

That on so short a summons you would come
To visite him that holdes your kindnesse deere.—
Madame, you are not merie with my Lady Maioreesse
And these fayre ladyes ; pray ye, seate them all :—
And heere, my lord, let me appoint your place ;—
The rest to seate themselues :—nay, Ile wearie ye ;
You will not long in haste to visite me.

La. Good madame, sit ; in sooth, you shall sit heere.

La. Mai. Good madame, pardon me ; it may not be.

La. In troth, Ile haue it so : Ile sit heere by yee.—
Good ladyes, sit.—More stooles heere, hoe !

La. Mai. It is your fauour, madame, makes me thus
Presume abooue my merit.

La. When we come to you,
Then shall you rule vs as we rule you heere.
Now must I tell ye, madame, we haue a play,
To welcome ye withall ; how good so ere,
That knowe not I ; my lord will haue it so.

Moore. Wife, hope the best ; I am sure theyle doo their
best :

They that would better, comes not at their feaste.
My good Lord Cardinalles players, I thanke them for it,
Play vs a play, to lengthen out your welcome¹ :
They say it is *The Mariage of Wit and Wisedome*,
A theame of some importe, how ere it prooue ;
But, if arte faile, weele inche it out with looue.—
What, are they readie ?

Ser. My lord, one of the players craues to speake with
you.

Moore. With me ! where is he ?

¹ *welcome*] Followed in the MS. by a deleted line,—

“ My good Lord Maior, and all my other freends.”

Enter INCLINATION the Vise,¹ readie.²

Incli. Heere, my lord.

Moore. How now ! what's the matter ?

Incli. We would desire your honor but to stay a little ; one of my fellowes is but run to Oagles for a long beard³ for young Witt, and heele be heere presently.

Moore. A long beard for young Witt ! why, man, he may be without a beard till he come to mariage, for witt goes not all by the hayre. When comes Witt in ?

Incli. In the second scene, next to the Prologue, my lord.

Moore. Why, play on till that sceane come, and by that time Witts beard will be growne, or else the fellowe returned with it. And what part plaist thou ?

¹ *the Vise*] Concerning the Vice, an important personage of the early stage, it will be sufficient to refer the reader to Mr Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 264, sqq.

² *readie*] i. e. dressed for the part.

³ *to Oagles for a long beard, &c.*] Here the author was thinking of his own time, not of Sir Thomas More's. In Mr. P. Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, &c.*, we find, under "Book ii An. 1573,"—

"John Ogle for Curling of Heare made of
Black silk for Discordes heade," &c.

Propeity-maker.

"John Owgle senior for viij long white Berdes
at xx^d the peece," &c.

Habbeidasheis
for Beards and
heare, &c.

Again, under "Book x. An. 1584,"—

"John Ogle for thinges by him provided and
brought into the office ; viz.,

Necessaries.

For foure yeallowe heares for head attires
for woemen," &c.

Incli. Inclination the Vice, my lord.

Moore. Gramercies, now I may take the vice if I list : and wherfore hast thou that bridle in thy hand ?

Incli. I must be bridled anon, my lord.

Moore. And thou beest not saddled too, it makes no matter, for then Witts inclination may gallop so fast, that he will outstrip Wisedome, and fall to follie.

Incli. Indeed, so he does to Lady Vanitie ; but we haue no follie in our play.

Moore. Then ther's no witt in't, Ile be sworne : follie waites on witt, as the shaddowe on the bodie, and where witt is ripest there follie still is readiest. But beginne, I prethee : wee le rather allowe a bearded Witt then Witt all bearded to haue no braine.

Incli. Nay, he has his apparell on too, my lord, and therefore he is the readier to enter.

Moore. Then, good Inclination, beginne at a venter.—

[*Exit* [INCLIN.]]

My Lord Maior,

Witt lacks a beard, or else they would beginne :

Ide lend him mine, but that it is too thinne.

Silence, they come.

*The trumpet soundes*¹ ; *enter the PROLOGUE.*

Pro. Now, for as much as in these latter dayes,
Throughout the whole world in euery land,
Vice doth encrease, and vertue decays,
Iniquitie hauing the vpper hand ;
We therefore intend, good gentle audience,
A prettie short enterlude to play at this present,
Desiring your leaue and quiet silence,

¹ *The trumpet soundes*] The trumpet used to be sounded thrice before the commencement of a play.

*To shewe the same, as is meete and expedient.
 It is called The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome,¹
 A matter right pithie and pleasing to heare,
 Wherof in breefe we will shewe the whole summe ;
 But I must be gon, for Witt dooth appeare.* [Exit.

Enter Witt ruffling, and Inclination the Vice.

Witt. *In an arbour greene,² asleepe whereas I lay,
 The birdes sang sweetely in the midst of the day,
 I dreamed fast of mirthe and play,—
 In youth is pleasure, in youthe is pleasure.*

¹ *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*] *A new and Pleasaunt enterlude intituled the mariage of Witte and Science* was printed at London by Thomas Marshe, 4to, n. d. ; but it bears no resemblance to the piece now introduced, which is indeed nothing more than a portion of *Lusty Iuventus* (see note, p 56) with alterations, and a few additions,—the additions perhaps being borrowed from some other ancient drama.

² *In an arbour greene, &c*] Is the song with which *Lusty Iuventus* opens and what follows in our text, till Sir Thomas More takes the part of Good Councill, is an adaptation of what I now subjoin from the same enterlude.—

“*Hipocrycye.* The ground is the better on the whych she doth go ;
 For she wyl make better chere with a litle whych she can get,
 Then many one cane with a great banket of meate.

Iuventus. To be in her company my hart is set ;
 Therefore I praie you let vs be gone.

Felowshyp. She wyl com her selfe anone ;
 For I tolde her before where we woulde stande,
 And then she sayde she woulde becke vs with her hande.

Iuventus. Now, by the masse, I perceyue that she is a gallaunde :
 What, wyl she take paynes to come for vs hether ?

Hipocrycye. Yea, I warraunt you ; therefore you must be familier
 with her :

When she commeth in place,
 You must her embrace

*Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her companie I could not goe ;
But when I waked, it was not so,—
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.*

Somewhat hansomlie,
Leste she thynketh danger,
Because you are a stranger,
To come in your companie.

[*Iuuentus.*] Yea, by Gods foot, that I wyll be busye; [sic]
And I may saye to you, I can play the knaue secretly.

[*Enter ABHOMINABLE LIUYNG.*]

Abominable Liuyng. Hem, com away quickly ;
The back dore is opned ; I dare not tarry ;
Come, Felowship, come on, awaye.

Hipocrycye. What, vnknowne honestye ? a worde .
You shall not go yet, by God I sweare ;
Here is none but your frendes ; you nede not to fraye,
Although thys strange yong gentelman be here.

Iuuentus. I trust in me she wyll thynke no daunger ;
For I loue well the company of fayre women.

Abominable Liuyng. Who, you ? nay, ye are suche a holy man,
That to tuche one ye dare not be bolde ;
I thyng [thynk] you woulde not kysse a yong woman,
Yf owne [one] would geue you xx. pound in goulde.

Iuuentus. Yes, by the masse, that I woulde .
I could fynde in my hart to kysse you in your smocke.

Abominable Lyuing. My backe is brode inough to bare awaye that
mocke ;

For one hath tolde me many a tyme,
That you haue said iou would vse no such wantons compani as myne

Iuuentus. By dogs [Gogs] precyous woundes, that was som horson
vyllain :

I will neuer eate meate that shall do me good,
Tell [Till] I haue cut hys fleshe, by Gods precious blude

*Therefore my hart is surely plight,¹
Of her alone to haue a sight,
Which is my ioy and harts delight,—
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.*

Moore. Marke ye, my lord, this is Witt without a bearde :
what will he be by that time he comes to the commoditie of a
bearde ?

Incli. *Oh, sir, the ground is the better on which she dooth goe ;
For she will make better cheere with a little she can get,
Then many a one can with a great banquet of meat.*

Witt. *And is her name Wisedome ?*

Incli. *I,² sir, a wife moste fitt
For you, my good maister, my daintie sweet Witt.*

Witt. *To be in her companie my hart it is set :
Therefore I prethee to let vs begon ;
For vnto Wisedome Witt hath inclination.*

Incli. *Oh, sir, she will come her selfe euen anon ;
For I tolde her before where we would stand,*

Tell me, I pray you, who it was,
And I wyl tryme the knaue, by the blessed masse.

Abhomynable Lyuing. Tush, as for that, do not you passe.
That which I tolde you was but for loue.

Hipocrycye. She dyd nothyng els but proue
Whether a litle thyng woulde you moue
To be angry and frette :
What, and if one had sayde so ?
Let such tryflyng matters go,
And be good to mens flesh for all that."

Sig. D i. ed. Copland, n. d. (where the
prefixes to the last two speeches are transposed by mistake).

¹ *plight*] In *Lusty Iuuentus* "pyght" [i. e. fixed] ; a better reading
for the sense, though a worse for the rhyme.

² *I*] i. e. *Ay*.

*And then she sayd she would beck vs with her hand.—
Back with these boyes and saucie great knaues!*

[Florishing his dagger.

*What, stand ye heere so bigge in your braues?
My dagger¹ about your coxecombes shall walke,
If I may but so much as heare ye chat or talke.*

Witt. But will she take paines to come for vs hether?

*Incli. I warrant ye; therefore you must be familiare with
her:*

*When she commeth in place,
You must her embrace
Somewhat hansomely,
Least she thinke it daunger,
Because you are a straunger,
To come in your companie.*

*Witt. I warrant thee, Inclination, I will be busie:
Oh, how Witt longs to be in Wisedomes companie!*

Enter Lady Vanitie singing, and beckning with her hand.

*Van. Come hether, come hether, come hether, come:
Such chere as I haue, thou shalt haue some.*

*Moore. This is Lady Vanitie, Ile holde my life:—
Beware, good Witt, you take not her to wife.*

Incli. What, vnknowne honestie? a woord in your eare.

[She offers to depart.

*You shall not be gon as yet, I sweare:
Heer's none but your freends, you need not to fray;
This young gentleman looues ye, therfore you must stay.*

*Witt. I trust in me she will thinke no daunger,
For I looue well the companie of fayre women;
And though to you I am a straunger,
Yet Witt may pleasure you now and then.*

¹ dagger] i. e. dagger of lath, with which the Vice was sometimes furnished

Van. *Who, you² say, you are such a holy man,
That to touche one you dare not be bolde;
I thinke you would not kisse a young woman,
If one would giue ye twentie pound in golde.*

Witt. *Yes, in good sadnesse,¹ lady, that I would;
I could finde in my hart to kisse you in your smock.*

Van. *My back is broade enough to beare that mock;
For it hath bin tolde me many a time
That you would be seene in no such companie as mine.*

Witt. *Not Witt in the companie of Lady Wisedome!
Oh Joue, for what doo I hether come?*

Incli. *Sir, she did this nothing else but to prooue
Whether a little thing would you mooue
To be angrie and frett:
What, and if one sayd so?
Let such trifling matters goe,
And with a kinde kisse come out of her debt.—
Is Luggins come yet with the beard?*

Enter an other Player.

Player. No, faith, he is not come: alas, what shall we doo?

Incli. Forsooth, we can goe no further till our fellowe Luggins come; for he plays Good Councell, and now he should enter, to admonishe Witt that this is Lady Vanitie, and not Lady Wisedome.

Moore. Nay, and it be no more but so, ye shall not tarie at a stand for that; wee le not haue our play marde for lacke of a little good counsell: till your fellowe come, Ile giue him the best counsell that I can.—Pardon me, my Lord Maior; I loue to be merie².——

¹ *sadnesse*] i. e. seriousness.

² *I loue to be merie*] Immediately followed in the MS. by a leaf containing the concluding portion of the present scene, which I have placed where the author intended it to stand: see p. 68.

*Oh * * Witt, thou art nowe on the boue hand,
And blindely in thine owne oppinion doost stand.
I tell thee, this naughtie lewde Inclination
Does lead thee amisse in a very straunge fashion .
This is not Wisedome, but Lady Vanitie;
Therefore list to Good Councell, and be ruled by me.*

Incli. In troth, my lord, it is as right to Lugginses part as can be.—Speake, Witt.

Moore. Nay, we will not haue our audience disappointed, if I can help it.

Witt. *Art thou Good Councell, and wilt tell me so ?
Wouldst thou haue Witt from Lady Wisedome to goe ?
Thou art some deceiuer, I tell thee verily,
In saying that this is Lady Vanitie.*

Moore. *Witt, iudge not things by the outwarde shoue ;
The eye oft mistakes, right well you doo knowe :
Good Councell assures thee vppon his honestie,
That this is not Wisedome, but Lady Vanitie.*

Enter LUGGINS with the bearde.

Incli. Oh, my lord, he is come ; now we shall goe forwarde.

Moore. Art thou come ? well, fellowe, I haue holpe to saue thine honestie a little. Now, if thou canst giue Witt any better counsell then I haue doone, spare not : there I leaue him to thy mercie.

But by this time, I am sure, our banquet's readie :

My lord and ladyes, we will taste that first,

And then they shall begin the play againe,

Which through the fellowes absence, and by me,

Insted of helping, hath bin hindered.—

Prepare against we come.—Lights there, I say !—

Thus fooles oft times doo help to marre the play.

[Exeunt.—Ma. Players [and enter one of them who plays the Clown].

Witt. Fye, fellowe Luggins, you serue vs hansomely ; doo ye not, thinke ye ?

Lug. Why, Oagle was not within, and his wife would not let me haue the beard ; and, by my troth, I ran so fast that I sweat againe.

Incli. Doo ye heare, fellowes ? would not my lord make a rare player ? oh, he would vpholde a companie beyond all hoe,¹ better then Mason among the kings players !² Did ye marke how extemptrically³ he fell to the matter, and spake Lugginsses parte almoste as it is in the very booke set downe ?

Witt. Peace ; doo ye knowe what ye say ? my lord a player ! let vs not meddle with any such matters : yet I may be a little proude that my lord hath answerd me in my parte. But come, let vs goe, and be readie to begin the play againe.

¹ *beyond all hoe*] i. e. beyond all bounds, beyond all measure (equivalent to the expressions *out of all cry* and *out of all whooping*).

² *Mason among the kings players*] Here is a difficulty which perhaps can be cleared up by those who are better skilled in stage-history than myself. If the writer really alludes to the period when the present scene is supposed to take place, the "kings players" must mean the players of Henry the Eighth. If he alludes to his own time, this portion at least of the scene must have been composed in the reign of James the First : but, as far as I can learn, no actor named Mason is known to have figured among those who were called the players of that monarch.

³ *Did ye marke how extemptrically, &c.*] "This Sir Thomas More, after he had been brought up in the Latin tongue at St. Anthony's in London, was by his father's procurement received into the house of the right reverend, wise and learned prelate Cardinal Morton, where, though he was young of years, yet would he at Christmas-tide suddenly sometimes step in among the players, and, never studying for the matter, make a part of his own there presently among them, which made the lookers on more sport than all the players beside." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 3, ed. 1822.

Lug. I,¹ thats the best, for now we lack nothing.²

Enter a Servingman.

Man. Where be theis players?

All. Heere, sir.

Man. My lord is sent for to the courte,
And all the guests doo after supper parte;
And, for he will not troble you againe,
By me for your reward a³ sends 8 angills,⁴
With many thanks. But supp before you goe:
Yt is his will you should be farely entreatid⁵:
Follow, I praye ye.

Witt. This, Luggins, is your neclegens;
Wanting Witts beard brought things into dislike;
For otherwies the playe had bin all seene,
Wher⁶ now some curius cittisin disgraiste itt,
And discommendinge ytt, all is dismist.

Vice. Fore God, a sayes true. But heare ye, sirs: 8 angells, ha! my lord wold neuer giues⁷ 8 angells more or les for 12^d; other yt shold be 3^l, 5^l, or tenn li.; ther[s] 20^s wantinge, sure.

Witt. Twenty to one, tis soe. I haue a tricke: my lord comes; stand aside.⁸

¹ *I*] i. e. Ay.

² *lack nothing*] Here the MS. has a marginal direction, "*Enter to the players with a reward*". see note 2, p. 65.

³ *a*] i. e. he.

⁴ *angills*] Gold coins worth about 10s. each.

⁵ *entreatid*] i. e. treated.

⁶ *Wher*] i. e. Whereas.

⁷ *giues*] i. e. give's—give us.

⁸ *stand aside*] After these words, the MS. has what I now subjoin, the whole being crossed out.

"[*More*] Lord Maier and ladies, and the rest, be patiente;

Enter MOORE, with Attendants with Purss and Mace.

*Lord.*¹ In haist to counsell ! whats the busines now,
That all so late his highnes sends for me ?—
What sekst thou, fellow ?

Witt. Nay, nothinge : your lordship sent 8 angills by your man, and I haue lost too of them in the rishes.²

Lord. Wytt, looke to thatt : — 8 angells ! I did send them tenn.—Who gaue³ yt them ?

Man. I, my lord ; I had no more aboute me ;
But buy and buy they shall risseaue the rest.

Lord. Well, Witt, twas wieslye donne ; thou plaist Witt well endede,⁴

The state hathe sent, and I must nedes be gone :

But frolicque on.—Lead on theare.—What seekst thou, fellow ?

[*Wit.*] Your lordship sent vs 8 angills by your man, and I haue loste one heare amongst the rishes.

[*More*] 8 angills ! whoo dilliuerd yt ? I sent them ten.

[*S. Man.*] I, my lord, dilliuerd yt. anon they shall haue too more.

[*Wit.*] Thats more then we hard before, my lord.

[*More.*] Am I a man of righte and equetie,

Equallie to deuide true righte his owne,

And shall I haue diseauers in my house ?—

Goe pull the cote ouer the varlets eares

Ther ar too many suche ; ile make them fuer by one.

Giue them ther dewe. Lead one [i. e. *on*], awaye.—

Come, fellowes, goe with me."

In the last of these speeches, the words "righte and," "ile make them fuer by one," and "Come, fellowes, goe with me," were deleted previous to the crossing out of the whole.

¹ *Lord*] i. e. Lord Chancellor,—More.

² *rishes*] i. e. rushes, with which, before the introduction of carpets, the floors used to be strewed.

³ *gaue*] MS. "gaucic."

⁴ *endede*] i. e. indeed.

Not to be thus disseaued of thy righte.—
 Am I a man, by offis truely ordaind
 Equally to deuide true righte his owne,
 And shall I haue disseauers in my house?
 Then what auailles my bowntie, when such seruants
 Disseau the pore of what the master giues?
 Goe one, and pull his cote ouer his eares:
 Ther ar too manye such.—Giue them ther righte.—
 Witt, let thie fellowes thanke the: twas well dunn;
 Thou now disserueste to match with Ladye Wisdome.

[Exit MOORE with Attend.]

Vice. God a mersye, Wytt!—Sir, you had¹ a maister Sir Thomas More more; but now we shall haue more.

Lugg. God blesse him! I wold ther weare more of his minde! a loues our qualletie²; and yit hees a larnid man, and knows what the world is.

*Clo.*³ Well, a kinde man, and more loving then many other: but I thinke we ha mett with the first * * .

Luggins. First serud his man that had our angills; and he maye chaunce dine with Duke Homphrye⁴ to morrow, beinge turnde awaye to daye. Come, lets goe.

Clo. And many such rewards wold make vs all ride, and horsse vs with the best nags in Smithfelde.⁵ [Exeunt.]

¹ *Sir, you had, &c.*] This facetiousness is, of course, addressed to the servingman, whom Sir Thomas has just discharged.

² *qualletie*] i. e. profession.

³ *Clo.*] The abbreviation of "*Clown*."

⁴ *dine with Duke Homphrye*] If this expression (which occurs in so many old writers, and has been so frequently explained by annotators) should not be understood by the reader, I beg leave to refer him to Nares's *Gloss*.

⁵ *Smithfelde*] After this, and on the same page, the MS. has five lines, which have already occurred in a fragment (note, p. 53), as the speech of a Messenger,—

"My honnorable lord, the Maier of London," &c.

Enter the Earles of SHREWESBURIE, SURREY, Bishop of ROCHESTER, and other Lordes, seuerally, dooing curtesie to eche other ; Clark of the Councell waiting bareheaded.

Sur. Good morrowe to my Lord of Shrewesburie.

Shrew. The like vnto the honourd Earle of Surrey.

Yond comes my Lord of Rochester.

Rochest. Good morrowe, my good lordes.

Sur. Clarke of the Councell, what time ist of day ?

Clarke. Past eight of clock, my lord.

Shrew. I wunder that my good Lord Chauncellour
Dooth stay so long, considering ther's matters
Of high importaunce to be scand vppon.

Sur. Clarke of the Councell, certefie his lordship
The lordes expect him heere.

Rochest. It shall not need ;
Yond comes his lordship.

*Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, with Pursse and Mace borne
before him.*

Moore. Good morrowe to this faire assembye.
Come, my good lords, let's sit. Oh serious square !

[*They sit.*

Vppon this little borde is dayly scande
The health and preservation of the land ;
We the phisitians that effect this good,
Now by choise diett, annon by letting blood ;
Our toyle and carefull watching brings the king
In league with slumbers, to which peace dooth sing.—
Auoyde the roome there !—
What busines, lords, to day ?

Shrew. This, my good lord ;
About the entertainment of the emperour
Gainst the perfidious Frenche into our pay.

Sur. My lords, as tis the custome in this place

The youngest¹ should speake first, so, if I chaunce
 In this case to speake youngly, pardon me.
 I will agree, Fraunce now hath her full strength,
 As hauing newe recovered the pale blood
 Which warre sluic'de foorth ; and I consent to this,
 That the coniunction of our Englishe forces
 With armes of Germanie may sooner bring
 This prize of conquest in. But, then, my lordes,
 Its in the morrall hunting twixt the lyon
 And other beastes, force ioynd * * * *
 Frighted the weaker sharers from their partes ;
 So, if the empires soueraigne chaunce to put
 His plea of partnership into warres courte,
 Swoordes should discide the difference, and our blood
 In priuate teares lament his entertainment.

Shrew. To doubt the wurst is still the wise mans sheeld,
 That armes him safely : but the worlde knowes this,
 The emperour is a man of royall faith ;
 His looue vnto our soueraigne brings him downe
 From his imperiall seate, to marche in pay
 Vnder our English flagge,² and weare the crosse,
 Like some high order, on his manly breast ;
 Thus seruing, hees not maister of himselfe,
 But, like a collonell commaunding other,
 Is by the generall ouer-awed himselfe.

Rochest. Yet, my good lord——

¹ *The youngest*, &c.] See note, p 15.

² *to marche in pay*

Vnder our English flagge, &c] In 1513, Henry VIII. and the Emperor Maximilian invaded France in person ; and the Emperor, to flatter Henry's vanity, wore his badge of the red rose, assumed the cross of St. George, and accepted a hundred crowns daily as the soldier of the English king. Qy was the author aware that the incidents of the earliest part of the play belong to 1517 ?

Shrew. Let me conclude my speeche.
 As subiects share no portion in the conquest
 Of their true soueraigne, other then the meritt
 That from the soueraigne guerdons the true subiect ;
 So the good emperour, in a freendly league
 Of amitie with England, will not soyle
 His honor with the theft of Englishe spoyle.

Moore. There is no question but this entertainment
 Will be moste honorable, moste commodious.
 I haue oft heard good captaines wish to haue
 Riche soldiours to attend them, such as would fight
 Bothe for their liues and liuings ; such a one
 Is the good emperour : I would to God,
 We had ten thousand of such able men !
 Hah, then there would appeare no courte, no cittie,
 But, where the warres were, they would pay themselues.
 Then, to preuent in Frenche warres Englands losse,
 Let Germaine flagges waue with our Englishe crosse.

Enter Sir THOMAS PALMER.

Pal. My lordes, his maiestie hath sent by me
 These articles enclos'de, first to be viewde,
 And then to be subscribed to : I tender them
 In that due reuerence which befitts this place.

[*With great reuerence.*]

Moore. Subscribe these articles ' stay, let vs pause ;
 Our conscience first shall parley with our lawes.—
 My Lord of Rochester, viewe you the paper.

Rochest. Subscribe to these ! now, good Sir Thomas
 Palmer,
 Beseecho the king that he will pardon me :
 My hart will check my hand whilst I doo write ;
 Subscribing so, I were an hipocrite.

Pal. Doo you refuse it, then, my lord ?

Rochest. I doo, Sir Thomas.

Pal. Then heere I summon¹ you foorthwith t'appeare
Before his maiestie, to answere there
This capitall contempt.

Rochest. I rise and parte,
In liew of this to tender him my hart. [*He riseth.*]

Pal. Wilt please your honor to subscribe, my lord?

Moore. Sir, tell his highnesse, I entreate
Some time for to bethinke me of this taske :
In the meane while I doo resigne mine office
Into my soueraignes hands.

Pal. Then, my lord,
Heare the prepared order from the king :
On your refusall, you shall strait departe
Vnto your house at Chelsey, till you knowe
Our soueraignes further pleasure.

Moore. Moste willingly I goe.—
My lordes, if you will visite me at Chelsey,
Weele goe a fishing, and with a cunning nett,
Not like weake filme, weele catche none but the great :
Farewell, my noble lordes. Why, this is right ;
Good morrowe to the sunne, to state good night !

[*Ex.* MOORE.]

Pal. Will you subscribe, my lordes?

Sur. Instantly, good Sir Thomas,
Weele bring the writing vnto our soueraigno. [*They write.*]

Pal. My Lord of Rochester,
You must with me, to answere this contempt.

Roches. This is the wurst,
Who's freed from life is from all care exempt.

[*Ex.* RO. and PAL.]

¹ *Then heere I summon*] Tylney has drawn his pen through this concluding portion of the scene, and has written on the margin "all altered."

Sur. Now let vs * * to our soueraigne.
Tis straunge that my Lord Chauncellour should refuse
The dutie that the lawe of God bequeathes
Vnto the king.

Shrew. Come, let vs in. No doubt
His minde will alter, and the bishops too :
Errour in learned heads hath much to doo. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Lady MOORE, her two Daughters, and Master
ROPER, as walking.*

Ro. Madame, what ayles yee for to looke so sad ?

Lady. Troth, sonne, I knowe not what ; I am not sick,
And yet I am not well. I would be merie ;
But somewhat lyes so heauie on my hart,
I cannot chuse but sigh. You are a scholler ;
I pray ye, tell me, may one credit dreames ?

Ro. Why ask you that, deare madame ?

Lady. Because to night I had the straunkest dreame
That ere my sleep was troubled with. Me thought twas night,
And that the king and queene went on the Themes
In bardges to heare musique : my lord and I
Were in a little boate me thought,—Lord, Lord,
What straunge things liue in slumbers !—and, becing neere,
We graped to the barge that bare the king.
But after many pleasing voyces spent
In that still moouing musique house, me thought
The violence of the streame did seuer vs
Quite from the golden fleet, and hurried vs
Vnto the bridge, which with vnused horror
We entred at full tide : thence some slight shoote
Beeing caried by the waues, our boate stood still
Iust opposite the Tower, and there it turnde
And turnde about, as when a whirle-poole sucks
The cirkled waters : me thought that we bothe cryed,
Till that we sunck ; where arme in arme we dyed.

Ro. Giue no respect, deare madame, to fond¹ dreames ;
They are but slight illusions of the blood.

Lady. Tell me not all are so ; for often dreames
Are true diuiners, either of good or ill :
I cannot be in quiet till I heare
How my lord fares.

Ro. [*aside.*] Nor I.—Come hether, wife :
I will not fright thy mother, to interprete
The nature of a dreame ; but trust me, sweete,
This night I haue bin troubled with thy father
Beyond all thought.

Ro. Wife. Truely, and so haue I :
Methought I sawe him heere in Chelsey Churchc,
Standing vppon the roodloft,² now defac'de ;
And whilst he kneeld and prayd before the ymage,
It fell with him into the vpper-quier,
Where my poore father lay all stainde in blood.

Ro. Our dreames all meet in one conclusion,
Fatall, I feare.

Lady. What's that you talke ? I pray ye, let me knowe it.

Ro. Wife. Nothing, good mother.

Lady. This is your fashion still ; I must knowe nothing.
Call Maister Catesbie ; he shall strait to courte,
And see how my lord does : I shall not rest,
Vntill my hart leaue panting on his breast.

Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE merily, Seruaunts attending.

Daugh. See where my father comes, ioyfull and merie.

Moore. As seamen, hauing past a troubled storme,
Daunce on the pleasant shoare ; so I—Oh, I could speake

¹ *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

² *the roodloft*] i. e. a loft (generally placed just over the passage out of the church into the chancel) where stood the *rood*,—an unage of Christ upon the cross, with figures of the Virgin Mary and Saint John on each side of it.

Now like a poett ! now, afore God, I am passing light '—
 Wife, giue me kinde welcome : thou wast wunt to blame
 My kissing when my beard was in the stubble ;
 But I haue bin trimde of late ; I haue had
 A smoothe courte shauing, in good faith, I haue.—

[*Daughters kneele.*

God blesse ye !—Sonne Roper, giue me your hand.

Ro. Your honor's welcome home.

Moore. Honor ! ha ha !—And how doost, wife ?

Ro. He beares himselfe moste straungely.

Lady. Will your lordship in ?

Moore. Lordship ! no, wife, that's gon ;

The ground was slight that we did leane vppon.

Lady. Lord, that your honor nere will leaue these jests !
 In faith, it ill becomes yee.

Moore. Oh, good wife,

Honor and jests are bothe together fled ;

The meriest counsellour of England's dead.

Lady. Whose that, my lord ?

Moore. Still lord ! the Lord Chauncellour, wife.

Lady. Thats you.

Moore. Certaine ; but I haue chaungde my life.

Am I not leaner then I was before ?

The fatt is gon ; my title's only Moore.

Contented with one stile, Ile liue at rest :

They that haue many names are not still best.

I haue resignde mine office : count'st me not wise ?

Lady. Oh God !

Moore. Come, breed not female children in your eyes :

The king will haue it so.

Lady. What's the offence ?

Moore. Tush, let that passe ; weelee talke of that annon.

The king seemes a phisitian to my fate ;

His princely minde would traine me back to'state.

Ro. Then be his patient, my moste honord father.

Moore. Oh, sonne Roper,
Vbi turpis¹ est medicina, sanari piget!—
 No, wife, be merie ;—and be merie, all :
 You smilde at rising, weepe not at my fall.
 Let's in, and heere ioy like to priuate freends,
 Since dayes of pleasure haue repentant ends :
 The light of greatnesse is with triumph borne ;
 It sets at midday oft with publike scorne. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Bishop of ROCHESTER, SURREY, SHREWSBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Warders with weapons.

Rocheſt. Your kinde perswasions, honorable lords,
 I can but thanke ye for ; but in this brest
 There liues a soule that aimes at higher things
 Then temporarie pleasing earthly kings.
 God blesse his highnesse euen with all my hart !—
 We shall meete one day, though that now we part.

Sur. We not misdoubt, your wisdomes can discern
 What best befits it ; yet in looue and zeale
 We could entreate, it might be otherwise.

Shrew. No doubt, your fatherhood will by yourſelfe
 Consider better of the present case,
 And growe as great in fauour as before.

Rocheſt. For that, as pleaseth God. In my reſtrainte
 From worldly causes, I shall better see
 Into myſelfe then at proude libertie :
 The Tower and I will priuately conferre
 Of things, wherein at freedome I may erre.
 But I am troublesome vnto your honors,
 And holde ye longer then becomes my dutie.—
 Master Lieutenant, I am now your charge ;
 And though you keep my bodie, yet my looue
 Waites on my king and you, while Fisher liues.

¹ *Vbi turpis, &c.*] Seneca, *Œdipus*, 517.

Sur. Farewell, my Lord of Rochester ; weele pray
For your release, and labour't as we may.

Shrew. Therof assure yourselfe ; so doo we leaue yee,
And to your happie priuate thoughts bequeath yee.

[*Ex. Lords.*

Rochest. Now, Master Lieutenant, on ; a Gods name, goe !
And with as glad a minde goe I with you
As euer trewant bad the schoole adiewe.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, his Lady, Daughters, Master
ROPER, Gentlemen, and Seruaunts, as in his house at
Chelsey.*

Moore. God¹ morrowe, good sonne Roper. — Sitt, good
madame,

[*Loice stooles.*

Vppon an humble seate ; the time so craues ;
Rest your good hart on earth, the rooffe of graues :
You see the floore of greatnesse is uneuen ;
The cricket² and high throane alike neere heauen. —
Now, daughters, you that like to braunches spred,
And giue best shaddowe to a priuate house,
Be comforted, my girles ; your hopes stand faire :
Vertue breedes gentrie, she makes the best heire.

Both Daugh. God morrow to your honor.

Moore. Nay, good night rather ;
Your honor's creast-falne with your happie father.

Ro. Oh, what formalitie, what square obseruaunce,
Liues in a little roome ! heere publike care
Gaggess not the eyes of slumber ; heere fierce riott
Ruffles not proudly in a coate of trust,
Whilste, like a pawne at chesse, he keepes in ranck
With kings and mightie fellowes ; yet indeed
Those men that stand on tiptoe smile to see
Him pawne his fortunes.

¹ *God*] i. e. Good.

² *cricket*] i. e. low stool.

Moore. True, sonne, * * *
Nor does the wanton tongue heere skrewe itselfe
Into the eare, that like a vise drinks vp
The yron instrument.

Lady. We are heere at peace.

Moore. Then peace, good wife.

Lady. For, keeping still in compasse, (a straunge poynte
In times newe nauigation,) we haue sailde
Beyond our course.

Moore. Haue doone.

Lady. We are exilde the courte.

Moore. Still thou harpste on that :
Tis sinne for to deserue that banishment ;
But he that nere knewe courte, courtes sweete content.

Lady. Oh, but, deare husband —

Moore. I will not heare thee, wife ;
The winding laborinth of thy straunge discourse
Will nere haue end. Sit still ; and, my good wife,
Entreate thy tongue be still ; or, credit me,
Thou shalt not vnderstand a woord we speake ;
Weele talke in Latine.

*Humida vallis*¹ *raros patitur fulminis ictus* ;
More rest enioyes the subiect meanely bred
Then he that beares the kingdome in his head.
Great men are still musitians, else the world lyes ;
They learne lowe straines after the noates that rise.

Ro. Good sir, be still yourselfe, and but remember
How in this generall courte of short-liu'd pleasure,
The worlde, creation is the ample foode
That is digested in the mawe of tyme .

¹ *Humida vallis, &c.*] Seneca, *Hippolytus*, 1132 These words form part of a choral ode, and ought to be arranged thus ;

*Humida vallis raros patitur
Fulminis ictus.*

If man himselfe be subiect to such ruine,
 How shall his garment, then, or the loose pointes¹
 That tye respect vnto his awefull place,
 Auoyde distruction? Moste honord father in lawe,
 The blood you haue bequeath'de these seuerall hartes
 To nourishe your posteritie, stands firme;
 And, as² with ioy you led vs first to rise,
 So with like harts wee le lock preferments eyes.

Moore. Close them not, then, with teares; for that ostent
 Giues a wett signall of your discontent.
 If you will share my fortunes, comfort then;
 An hundred smiles for one sighe: what! we are men:
 Resigne wett passion to these weaker eyes,
 Which prooues their sexe, but grauntes [it] nere more wise.
 Lets now suruaye our state. Heere sits my wife,
 And deare esteemed issue; yonder stand
 My loouing seruants: now the difference
 Twixt those and these. Now you shall heare me speake
 Like Moore in melanchollie.³ I conceiue that nature

¹ *pointes*] See note, p. 41

² *And, as*] MS. "As, as."

³ *Now you shall heare me speake*

Like Moore in melanchollie] In the MS. the whole of the present speech is drawn through with a pen, as also the whole of More's next speech except the three first lines: and I apprehend that the following long fragment, which occurs early in the MS. (see note, p. 18), was intended to be wrought in here, when the play underwent a final revision.

"*Moore.* Now will I speake like man in melancholy;
 For, if greefes power could with her sharpest darts
 Pierce my firme bosome, heres sufficient cause
 To take my farewell of mirths hurtles lawes.
 Poore humbled lady, thou that wert of late
 Placde with the noblest women of the land,

Hath sundrie mettalles, out of which she frames
 Vs mortalles, eche in valuation
 Outprizing other : of the finest stuffe

Invited to their angell companies,
 Seeming a bright starre in the courtly sphere,
 Why shouldst thou, like a widow, sit thus low,
 And all thy faire consorts moove from the clowds
 That ouerdreep thy beautie and thy worth ?
 Ile tell thee the true cause : the court, like Heauen,
 Examines not the anger of the prince,
 And being more fraile, composes of gilded earth,
 Shines vpon them on whom the king doth shine,
 Smiles if he smile, declines if he decline ;
 Yet, seeing both are mortall, court and king,
 Shed not one teare for any earthly thing ;
 For, so God pardon me, in my saddest hower
 Thou hast no more occasion to lament,
 Nor these, nor those, my exile from the court,
 No, nor this bodyes tortur, wert imposde,
 (As commonly disgraces of great men
 Are the forewarnings of a hastie death,)
 Than to behold me after many a toyle
 Honord with endlesse rest. Perchance the king,
 Seeing the court is full of vanitie,
 Has pittie least our soules shuld be mislcd,
 And sends vs to a life contemplatiue.
 O happy banishment from worldly pride,
 When soules by priuate life are sanctifide !

Wife. O, but I feare some plot against your life !

Moore. Why, then, tis thus ; the king, of his high grace,
 Seeing my faithfull seruice to his state,
 Intends to send me to the King of Heauen
 For a rich present ; where my soule shall proue
 A true remembrer of his majestie.
 Come, prethee, mourne not : the worst chance is death,
 And that brings endlesse joy for fickle breath.

The finest features come : the rest of earth,
 Receiue base fortune euen before their birthe ;
 Hence slaues haue their creation ; and I thinke

Wife. Ah, but your children !

Moore. Tush, let them alone

Say they be stript from this poore painted cloth,
 This outside of the earth, left houselesse, bare,
 They haue mindes instructed how to gather more ;
 Theres no man thats ingenuous can be poore :
 And therefore doo not weep, my little ones,
 Though you loose all the earth ; keep your soules
 euen,

And you shall finde inheritance in heauen.
 But for my seruants, theres my cheefest care.
 Come hether, faithfull steward : be not greeude
 That in thy person I discharge both thee
 And all thy other fellow officers,
 For my great master hath discharged mee.
 If thou by seruing me hast sufferd losse,
 Then benefit thyselfe by leauing mee.
 I hope thou hast not ; for such times as theese
 Bring gaine to officers, whoeuer leese :
 Great lords haue onely name ; but, in the fall,
 Lord Spend-all's stuart's master, gathers all.
 But I suspect not thee : admit thou hast,
 Its good the seruants saue when masters wast.
 But you, poore gentlemen, that had no place
 T'inrich yourselues but by loathd briberie,
 Which I abhord, and neuer found you loude,
 Thinke, when an oake fals, vnderwood shrinkes downe,
 And yet may liue, though brused : I pray ye, striue
 To shun my ruin ; for the ax is set
 Euen at my root, to fell me to the ground :
 The best I can doo to prefer you all
 With my meane store, expect ; for Heauen can tell
 That Moore loues all his followers more than well."

Nature prouides content for the base minde ;
 Vnder the whip, the burden, and the toyle,
 Their lowe-wrought bodies drudge in pacience ;
 As for the prince¹ in all his sweet-gorgde mawe,
 And his ranck fleshe, that sinfully renewes
 The noones excesse in the nights daungerous surfeits.
 What meanes or miserie from our birth dooth flowe
 Nature entitles to vs ; that we owe :
 But we, beeing subiect to the rack of hate,
 Falling from happie life to bondage state,
 Hauing seene better dayes, now know the lack
 Of glorie that once rearde eche high-fed back.
 But [you], that in your age did nere vicle better,
 Challenge not fortune for your thriftlesse debtor.

Catesbie. Sir, we haue seene farre better dayes then
 these.

Moore. I was the patrone of those dayes, and knowe
 Those were but painted dayes, only for showc.
 Then greeue not you to fall with him that gaue
 them :

Generosis seruis gloriosum mori.

Deare Gough, thou art my learned secretarie ;
 You, Master Catesbie, steward of my house ;
 The rest (like you) haue had fayre time to growe
 In sun-shine of my fortunes. But I must tell yc,
 Corruption is fled hence with eche mans office ;
 Bribes, that make open traffick twixt the soule
 And netherland of hell, deliuer vp
 Their guiltie homage to their second lordes.
 Then, liuing thus vntainted, you are well :
 Trueth is no pilot for the land of hell.

¹ *As for the prince, &c*] If the text be right, the meaning must be—
 Nature provides content for the base mind as much *as for the prince, &c* ,
 the two preceding lines being parenthetical

Enter a Seruaunt.

[*Ser.*] My lord, there are new lighted at the gate
The Earles of Surrie [and] of Shrewesburie,
And they expect you in the inner courte.

Moore. Entreate their lordships come into the hall.

[*Exit Ser.*]

Lady. Oh, God, what newes with them?

Moore. Why, how now, wife!

They are but come to visite their olde freend.

Lady. Oh, God, I feare, I feare!

Moore. What shouldst thou feare, fond¹ woman?

*Justum,*² *si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

Heere let me liue estraungde from great mens lookes;
They are like golden flyes on leaden hookes.

Enter the Earles, DOWNES with his mace, and Attendants.

Shrew. Good morrowe, good Sir Thomas.

[*Kinde salutations.*]

Sur. Good day, good madame.

Moore. Welcome, my good lordes.

What ayles your lordships looke so melanchollie?

Oh, I knowe; you liue in courte, and the courte diett
Is only freend to phisick.

Sur. Oh, Sir Thomas,

Our woordes are now the kings, and our sad lookes
The interest of your looue! We are sent to you
From our milde soueraigne, once more to demaund
If youle subscribe vnto those articles
He sent ye th' other day: be well aduisde;
For, on mine honor, lord, graue Doctor Fisher
Bishop of Rochester, at the selfe same instant

¹ *fond*] i. e. foolish.

² *Justum, &c.*] A mutilated quotation from Horace, *Carm.* iii. 3.

Attachte with you, is sent vnto the Tower
 For the like obstinacie : his maiestie
 Hath only sent you prisoner to your house ;
 But, if you now refuse for to subscribe,
 A stricter course will followe.

Lady. Oh, deare husband ! [*Kneeling and weeping.*

Both Daugh. Deare father !

Moore. See, my lordes,
 This partner and these subiects to my fleshe
 Prooue rebelles to my conscience ! But, my good lordes,
 If I refuse, must I vnto the Tower ?

Shrew. You must, my lord ; heere is an officer
 Readie for to arrest you of high treason.

Lady and Daugh. Oh, God, oh, God !

Ro. Be pacient, good madame.

Moore. I,¹ Downes, ist thou ? I once did saue thy life,
 When else by cruell riottous assaulte
 Thou hadst bin torne in pieces : thou art reseru'de
 To be my sumner to yond spirituall courto.
 Giue me thy hand ; good fellowe, smooth thy face :
 The diet that thou drinkst is spic'de with macco,
 And I could nere abide it ; twill not disgest,²
 Twill lye too heaueie, man, on my weake brest.

Shrew. Be breefe, my lord, for we are limited
 Vnto an houre.

Moore. Vnto an houre ! tis well :
 The bell³ (earths thunder) soone shall toale my knell.

Lady. Deare louing husband, if you respect not me,
 Yet thinke vppon your daughters. [*Kneeling.*

Moore. Wife, stand vp ; I haue bethought me,
 And Ile now satisfye the kings good pleasure.

[*Pondering to himselfe.*

¹ *I*] i. e. Ay.

² *disgest*] i. e. digest.

³ *The bell, &c.*] Drawn through with a pen in MS.

Both Daugh. Oh, happie alteration !

Shrew. Come, then, subscribe,¹ my lord.

Sur. I am right glad of this your fayre conuerssion.

Moore. Oh, pardon me !

I will subscribe to goe vnto the Tower
With all submissiue willingnes, and therto add
My bones to strengthen the foundation
Of Julius Cæsars pallace. Now, my lord,
He satisfye the king, euen with my blood ;
Nor will I wrong your pacience.—Freend, doo thine office.

Dow. Sir Thomas Moore, Lord Chauncellour of England, I
arrest you in the kings name of high treason.

Moore. Gramercies, freend.

To a great prison, to discharge the strife
Commenc'de twixte conscience and my frailer life,
Moore now must marche. Chelsey, adiewe, adiewe !
(Straunge farewell !) thou shalt nere more see Moore true,
For I shall nere see thee more.—Sersauntes, farewell.—
Wife, marre not thyne indifferent face ; be wise :
Moores widd * * husband, he must make thee rise.—
Daughters, * * * :—what's heere, what's heere ?
Mine eye had almost parted with a teare.—
Deare sonne, possesse my vertue, that I nere gaue.—
Graue Moore thus lightly walkes to a quick graue.

Ro. *Curæ leues² loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

Moore. You that way in ; minde you my course in prayer :
By water I to prison, to heauen through ayre. [Exeunt.

Enter the Warders of the Tower, with halbards.

1 *Ward.* Hoe, make a garde there !

2. Master Lieutenant giues a straitte commaund,
The people be auoyded³ from the bridge.

¹ *subscribe*] MS. "subscribe."

² *Curæ leues*, &c.] Seneca, *Hippolytus*, 607

³ *auoyded*] i. e. removed, cleared away.

3. From whence is he committed, who can tell ?
 1.¹ From Durham House, I heare.
 2. The garde were waiting there an houre agoe.
 3. If he stay long, heele not get neere the wharffe,
 Ther's such a croude of boates vppon the Thames.

2. Well, be it spoken without offence to any,
 A wiser or more vertuous gentleman
 Was neuer bred in England.

3. I thinke, the poore will buric him in teares :
 I neuer heard a man, since I was borne,
 So generally bewailde of euery one.

Enter a Poore Woman.

What meanes this woman ?—Whether doost thou presse ?

1.² This woman will be trod to death anon.

2. What makest thou heere ?

Wo. To speake with that good man, Sir Thomas
 Moore.

2. To speake with him ! hees not Lord Chauncellour.

Wo. The more's the pittie, sir, if it please God.

2. Therefore, if thou hast a petition to deliuer,
 Thou mayst keepe it now, for any thing I knowe.

Wo. I am a poore woman,³ and haue had (God knowes)
 A suite this two yeare in the Chauncerie ;

¹ 1] MS. "2."

² 1.] MS. "2."

³ *I am a poore woman, &c.*] "Lykewise, euen goyng to his death at the Tower Gate, a poore woman called vnto him and besought him to declare that he had certaine euideuccs of hers in the tyme that he was in office (whiche after he was apprehended she could not come by) and that he would intreate she might haue them agayn, or els she was yndone. He answered, good woman haue pacience a little while, for the kyng is so good vnto me that euen within this halfe houre he will discharge me of all busynesses, and helpe thee himselfe." Hall's *Chron.* (Hen. VIII.) fol. ccxxvi. ed. 1548.

And he hath all the euidence I haue,
Which should I loose, I am vtterly vndoone.

2. Faith, and I feare thoult hardly come by am¹ now :
I am sorie for thee, euen with all my hart.

*Enter the Lords with Sir THOMAS MOORE, and Attendants, and
enter Lieutenant and Gentleman Porter.*

Woman, stand back, you must auoyde this place ;
The lords must passe this way into the Tower.

Moore. I thanke your lordships for your paines thus farre
To my strong house.

Wo. Now, good Sir Thomas Moore, for Christes deare sake.
Deliuer me my writings back againe
That doo concerne my title.

Moore. What, my olde client, are thou got hether too ?
Poore sillie wretche, I must confesse indeed,
I had such writings as concerne thee neere ;
But the king has tane the matter into his owne hand ;
He has all I had : then, woman, sue to him ;
I cannot help thee ; thou must beare with me.

Wo. Ah, gentle hart, my soule for thee is sad !
Farowell the best freend that the poore ere had.

[Exit Woman.]

Gent. Por. Before you enter² through the Towergate,
Your vpper garment, sir, belongs to me.

Moore. Sir, you shall haue it ; there it is.

[He giues him his cap.]

Gent. Por. The vpinooste on your back, sir ; you mistake me.

¹ am] i. c. 'em.

² *Before you enter, &c.*] "At whose [More's] landing Master Lieutenant was ready at the Tower gate to receive him, where the porter demanded of him his upper garment. Master porter, quoth he, here it is, and took off his cap and delivered to him, saying, I am very sorry it is no better for thee. No, sir, quoth the porter, I must have your gown," &c. Roper's *Life of More*, p. 72, ed. 1822.

Moore. Sir, now I understand ye very well :
But that you name my back,
Sure else my cap had bin the vppermoste.

Shrew. Farewell, kinde lord ; God send vs merie meeting !

Moore. Amen, my lord.

Sur. Farewell, deare freend ; I hope your safe returne.

Moore. My lord, and my deare fellowe in the Muses,
Farewell ; farewell, moste noble poett.

Lieu. Adewe, moste honord lords. [*Ex. Lords.*]

Moore. Fayre prison, welcome ; yet, methinkes,
For thy fayre building tis too foule a name.
Many a guiltie soule, and many an innocent,
Haue breathde their farewell to thy hollowe roomes.
I oft haue entred into thee this way ;
Yet, I thanke God, nere with a clearer conscience
Then at this houre :

This is my comforte yet, how hard soere
My lodging prooue, the crye of the poore suter,
Fatherlesse orphan, or distressed widdowe,
Shall not disturbe me in my quiet sleepe.
On, then, a Gods name, to our cloase aboade !
God is as strong heere as he is abroad.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Butler, Brewer, Porter, and Horssekeeper, seuerall wayes.

But. Robin brewer, how now, man ! what cheere, what cheere ?

Brew. Faith, Ned butler, sick of thy disease ; and these our other fellowes heere, Rafe horssekeeper and Gyles porter, sad, sad ; they say my lord goes to his triall to day.

Horss. To it, man ! why, he is now at it, God send him well to speed !

Por. Amen ; euen as I wishe to mine owne soule, so speed it with my honorable lord and maister, Sir Thomas Moore.

But. I cannot tell, I haue nothing to doo with matters aboue my capacitie ; but, as God iudge me, if I might speake

my minde, I thinke there liues not a more harmelesse gentleman in the vniuersall worlde.

Brew. Nor a wiser, nor a merier, nor an honester ; goe too,¹ Ile put that in vppon mine owne knowledge.

Por. Nay, and ye bate him his due of his housekeeping, hang ye all ! ye haue many Lord Chauncellours comes in debt at the yeares end, and for very housekeeping.

Horss. Well, he was too good a lord for vs, and therfore, I feare, God himselfe will take him : but Ile be hangd, if euer I haue such an other seruice.

Brew. Soft, man, we are not dischargde yet ; my lord may come home againe, and all will be well.

But. I much mistrust it ; when they goe to rayning once, ther's euer foule weather for a great while after. But soft ; heere comes Maister Gough and Maister Catesbie : now we shall heare more.

Ent. GOUGH and CATESBIE *with a paper.*

Horss. Before God, they are very sad ; I doubt my lord is condemnde.

Por. God blesse his soule ! and a figge then for all worldly condemnation.

Gough. Well said, Giles porter, I commend thee for it ; Twas spoken like a well affected seruauante Of him that was a kinde lord to vs all.

Cate. Which now no more he shall be ; for, deare fellowes, Now we are maisterlesse, though he may liue So long as please the king : but lawe hath made him A dead man to the world, and giuen the axe his head, But his sweete soule to liue among the saintes.

Gough. Let vs entreate ye to goe call together The rest of your sad fellowes (by the roule² Y'are iust seauen score), and tell them what ye heare A vertuous honorable lord hath doone,

¹ *goe too*] i. e. go to.

² *roule*] i. e. roll.

Euen for the meanest follower that he had.
 This writing found my ladie in his studie,
 This instant morning, wherin is set downe
 Eche seruaunts name, according to his place
 And office in the house : on euery man
 He franckly hath bestowne twentie nobles,¹
 The best and wurst together, all alike,
 Which Master Catesbie heere forth will pay ye.

Cate. Take it as it is meante, a kinde remembraunce
 Of a farre kinder lord, with whose sad fall
 He giues vp house and farewell to vs all :
 Thus the fayre spreading oake falles not alone,
 But all the neighbour plants and vnder-trees
 Are crusht downe with his weight. No more of this :
 Come, and receiue your due, and after goe
 Fellow-like hence, copartners of one woe. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, the Lieutenant, and a Seruaunt
 attending, as in his chamber in the Tower.*

Moore. Master Lieutenant, is the warrant come ?
 If it be so, a Gods name, let vs knowe it.

Lieu. My lord, it is.

Moore. Tis welcome, sir, to me with all my hart ;
 His blessed will be doone !

Lieu. Your wisdom, sir, hath bin so well approou'de,
 And your fayre pacience in imprisonment
 Hath euer shewne such constancie of minde
 And Christian resolution in all troubles,
 As warrante vs you are not vnpreparde.

Moore. No, Master Lieutenant ;
 I thanke my God, I haue peace of conscience,
 Though the world and I are at a little oddes :
 But wee be euen now, I hope, ere long.
 When is the execution of your warrant ?

¹ nobles] See note, p. 24.

Lieu. To morrow morning.

Moore. So, sir, I thanke ye ;

I have not liu'de so ill, I feare to dye.

Master Lieutenant, I haue had a sore fitt of the stone to night ;
but the king hath sent me such a rare receipte, I thank him,
as I shall not need to feare it much.

Lieu. In life and death still merie Sir Thomas Moore.

Moore. Sirra fellowe,¹ reache me the vrinall :

[*Hee giues it him.*]

Ha ! let me see * * grauell in the water ;

* * * * *

The man were likely to liue long enoughe,
So pleasde the king.—Heere, fellowe, take it.

Ser. Shall I goe with it to the doctor, sir ?

Moore. No, saue thy labour ; wee le cossen him of a fee :
Thou shalt see me take a dramme to morrowe morning,
Shall cure the stone, I warrant ; doubt it not.—
Master Lieutenant, what newes of my Lord of Rochester ?

Lieu. Yesterday morning was he put to death.

Moore. The peace of soule sleepe with him !
He was a learned and a reuerend prelate,
And a riche man, beleeeue me.

Lieu. If he were riche, what is Sir Thomas Moore,
That all this while hath bin Lord Chauncellour ?

Moore. Say ye so, Master Lieutenant ? what doo you thinke
A man, that with my time had held my place,
Might purchase² ?

Lieu. Perhaps, my lord, two thousand pound a yeare.

¹ *Sirra fellowe, &c.*] “And further, to put him [Sir Thomas Pope] out of his melancholy, Sir Thomas More took his urinal in his hand, and casting his water, said merrily, ‘I see no danger but this man may liue longer, if it please the king.’” C. More’s *Life of Sir T. More*, p. 283, ed. 1828.

² *purchase*] i. e. acquire.

Moore. Master Lieutenant, I protest to you,
 I neuer had the meanes in all my life
 To purchase one poore hundred pound a yeare :
 I thinke I am the poorest Chauncellour
 That euer was in England, though I could wishe,
 For credit of the place, that my estate were better.

Lieu. Its very straunge.

Moore. It will be found as true.

I thinke, sir, that with moste parte of my coyne
 I haue purchased as straunge commodities
 As euer you heard tell of in your life.

Lieu. Commodities, my lord !

Might I (without offence) enquire of them ?

Moore. Croutches,¹ Master Lieutenant, and bare cloakes ;
 For halting soldiours and poore needie schollers
 Haue had my gettings in the Chauncerie :
 To thinke but what a cheate the crowne shall haue
 By my attaindour ! I prethee, if thou beest a gentleman,
 Get but a copie of my inuentorie.
 That parte of poett that was giuen me,
 Made me a very vnthrift ;
 For this is the disease attends vs all,
 Poets were neuer thriftie, neuer shall.

Enter Lady MOORE mourning, Daughters, Master ROPER.

Lieu. Oh, noble Moore !——

My lord, your wife, your sonne in lawe, and daughters.

Moore. Sonne Roper, welcome ;—welcome, wife, and girles.
 Why doo you weepe ? because I liue at ease ?
 Did you not see, when I was Chauncellour,
 I was so clogde with suters euery houre,
 I could not sleepe, nor dine, nor suppe in quiet ?
 Heer's none of this ; heere I can sit and talke

¹ *Croutches*] i. e. Crutches.

With my honest keeper halfe a day together,
Laugh and be merie : why, then, should you weepe ?

Ro. These teares, my lord, for this your long restraint
Hope had dried vp, with comfort that we yet,
Although imprisond, might haue had your life.

Moore. To liue in prison, what a life were that !
The king (I thanke him) looues me more then so.
To morrowe I shall be at libertie
To goe euen whether I can,
After I haue dispatche my busines.

Lady. Ah, husband, husband, yet submit yourselfe !
Haue care of your poore wife and children.

Moore. Wife, so I haue ; and I doo leaue you all
To his protection hath the power to keepe you
Safer then I can,—
The father of the widdowe and the orphan.

Ro. The world, my lord, hath euer held you wise ;
And 't shall be no distaste vnto your wisdom, e,
To yeeld to the opinion of the state.

Moore. I haue deceiu'de myselfe, I must acknowledge ;
And, as you say, sonne Roper, to confesse the same,
It will be no disparagement at all.

Lady. His highnesse shall be certefied therof

[*Offering to departe.*

Immediately.

Moore. Nay, heare me, wife ; first let me tell ye how :
I thought to haue had a barber for my beard ;
Now, I remember, that were labour lost,
The headsman now shall cut off head and all.

Ro. Wife. Father, his maiestie, vppon your meeke sub-
mission,
Will yet (they say) receiue you to his grace
In as great credit as you were before.

Moore. * * * * *
Has appoynted me to doo a little busines.

If that were past, my girle, thou then shouldst see
 What I would say to him about that matter ;
 But I shall be so busie vntill then,
 I shall not tend it.

Daugh. Ah, my deare father !

Lady. Deare lord and husband !

Moore. Be comforted, good wife, to liue and looue my
 children ;

For with thee leaue I all my care of them.—
 Sonne Roper, for my sake that haue loou'de thee woll,
 And for her vertues sake, cherishe my childe.—
 Girle, be not proude, but of thy husbands looue ;
 Euer retaine thy vertuous modestie ;
 That modestie is such a comely garment
 As it is neuer out of fashion,¹ fits as faire
 Vppon the meaner woman as the empresse ;
 No stuffe that golde can buye is halfe so riche,
 Nor ornament that so becomes a woman.
 Liue all and looue together, and thorby
 You giue your father a riche obsequye.

Both Daugh. Your blessing, deare father.

Moore. I must be gon—God blesse you !—
 To talke with God, who now dooth call.

Lady. A,² my deare husband !

Moore. Sweet wife, good night, good night :
 God send vs all his euerlasting light !

Ro. I thinke, before this houre,
 More heaueie harts nere parted in the Tower. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Sheriffes of London and their Officers at one doore,
 the Warders with their halbards at another.*

2 *Sher.* Officers, what time of day ist ?

Offi. Almoste eight a clock.

¹ *fashion*] MS. seems to have “fashis.”

² *A*] i. e. Ah.

2 *Sher.* We must make [haste] then, least we stay to long.

2 *Ward.* Good morrowe, Master Shreeues of London ;
Master Lieutenant

Willes ye repaire to the limits of the Tower,
There to receiue your prisoner.

1 *Sher.*¹ Goe back, and tell his woorship we are readie.

2 *Sher.* Goe bid the officers make cleare the way,
There may be passage for the prisoner.

Enter Lieutenant and his Guarde, with MOORE.

Moore. Yet, God be thanked, heer's a faire day toward,
To take our iourney in. Master Lieutenant,
It were faire walking on the Tower leades.

Lieu. And so it might haue likte my soueraigne lord,
I would to God you might haue walkte there still !

[*He weepes.*

Moore. Sir, we are walking to a better place.
Oh, sir, your kinde and loouing teares
Are like sweete odours to embalne your freend !
Thanke your good lady ; since I was your guest,
She has made me a very wanton,² in good sooth.

Lieu. Oh, I had hopte we should not yet haue parted !

Moore. But I must leaue ye for a little while :
Within an houre or two you may looke for me ;
But there will be so many come to see me,
That I shall be so proude, I will not speake ;

¹ 1 *Sher.*] MS. "2 *Sher.*"

² *She has made me a very wanton*] Here "*wanton*" is equivalent to —fondling, pet — "I find no cause, I thank God, Meg," said More to his daughter when she visited him in the Tower, "to reckon myself in worse case here than in mine own house, for me thinketh God *maketh me a wanton*, and setteth me on his lap and dandleth me." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 73, ed. 1822.

And, sure, my memorie is growne so ill,
I feare I shall forget my head behinde me.

Lieu. God and his blessed angelles be about ye !—

Heere, Master Shreeues, receiue your prisoner.

Moore. Good morrowe, Master Shreeues of London, to ye
bothe :

I thanke ye that ye will vouchsafe to meete me ;

I see by this you haue not quite forgot

That I was in times past, as you are now,

A sheriffe of London.

2 *Sher.* Sir, then you knowe our dutie dooth require it.

Moore. I knowe it well, sir, else I would haue bin glad
You might haue sau'de a labour at this time.

Ah, Master Sheriffe, you and I haue bin of olde acquaintaunce '
you were a pacient auditor of mine, when I read the diuinitie
lecture at St. Lauraunces.¹

2 *Sher.* Sir Thomas Moore, I haue heard you oft,
As many other did, to our great comforte.

Moore. Pray God, you may so now, with all my hart !
And, as I call to minde,

When I studyed the lawe in Lincolnes Inne.

I was of counsell with ye in a cause.

2 *Sher.* I was about to say so, good Sir Thomas.

* * * * *

Moore. Oh, is this the place ?

I promise ye, it is a goodly scaffold :

In sooth, I am come about a headlesse arrand.

For I haue not much to say, now I am heere.

¹ *when I read the diuinitie lecture at St. Lauraunces*] "After this
[i. e. after he had become an utter barrister of Lincoln's Inn], to his great
commendations, he read for a good space a public lecture of *St. Augustine
de Civitate Dei*, in the church of St. Lawrence in the old Jury, whereunto
there resorted Doctor Grocyn an excellent cunning man, and all the chief
learned of the city of London." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 5, ed. 1822.

Well, let's ascend, a Gods name :
 In troth, me thinkes, your stayre¹ is somewhat weake ;
 I prethee, honest freend, lend me thy hand
 To help me vp ; as for my comming downe,
 Let me alone, Ile looke to that myselfe.

*As he is going vp the stayres, enters the Earles of SURRYE
 and SHREWSBURIE.*

My Lords of Surrey and of Shrewesburie, giue me your hands. Yet before we * * ye see, though it pleaseth the king to raise me thus high, yet I am not p[roud], for the higher I mounte, the better I can see my freends about me. I am now [on a] farre voyage, and this straunge woodden horsse must beare me thether ; yet [I per]ceiue by your lookes you like my bargaine so ill, that ther's not one of ye all dare venter with me. Truely, heers a moste sweet gallerie ; I like the ayre *Walking.* of it better then my garden at Chelsey. By your pacience, good people, that haue prest thus into my bedchamber, if youle not trouble me, Ile take a sound sleepe heere.

Shrew. My lord, twere good you'd publishe to the worlde Your great offence vnto his maiestie.

Moore. My lord, Ile bequeathe this legacie to the hangman, *Giues him
 and doo it instantly. I confesse, his maiestie hath bin euer his gowne.* good to me ; and my offence to his highnesse makes me of a state pleader a stage player (though I am olde, and haue a bad voyce), to act this last sceane of my tragedie. Ile send him (for my trespasse) a reuerend head, somewhat balde ; for it is not requisite any head should stand couerd to so high maiestie : if that content him not, because I thinke my bodie will then do me small pleasure, let him but burie it, and take it.

¹ *In troth, me thinkes, your stayre, &c.]* “ And so was he by Master Lieutenant brought out of the Tower, and from thence led towards the place of execution. Where going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said merrily to the Lieutenant, ‘ I pray you,

Sur. My lord, my lord, holde conference with your soule ;
You see, my lord, the time of life is short.

Moore. I see it, my good lord ; I dispatchte that busines the
last night. I come hether only to be let blood ; my doctor
heere telles me it is good for the headache.

Hang. I beseeche ye, my lord, forgiue me !¹

Moore. Forgiue thee, honest fellowe ! why ?

Hang. For your death, my lord.

Moore. O, my death ? I had rather it were in thy power
to forgiue me, for thou hast the sharpest action against me ;
the lawe, my honest freend, lyes in thy hands now : hers thy
fee ; and, my good fellowe, let my suite be dispatchte presently ;
for tis all one payne, to dye a lingering death, and to liue in
the continuall mill of a lawe suite. But I can tell thee, my
neck is so short, that, if thou shouldst behead an hundred
noblemen like myselfe, thou wouldst nere get credit by it ;
therefore (looke ye, sir), doo it hansomely, or, of my woord,
thou shalt neuer deale with me heerafter.

Hang. Ile take an order for that, my lord.

Moore. One thing more ; take heed thou cutst not off my
beard. oh, I forgot ; execution past vppon that last night,

Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift
for myself." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 94, ed. 1822.

¹ Hang. *I beseeche ye, my lord, forgiue me, &c*] "*Hang.*" is, of
course, *Hangman* · his entrance is not marked in the MS ; and we are
to suppose that he is standing on the scaffold when More ascends it —
"Also the hangman kneled doune to him askyng him forgeucnes of
his death (as the maner is), to whom he sayd, I forgeue thee, but I
promise thee that thou shalt neuer haue honestie of the strykyng of my
head, my necke is so short. Also euen when he shuld lay doune his
head on the blocke, he hauyng a great gray beard, striked out his beard,
and sayd to the hangman, I pray you let me lay my beard ouer the blocke,
least ye should cut it." Hall's *Chron. (Hen VIII.)* fol. ccxxvi. ed. 1548.

"Which done, he kneeled down, and, after his prayers said, turned to

and the bodie of it lies buried in the Tower.¹—Stay ; ist not possible to make a scape from all this strong garde ? it is.

There is a thing within me, that will raise
And eleuate my better parte boue sight
Of these same weaker eyes : and, Master Shreeues,
For all this troupe of steele that tends my death,
I shall breake from you, and flye vp to heauen.
Lets seeke the meanes for this.

Hang. My lord, I pray ye,² put off your doublet.

Moore. Speake not so coldely to me ; I am hoarse alreadie ;
I would be lothe, good fellowe, to take more.
Point me the block ; I nere was heere before.

Hang. To the easte side, my lord.

Moore. Then to the easte :

We goe to sigh ; that ore, to sleepe in rest.
Heere Moore forsakes all mirthe ; good reason why ;
The foole of fleshe must with her fraile life dye.
No eye salute my trunck with a sad teare :
Our birthe to heauen should be thus, voide of feare.

[*Exit [with Hangman, &c].*]

Sur. A very learned woorthie gentleman

the executioner, with a cheerful countenance, and said unto him ; ‘Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office my neck is very short, take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty.’” Roper’s *Life of More*, p. 94, ed. 1822.

¹ *buried in the Tower*] Followed in MS. by a deleted passage (“Come, let’s to the block, &c.” see the next note), which, with some alterations, occurs afterwards.

² *Hang. My lord, I pray ye, &c*] This and the three next speeches (see the preceding note) were originally written thus ·

“Come, let’s to the block.

Hang. My lord, I pray ye, put off your doublet.

Moore. No, my good freend, I haue a great colde alreadie, and I would

Seales errour with his blood. Come, wee to courte.
Lets sadly hence to perfect vnknowne fates,
Whilste he tends prograce to the state of states. [Exit.]

be lothe to take more. Point me meete the block, for I was nere heere before.

Hang. To the easte side, my lord.

Moore. Then to the easte

We goe to sighe ; that ore, to sleep in rest.

No eye salute my trunck with a sad teare .

Our birth to heauen should be thus, voyde of feare. [Exit.]

PATIENT GRISSIL:

A Comedy

BY

THOMAS DEKKER, HENRY CHETTLE, AND
WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

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YOUNG, CHARLES M., ESQ.

INTRODUCTION.

The French lay claim to the original of the story of Griselda; and the Abbé de Sade (Mem. de Petrarch, iii, 797) asserts that it is found in a manuscript called *Le Parement des Dames*. Mr. Campbell, in his "Life of Petrarch," follows the authority of de Sade upon this point; but it seems that the French manuscript, containing the novel of Griselda, was the work of Olivier de la Marche, who was not born till considerably after the death of Boccaccio. (Tyrwhitt's Introd. to Cant. Tales, i. cxcv. edit. 1830, 8vo.) Whencesoever, therefore, Boccaccio derived his materials, we know of no earlier version than that which he has left us in his Decameron, of which it forms the tenth novel of the last day. In a note at the end of the table to the Giolito edition of Boccaccio, 12mo., 1552, it is said, "*Il Petrarca tradusse la presente Novella in lingua Latina, e mandolla al Boccaccio*," which we know to be the fact, because the letter from Petrarch to Boccaccio, transmitting the translation of it, is still extant; (Op. Petrarch. edit. Basil, 1581, 540.) and Petrarch adds that "he had heard the story many years before." It is very possible, therefore, that Boccaccio was originally indebted to Petrarch for the incidents which he subsequently

wove into a narrative, which gave so much delight to the poet of Vacluse. Chaucer, too, in the prologue to his "Clerk of Oxenford's Tale," informs us that he (speaking in the person of the narrator) had heard the substance of it from Petrarch himself at Padua, and makes no allusion to Boccaccio. It may not be easy at this time to fix with certainty the date when Chaucer visited Petrarch at Padua, but there seems no ground for altogether discrediting his testimony on the point.

As far as can now be ascertained, the French were the first to bring the subject on the stage: *Le Mystere de Griselidis* was represented in Paris as early as 1393, (Warton's Hist. Engl. Poetry, ii. 251, edit. 8vo. 1824.) and more than a century afterwards it was printed by Jehan Bonfons in Paris, under the title of *Le Mystere de Griselidis de Saluces, par personnages*. A re-impresion of this edition was made by Pinard, and published by Silvestre, as recently as 1832. It is singular, considering the popularity of the subject in Italy, and the peculiar facility with which it could be adapted to the stage, that it remained undramatized in that country until 1620. This statement we make upon the authority of Apostolo Zeno, who himself converted the story into an opera, and whose testimony is not to be disputed. In Germany it was adopted, and adapted, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Hans Saachs having converted it into a drama as early as the year 1550.

English readers first became acquainted with the story by means of Chaucer's beautiful and extended versification of the incidents; and comparing them with those in Boccaccio's novel, it may be inferred that

Chaucer saw Petrarch after he had read, if not translated, what Boccaccio had sent to him. Subsequently the story acquired great celebrity, and we find it thus noticed in Thomas Feylde's "Contraversye bytwene a Lover and a Jaye," printed, without date, by Wynkyn de Worde:—

" Ryght fewe of Grysylde's kynde
Is now lefte on lyve ;"

the author having previously introduced her among sundry pairs of lovers. Warton (H. E. P. iv. 136. edit. 1824) mentions a MS. poem dedicated to Queen Mary by William Forrest, her chaplain, comparing Katherine, the first wife of Henry VIII., to Griselda; and we know from the entries on the Stationers' Registers, that about the middle of the sixteenth century ballads upon the subject of "Patient Grissell" were by no means uncommon. What is called "The Pleasant and sweet History of Patient Grissell" was evidently an early production of this class, in prose and verse, although the only known copy of it, in black letter, has the date cut off, and purports to be "printed by El. P. for John Wright." Apart from the prose, the verse also remains to us in the shape of a black-letter broadside, under the title of "An excellent Ballad of a Noble Marquess and Patient Grissell." The language is evidently older than the date when these pieces appear to have been issued; and although they must have undergone various changes and many corruptions, we are perhaps warranted in concluding that they were the "Pacyente Grissell" which gave popularity to the tune, which went by that name, soon after Elizabeth came to the throne.

Two ballads, "to the tune of pacyente Grissell," were entered in the year 1565. There was also a prose narrative, of considerable length, which came out under the title of "The antient true and admirable History of Patient Grisell, a poore man's daughter in France: shewing how Maides, by her example in their good behaviour, may marry rich husbands; and likewise Wives, by their patience and obedience, may gaine much glorie." This tract was "printed by H. L. for William Lutter," in 1619, 4to.; but there can be no doubt, from the style and other circumstances, that it was a re-impression of a much anterior work. The great popularity of these pieces, and the many destructive hands through which they passed, will account for their rarity.

The prose tract above noticed was in all probability the immediate source of the ensuing play, but all were more or less founded upon the Decameron, although it was not translated into English, in its entire form, until 1620, when it made a handsome folio volume, in two portions. It was probably "done by several hands," with much inequality, and the novel of "the Marquesse of Saluzzo and Griselda" is certainly as ill rendered as any in the collection. It is there any thing but the "touching story" which, according to Petrarch, few could read without tears.—(Campbell's Life of Petrarch, ii. 309.) Upon the frequency of the allusions to it by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, it is not necessary to dwell.

The ensuing play possesses almost the rarity of a manuscript: there is no copy of it in the British Museum; none at Cambridge: the only public library that

contains it is, we believe, the Bodleian; and the only private collection in which it is known to exist in a complete state, is that of the Duke of Devonshire. Before his Grace was able to procure a perfect copy, he was obliged to be satisfied with an imperfect one, which he subsequently gave to the writer of the present notice: both have been of material service in the present re-impression. The members of the Shakespeare Society will thus be aware that they are in a manner under a double obligation to the Duke of Devonshire, since the imperfect copy would have been of comparatively little use, without the aid of the perfect one to supply its deficiencies.

The authors of it were three celebrated contemporaries of Shakespeare—Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, as we learn from that curious and valuable theatrical record, Henslowe's Diary, which is about to be printed entire for the use of the members of the Shakespeare Society. Malone refers to the memorandum under December 1599, (*Shakesp.* by Bosw., iii. 332) but he does not give the precise date, nor the exact terms of the entry. It runs thus—the body of it being in the handwriting of the dramatist who first subscribed it:

“Received in earnest of Patient Grissell by us Tho. Dekker, Hen. Chettle and Willm. Hawton, the sume of 3*l*. of good and lawfull money, by a note sent from Mr. Robt. Shaa: the 19th of December 1599.

“By me HENRY CHETTLE
W. HAUGHTON
THOMAS DEKKER.”

One of the remaining copies of the play has only the name

of Henry Chettle on the title-page in a hand-writing of the time ; but it is quite clear from the preceding quotation that Dekker and Haughton were his coadjutors. Robert Shaa, or Shaw, was one of the temporary managers of the company of the Earl of Nottingham's players, and upon his authority and responsibility Henslowe paid the money to the three poets. It was probably acted early in 1600, but it was not printed until 1603. There was an intention to print it some time before it appeared, for it was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication on the 28th March, 1599-1600, as "the Plaie of Patient Grissell."

The subject cannot be said to be a very good one for the stage, however easily adapted, because the chief incidents are violent and improbable. Petrarch, in his letter to Boccaccio, mentions a Veronese, who asserted that "there never had been, and never would be such a woman as Griselda;" and we cannot but accord in this opinion, even if we could suppose that a man could be found who, like the Marquess of Saluzzo, would expose a young, beautiful, and faithful wife to trials so severe. Taking this disadvantage into account, we cannot but admire the manner in which our three old English dramatists employed not only the materials with which they were furnished, but others which seem to be merely their own invention. Supposing that a Welsh knight and a Welsh widow might be found in Lombardy under the circumstances in which they are placed, (the relationship of the latter to the marquess does not much reconcile us to their situation) we can hardly too much admire the humour of the scenes

in which Sir Owen and Gwenthyan are concerned, or the manner in which their peculiar dispositions are made to set off the conduct and character of the hero and heroine. The contrast is excellently preserved, and it is assisted by all the accidents that ingenuity could discover, or skill employ. The incident of the wands, we suspect, is not new; and, though very happily interwoven, it is liable to the objection that it rather shows a method of preventing a woman from becoming a shrew, than how to cure one. It is very evident that the authors had Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" in their minds throughout, and once it is introduced, as it were, by name. This comedy, in 1599, had been in a course of representation at a rival theatre for several years, to say nothing of the older play, "The Taming of a Shrew," upon which it was founded, and which had been often acted by the company for which "Patient Grissil" was expressly written.

Laureo and Babulo are two principal persons not found in the original story; and, making only ordinary allowances, it cannot be denied that the characters are excellently drawn. They are rendered contributory to the progress of the plot and to the main effect; and several fine points for a serious actor are put into the mouth of the poor scholar, while the part of the Clown (who, like Touchstone, was dressed "in motley") must have been considered a capital one for such a performer as Kempe. It will be seen by Henslowe's Diary, when printed, that Kempe was a member of the Earl of Nottingham's company of players in 1602, a circumstance of importance in relation to some of Shakespeare's cha-

racters, which he is supposed to have originally represented. Kempe's name does not occur in the patent granted by James I. to "the King's Servants" in 1603; but it is probable that, having originally belonged to that association, he rejoined it not long after the death of Elizabeth.

In the serious portion of the drama, that in which the chief characters are concerned, many passages of a higher order of poetry occur, and, generally speaking, the blank verse (intermixed with rhyme) flows with ease and harmony. The text has of course come down to us with certain blemishes and corruptions, which, with due notice, we have endeavoured to remedy. The original copy is not separated into acts and scenes, but we have supplied these artificial divisions. We are not entirely satisfied with our own arrangement in this particular, but it is of comparatively little consequence in the mere reading of the play. The case would be different were we adapting it to the stage instead of the closet. The character of the Marquess of Saluzzo is well sustained throughout, and that of Grissil drawn with so much grace, delicacy, and truth, as powerfully to excite our sympathies in her favour.

It may be necessary to add, that we have not thought any thing was gained, in a case of this kind, by the preservation of the old orthography: on the contrary, it looks uncouth to the modern eye, and interferes in some degree with that smoothness of perusal which is required for the full enjoyment of the language of the old poets. In what manner they distributed the work

between them, and what particular portions belong to each, it is impossible now to determine. We have made no more notes than seemed necessary, and those, with proper references, are placed at the conclusion of the comedy.

J. P. C.

It will not be out of place to subjoin here some stanzas from one of the early ballads upon the story of the following drama. We observe with satisfaction that the Percy Society propose to reprint the versified narratives, as well as the prose history, entire, and we will not, therefore, trench farther upon the ground they have pre-occupied. The poem quoted below bears the title of "An excellent Ballad of a noble Marquess and Patient Grissel. To the tune of the Bride's Good-morrow." In Deloney's "Garland of Good-will," printed before 1526, is a ballad to the same tune.

A noble marquess,
As he did ride a-hunting,
Hard by a forest side,
A fair and comely maiden,
As she did sit a-spinning,
His gentle eye espied.
Most fair and lovely, and of comely grace was she,
Although in simple attire :
She sung full sweetly, with pleasant voice melodiously,
Which set the Lord's heart on fire.
The more he look'd, the more he might ;
Beauty bred his heart's delight ;
And to this damsel then, with speed he went :—
God speed, quoth he, thou famous flower,

Fair mistress of this homely bower,
Where love and virtue dwell with sweet content.

* * * *

At length she consented,
And being both contented,
They married were with speed.

Her country russet
Was chang'd to silk and velvet,
As to her state agreed :

And when that she was trimly 'tired in the same,

Her beauty shin'd most bright,
Far staining every other fair and princely dame
That did appear in sight.

Many envied her, therefore,
Because she was of parents poor,

And twixt her lord and her great strife did raise :

Some said this, and some said that,
And some did call her beggar's brat,

And to her Lord they did her oft dispraise.

* * * *

When that the marquess
Did see that they were bent thus

Against his faithful wife,

Whom he most dearly,

Tenderly, and entirely

Beloved as his life,

Minding in secret for to try her patient heart,

Thereby her foes to disgrace,

Thinking to show her a hard, discourteous part,

That men might pity her case :

Great with child the lady was,

And at the last it came to pass

Two goodly children at one birth she had ;

A son and a daughter God had sent,

Which did their mother well content,

And which did make their father's heart full glad.

Great royal feasting
 Was at these children's christ'ning,
 And princely triumph made :
 Six weeks together
 All the nobles that came thither
 Were entertain'd and stay'd.
 And when that all the pleasant sporting quite was done,
 The marquess a messenger sent
 For his young daughter and his pretty smiling son,
 Declaring his full intent
 How that the babes must murdered be,
 For so the marquess did decree.
 Come, let me have the children then he said.
 With that fair Grissel wept full sore :
 She wrung her hands and said no more,
 My gracious lord must have his will obey'd.

* * * * *

My nobles murmur,
 Fair Grissel, at thy honour,
 And I no joy can have
 Till thou be banished
 Both from my court and presence,
 As they unjustly crave.
 Thou must be stripp'd out of thy stately garments all,
 And as thou cam'st to me,
 In homely grey, instead of bis and purest pall,
 Now all thy clothing must be.
 My lady thou must be no more,
 Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore :
 The poorest life must now content thy mind.
 A groat to thee I dare not give,
 Thee to maintain while I do live;
 Against my Grissel such great foes I find.

* * * * *

And in the morning,
 When as they should be wedded,

Her patience then was tried :
Grissel was charged
Herself in friendly manner
For to attire the bride.
Most willingly she gave consent to do the same :
The bride in bravery was drest ;
And presently the noble marquess thither came,
With all his lords, at his request.
O, Grissel, I will ask of thee,
If to this match thou wilt agree ?
Methinks thy looks are waxed wondrous coy.
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissel, she replied the while,
God send lord marquess many years of joy !

The marquess was moved
To see his best beloved
Thus patient in distress :
He stepp'd unto her,
And by the hand he took her ;
These words he did express.
Thou art my bride, and all the brides I mean to have :
These two thine own children be !
The youthful lady on her knees did blessing crave,
Her brother as well as she.
And you that envy her estate,
Whom I have made my chosen mate,
Now blush for shame, and honour virtuous life.
The chronicles of lasting fame
Shall evermore extol the name
Of Patient Grissel, my most constant wife.

FINIS.

THE
P L E A S A N T
C O M O D I E O F
Patient Grissill.

As it hath beene sundrie times lately plaid
by the right honorable the Earle of Not-
tingham (Lord high Admirall)
his servants.

L O N D O N.
Imprinted for HENRY ROCKET, and are to
be solde at the long Shop under *S. Mildreds*
Church in the *Poultry*.

1603.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

GWALTER, Marquess of Saluzzo.

MARQUESS OF PAVIA, his brother.

ONOPHRIO,	}	Suitors to Julia.
FARNEZE,		
URCENZE,		
MARIO,	}	Courtiers.
LEPIDO,		

EMULO, a fantastic gallant.

FURIO, attendant on Gwalter.

SIR OWEN AP MEREDITH, a Welsh knight.

RICE, servant to Sir Owen.

JANICULO, a basket-maker, father to Grissil.

LAUREO, a poor scholar, his son.

BABULO, the Clown, servant to Janiculo.

GRISSIL, daughter to Janiculo.

JULIA, sister to Gwalter.

GWENTHYAN, a Welsh widow.

Two Ladies.

Huntsmen, attendants, &c.

The scene lies in and near Saluzzo.

* This list of characters is not in the old copy.

THE
PLEASANT COMEDY
OF
PATIENT GRISSIL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The country near Saluzzo.

*Enter the MARQUESS, PAVIA, MARIO, LEPIDO, and
huntsmen ; all like hunters. A noise of horns within.*

Mar. Look you so strange, my hearts, to see our limbs
Thus suited in a hunter's livery ?
Oh ! 'tis a lovely habit, when green youth,
Like to the flowery blossom of the spring,
Conforms his outward habit to his mind.
Look how yon one-ey'd waggoner of heaven
Hath, by his horses' fiery-winged hoofs,
Burst ope the melancholy jail of night ;
And with his gilt beams' cunning alchymy
Turn'd all these clouds to gold, who, with the winds
Upon their misty shoulders, bring in day.
Then sully not this morning with foul looks,
But teach your jocund spirits to ply the chase,
For hunting is a sport for emperors.

Pa. We know it is ; and, therefore, do not throw
On these, your pastimes, a contracted brow.

How swift youth's bias runs to catch delights,
To me is not unknown : no, brother Gwalter,
When you were woo'd by us to choose a wife,
This day you vow'd to wed ; but now I see
Your promises turn all to mockery.

Lep. This day yourself appointed to give answer
To all those neighbour princes, who in love
Offer their daughters, sisters, and allies,
In marriage to your hand. Yet, for all this,
The hour being come that calls you to your choice,
You stand prepar'd for sport, and start aside
To hunt poor deer, when you should seek a bride:

Mar. Nay, come Mario, your opinion too ;
He had need of ten men's wit that goes to woo.

Ma. First satisfy these princes, who expect
Your gracious answer to their embassies ;
Then may you freely revel : now you fly
Both from your own vows, and their amity.

Mar. How much your judgments err ! Who gets a
wife

Must, like a huntsman, beat untrodden paths,
To gain the flying presence of his love.
Look how the yelping beagles spend their mouths,
So lovers do their sighs ; and as the deer
Outstrips the active hound, and oft turns back
To note the angry visage of her foe,
Who, greedy to possess so sweet a prey,
Never gives over till he seize on her,
So fares it with coy dames, who, great with scorn,
Fly the care-pined hearts that sue to them ;
Yet on that feigned flight, love conquering them,
They cast an eye of longing back again,
As who would say, be not dismay'd with frowns,
For though our tongues speak no, our hearts sound yea ;
Or, if not so, before they'll miss their lovers,

Their sweet breaths shall perfume the amorous air,
And brave them still to run in beauty's chase.
Then can you blame me to be hunter like,
When I must get a wife? but be content :
So you'll engage your faith by oath to us,
Your wills shall answer mine, my liking yours,
And, that no wrinkle on your cheeks shall ride,
This day the marquess vows to choose a bride.

Pa. Even by my honour——

Mar. Brother, be advis'd.

The importunity of you and these
Thrusts my free thoughts into the yoke of love,
To groan under the load of marriage.
Since, then, you throw this burthen on my youth,
Swear to me, whomsoever my fancy choose,
Of what descent, beauty, or birth she be,
Her you shall like and love, as you love me.

Pa. Now, by my birth I swear, wed whom you please,
And I'll embrace her with a brother's arm.

Lep. Mario and myself to your fair choice
Shall yield all duties and true reverence.

Mar. Your protestations please me jollily.
Let's ring a hunter's peal, and in the ears
Of our swift forest citizens proclaim
Defiance to their lightness. Our sports done,
The venison that we kill shall feast our bride.
If she prove bad, I'll cast all blame on you ;
But if sweet peace succeed this amorous strife,
I'll say my wit was best to choose a wife. [*Exeunt.*]

*As they go in, horns sound, and hallooing within : that
done, enter JANICULO, GRISSIL, and BABULO, with two
baskets begun to be wrought.*

Bab. Old master, here's a morning able to make us
work tooth and nail (marry, then, we must have vic-
tuals) : the sun hath play'd bo-peep in the element any

time these two hours, as I do some mornings when you call. "What, Babulo!" say you. "Here, master," say I; and then this eye opens, yet don is the mouse—lie still. "What, Babulo!" says Grissil. "Anon," say I; and then this eye looks up, yet down I snug again. "What, Babulo!" say you again; and then I start up, and see the sun, and then sneeze, and then shake mine ears, and then rise, and then get my breakfast, and then fall to work, and then wash my hands, and by this time I am ready. Here's your basket; and, Grissil, here's yours.

Jan. Fetch thine own, Babulo: let's ply our business.

Bab. God send me good luck, master.

Gri. Why, Babulo, what's the matter?

Bab. God forgive me! I think I shall not eat a peck of salt: I shall not live long, sure. I should be a rich man by right, for they never do good deeds but when they see they must die; and I have now a monstrous stomach to work, because I think I shall not live long.

Jan. Go, fool: cease this vain talk, and fall to work.

Bab. I'll hamper somebody if I die, because I am a basket-maker. *[Exit.*

Jan. Come, Grissil, work, sweet girl. Here the warm
sun

Will shine on us; and, when his fires begin,
We'll cool our sweating brows in yonder shade.

Gri. Father, methinks it doth not fit a maid,
By sitting thus in view, to draw men's eyes
To stare upon her: might it please your age,
I could be more content to work within.

Jan. Indeed, my child, men's eyes do now-a-days
Quickly take fire at the least spark of beauty;
And if those flames be quench'd by chaste disdain,
Then their envenom'd tongues, alack! do strike,
To wound her fame whose beauty they did like.

Gri. I will avoid their darts, and work within.

Jan. Thou need'st not : in a painted coat goes sin,
And loves those that love pride. None looks on thee ;
Then, keep me company. How much unlike
Are thy desires to many of thy sex !

How many wantons in Salucia
Frown like the sullen night, when their fair faces
Are hid within doors ; but, got once abroad,
Like the proud sun they spread their staring beams :
They shine out to be seen ; their loose eyes tell
That in their bosoms wantonness doth dwell.
Thou canst not do so, Grissil ; for thy sun
Is but a star, thy star a spark of fire,
Which hath no power t'inflame doting desire.
Thy silks are threadbare russets ; all thy portion
Is but an honest name ; that gone, thou art dead
Though dead thou liv'st, that being unblemished.

Gri. If to die free from shame be ne'er to die,
Then I'll be crown'd with immortality.

Jan. Pray God thou mayest : yet, child, my jealous
soul

Trembles through fears, so often as mine eyes
See our duke court thee, and when to thine ears
He tunes sweet love-songs. Oh, beware, my Grissil ;
He can prepare his way with gifts of gold ;
Upon his breath winged promotion flies.
Oh, my dear girl, trust not his sorceries.
Did he not seek the shipwreck of thy fame,
Why should he send his tailors to take measure
Of Grissil's body, but as one should say,
If thou wilt be the marquess' concubine,
Thou shalt wear rich attires : but they that think
With costly garments sin's black face to hide,
Wear naked bravery and ragged pride.

Gri. Good father, do not shake your age with fears.

Although the marquess sometimes visit us,
Yet all his words and deeds are like his birth,
Steep'd in true honour ; but admit they were not,
Before my soul look black with speckled sin
My hands shall make me pale death's underling.

Jan. The music of those words sweetens mine ears.
Come, girl, let's faster work ; time apace wears.

[*Re*] *Enter* BABULO *with his work.*

Gri. Come, Babulo ; why hast thou staid so long ?

Bab. Nay, why are you so short ? Master, here's money I took, since I went, for a cradle. This year I think be leap year, for women do nothing but buy cradles. By my troth, I think the world is at an end, for as soon as we be born we marry ; as soon as we marry we get children (by hook or by crook gotten they are) ; children must have cradles, and as soon as they are in them they hop out of them ; for I have seen little girls, that yesterday had scarce a hand to make them ready, the next day had worn wedding-rings on their fingers, so that, if the world do not end, we shall not live one by another. Basket-making, as all other trades, runs to decay, and shortly we shall not be worth a button ; for none in this cutting age sew true stitches but tailors and shoemakers, and yet now and then they tread their shoes awry too.

Jan. Let not thy tongue go so : sit down to work,
And, that our labour may not seem so long,
We'll cunningly beguile it with a song.

Bab. Do, master, for that's honest cozenage.

THE SONG.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?

Oh, sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?

Oh, punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O, sweet content! O, sweet, &c.

Foot. Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O, sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O, punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O, sweet content! &c.

Foot. Work apace, apace, &c.

Enter LAUREO.

Bab. Weep, master; yonder comes your son.

Jan. Laureo, my son! oh, Heaven, let thy rich hand
Pour plenteous showers of blessing on his head!

Lau. Treble the number fall upon your age.
Sister!

Gri. Dear brother Laureo, welcome home.

Bab. Master Laureo, Janiculo's son, welcome home.
How do the nine muses—Pride, Covetousness, Envy,
Sloth, Wrath, Gluttony, and Lechery? You, that are
scholars, read how they do.

Lau. Muses! these, fool, are the seven deadly sins.

Bab. Are they? mass, methinks it's better serving
them than your nine muses, for they are stark beggars.

Jan. Often I have wish'd to see you here.

Lau. It grieves me that you see me here so soon.

Jan. Why, Laureo, dost thou grieve to see thy father,
Or dost thou scorn me for my poverty?

Bab. He needs not, for he looks like poor John him-
self. Eight to a neck of mutton—is not that your com-
mons?—and a cue of bread.

Lau. Father, I grieve my young years to your age
Should add more sorrow.

Jan. Why, son, what's the matter?

Lau. That which to think on makes me desperate.

I, that have charg'd my friends, and from my father
Pull'd more than he could spare ; I, that have liv'd
These nine years at the university,
Must now, for this world's devil, this angel of gold,
Have all those days and nights to beggary sold :
Through want of money what I want I miss.
Who is more scorn'd than a poor scholar is ?

Bab. Yes, three things — age, wisdom, and basket-makers.

Gri. Brother, what mean these words ?

Lau. Oh, I am mad
To think how much a scholar undergoes,
And in the end reaps nought but penury !
Father, I am enforc'd to leave my book,
Because the study of my book doth leave me
In the lean arms of lank necessity.
Having no shelter, ah me ! but to fly
Into the sanctuary of your aged arms.

Bab. A trade, a trade ! follow basket-making : leave books, and turn blockhead.

Jan. Peace, fool. Welcome, my son : though I am poor,
My love shall not be so. Go, daughter Grissil,
Fetch water from the spring to seeth our fish,
Which yesterday I caught ; the cheer is mean,
But be content. When I have sold these baskets,
The money shall be spent to bid thee welcome.
Grissil, make haste ; run and kindle fire.

[*Exit* GRISSIL.]

Bab. Go, Grissil ; I'll make fire, and scour the ket-

tle : it's a hard world when scholars eat fish upon flesh days.

[*Exit* BABULO.]

Lau. Is't not a shame for me, that am a man,
Nay more, a scholar, to endure such need,
That I must prey on him whom I should feed.

Jan. Nay, grieve not, son ; better have felt worse woe.
Come, sit by me. While I work to get bread,
And Grissil spin us yarn to clothe our backs,
Thou shalt read doctrine to us for the soul.
Then, what shall we three want ? nothing, my son ;
For when we cease from work, even in that while,
My song shall charm grief's ears, and care beguile.

[*Re*] *Enter* GRISSIL, *running, with a pitcher.*

Gri. Father, as I was running to fetch water,
I saw the marquess, with a gallant train,
Come riding towards us. Oh, see where they come !

Enter MARQUESS, PAVIA, MARIO, LEPIDO, *two ladies,*
and some other attendants.

Mar. See where my Grissil (and her father) is !
Methinks her beauty, shining through those weeds,
Seems like a bright star in the sullen night.
How lovely poverty dwells on her back !
Did but the proud world note her as I do,
She would cast off rich robes, forswear rich state,
To clothe them in such poor habiliments.
Father, good fortune ever bless thine age.

Jan. All happiness attend my gracious lord.

Mar. And what wish you, fair maid ?

Gri. That your high thoughts
To your contentment may be satisfied.

Mar. Thou would'st wish so, knew'st thou for what I
come.—

Brother of Pavia, behold this virgin.—

Mario, Lepido, is she not fair?

Pa. Brother, I have not seen so mean a creature,
So full of beauty.

Mar. Were but Grissil's birth
As worthy as her form, she might be held
A fit companion for the greatest state.

Lau. O, blindness! So that men may beauty find,
They ne'er respect the beauties of the mind.

Mar. Father Janiculo, what's he that speaks?

Jan. A poor despised scholar, and my son.

Mar. This is no time to hold dispute with scholars.
Tell me, in faith, old man, what dost thou think,
Because the marquess visits thee so oft?

Jan. The will of princes subjects must not search :
Let it suffice your grace is welcome here.

Mar. And I'll requite that welcome, if I live.—
Grissil, suppose a man should love you dearly,
As I know some that do, would you agree
To quittance true affection with the like?

Gri. None is so fond to fancy poverty.

Mar. I say there is.—Come, lords, stand by my side.
Nay, brother, you are sped, and have a wife ;
Then give us leave, that are all bachelors.—
Now, Grissil, eye us well, and give your verdict,
Which of us three you hold the properest man?

Gri. I have no skill to judge proportions.

Mar. Nay, then you jest. Women have eagle's eyes
To pry even to the heart ; and why not you ?
Come, we stand fairly ; freely speak your mind,
For, by my birth, he whom thy choice shall bless
Shall be thy husband.

Ma. What intends your grace?

Lep. My lord, I have vow'd to lead a single life.

Mar. A single life ! this cunning cannot serve.

Do not I know you love her? I have heard
Your passions spent for her, your sighs for her.
Mario to the wonder of her beauty
Compil'd a sonnet.

Ma. I, my lord, write sonnets?

Mar. You did entreat me to entreat her father,
That you might have his daughter to your wife.

Lep. To any one I willingly resign
All interest in her which doth look like mine.

Ma. My lord, I swear she ne'er shall be my bride.
I hope she'll swear so, too, being thus denied.

Mar. Both of you turn'd apostates in love!
Nay then, I'll play the cryer: once, twice, thrice!
Speak, or she's gone else. No?—since 'twill not be,
Since you are not for her, yet she's for me.

Pa. What mean you, brother?

Mar. Faith, no more but this;
By love's most wond'rous metamorphosis,
'To turn this maid into your brother's wife.
Nay, sweet heart, look not strange: I do not jest,
But to thine ears mine amorous thoughts impart;
Gwalter protests he loves you with his heart.

Lau. The admiration of such happiness
Makes me astonish'd.

Gri. Oh, my gracious lord,
Humble not your high state to my low birth,
Who am not worthy to be held your slave,
Much less your wife.

Mar. Grissil, that shall suffice,
I count thee worthy.—Old Janiculo,
Art thou content that I shall be thy son?

Jan. I am unworthy of so great a good.

Mar. Tush, tush! talk not of worth: in honest
terms,
Tell me if I shall have her? for, by Heaven,

Unless your free consent allow my choice,
To win ten kingdoms I'll not call her mine.
What's thy son's name?

Jan. Laureo, my gracious lord.

Mar. I'll have both your consents.—I tell ye, lords,
I have wooed the virgin long : oh, many an hour
Have I been glad to steal from all your eyes
To come disguis'd to her. I swear to you,
Beauty first made me love, and virtue woo.
I lov'd her lowliness, but when I tried
What virtues were entempled in her breast,
My chaste heart swore that she should be my bride.
Say, father, must I be forsworn or no?

Jan. What to my lord seems best, to me seems so.

Mar. Laureo, what's your opinion?

Lau. Thus, my lord :

If equal thoughts durst both your states confer,
Her's is too low, and you too high for her.

Mar. What says fair Grissil now?

Gri. This doth she say :

As her old father yields to your dread will,
So she her father's pleasure must fulfil.
If old Janiculo make Grissil yours,
Grissil must not deny ; yet had she rather
Be the poor daughter still of her poor father.

Mar. I'll gild that poverty, and make it shine
With beams of dignity : this base attire
These ladies shall tear off, and deck thy beauty
In robes of honour, that the world may say
Virtue and beauty was my bride to-day.

Ma. This mean choice will distain your nobleness.

Mar. No more, Mario : then, it doth disgrace
The sun to shine on me.

Lep. She's poor, and base.

Mar. She's rich ; for virtue beautifies her face.

Pa. What will the world say, when the trump of fame
Shall sound your high birth with a beggar's name?

Mar. The world still looks asquint, and I deride
His purblind judgment: Grissil is my bride.—
Janiculo, and Laureo, father, brother,
You and your son, graced with our royal favour,
Shall live to outwear time in happiness.

[*Re*] *Enter* BABULO.

Bab. Master, I have made a good fire. Sirrha Grissil,
the fish——

Jan. Fall on thy knees, thou fool: see, here's our duke.

Bab. I have not offended him; therefore I'll not duck
an he were ten dukes. I'll kneel to none but God and
my prince.

Lau. This is thy prince. Be silent, Babulo.

Bab. Silence is a virtue: marry, 'tis a dumb virtue.
I love virtue that speaks, and has a long tongue, like a
bell-weather, to lead other virtues after it. If he be a
prince, I hope he is not prince over my tongue. Snails!
wherefore come all these? Master, here's not fish
enough for us. Sirrha Grissil, the fire burns out.

Mar. Tell me, my love, what pleasant fellow is this?

Gri. My aged father's servant, my gracious lord.

Bab. How? my love! master, a word to the wise,
scilicet me, my love.

Mar. What's his name?

Bab. Babulo, sir, is my name.

Mar. Why dost thou tremble so? we are all thy
friends.

Bab. It's hard, sir, for this motley jerkin to find
friendship with this fine doublet.

Mar. Janiculo, bring him to court with thee.

Bab. You may be ashamed to lay such knavish burden
upon old age's shoulders: but I see they are stooping a

little ; all cry down with him. He shall not bring me, sir ; I'll carry myself.

Mar. I pray thee do : I'll have thee live at court.

Bab. I have a better trade, sir — basket-making.

Mar. Grissil, I like thy man's simplicity :
Still shall he be thy servant.—Babulo,
Grissil, thy mistress, now shall be my wife.

Bab. I think, sir, I am a fitter husband for her.

Mar. Why shouldst thou think [so] ? I will make her rich.

Bab. That's all one, sir : beggars are fit for beggars, gentlefolks for gentlefolks. I am afraid that this wonder of the rich loving the poor will last but nine days.—Old master, bid this merry gentleman home to dinner.—You shall have a good dish of fish, sir.—And thank him for his good will to your daughter Grissil ; for I'll be hanged if he do not, as many rich cogging merchants now-a-days do, when they have got what they would, give her the bells, let her fly.

Gri. Oh, bear, my lord, with his intemperate tongue.

Mar. Grissil, I take delight to hear him talk.

Bab. Ay, ay ; you are best take me up for your fool. Are not you he that came speaking so to Grissil here ? Do you remember how I knock'd you once, for offering to have a lick at her lips ?

Mar. I do remember it, and for thy pains
A golden recompense I'll give to thee.

Bab. Why do, and I'll knock you as often as you list.

Mar. Grissil, this merry fellow shall be mine.
But we forget ourselves ; the day grows old.
Come, lords, cheer up your looks, and with fair smiles
Grace our intended nuptials. Time may come,
When all-commanding love your hearts subdue,
The marquess may perform as much for you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An open place in the City of Saluzzo.

Enter FARNEZE, URCENZE ; and RICE meeting them, running.

Far. Rice ! How now, man ? whither art thou galloping ?

Rice. Faith, even to find a full manger ; my teeth water till I be munching. I have been at the cutler's to bid him bring away Sir Owen's rapier, and I am ambling home thus fast, for fear I am driven to fast.

Urc. But, sirrah Rice, when's the day ? will not thy master, Sir Owen, and Signor Emulo fight ?

Rice. No ; for Signor Emulo has warn'd my master to the court of conscience, and there's an order set down that the coward shall pay my master good words weekly, till the debt of his choler be run out.

Far. Excellent ! But did not Emulo write a challenge to Sir Owen ?

Rice. No : he sent a terrible one ; but he gave a sexton of a church a groat to write it, and he set his mark to it, for the gull can neither write nor read.

Urc. Ha, ha ! not write and read ! why, I have seen him pull out a bundle of sonnets, written, and read them to ladies.

Far. He got them by heart, Urcenze, and so deceiv'd the poor souls, as a gallant whom I know cozens others ; for my brisk spangled baby will come into a stationer's shop, call for a stool and a cushion, and then asking for some Greek poet, to him he falls, and there he grumbles God knows what, but I'll be sworn he knows not so much as one character of the tongue.

Rice. Why, then it's Greek to him.

Far. Ha, ha ! Emulo not write and read !

Rice. Not a letter, an you would hang him.

Urc. Then he'll never be saved by his book.

Rice. No, nor by his good works, for he'll do none. Signors both, I commend you to the skies; I commit you to God. Adieu.

Far. Nay, sweet Rice, a little more.

Rice. A little more will make me a great deal less. Housekeeping, you know, is out of fashion; unless I ride post, I kiss the post. In a word, I'll tell you all: challenge was sent, answered no fight, no kill, all friends, all fools, Emulo coward, Sir Owen brave man. Farewell: dinner, hungry, little cheer, great, great stomach, meat, meat, meat, mouth, mouth, mouth! adieu, adieu, adieu!

[*Exit.*

Urc. Ha, ha! adieu, Rice. Sir Owen, belike, keeps a lean kitchen.

Far. What else, man? that's one of the miserable vows he makes when he's dubbed; yet he doth but as many of his brother knights do, keep an ordinary table for him and his long coat follower.

Urc. That long coat makes the master a little king; for, wheresoever his piece of a follower comes hopping after him, he's sure of a double guard.

Far. I'll set some of the pages upon thy skirts for this.

Urc. I shall feel them no more than so many fleas; therefore I care not. But, Farneze, you'll prove a most accomplish'd coxcomb.

Far. Ah, old touch, lad! this younker is right Trinidado, pure leaf tobacco, for indeed he's nothing: puff, reek; and would be tried, not by God and his country, but by fire, the very soul of his substance, and needs would convert into smoke.

Urc. He's steel to the back, you see, for he writes challenges.

Far. True, and iron to the head. Oh, there's a rich leaden mineral amongst his brains, if his skull were well digg'd. Sirrah Urcenze, this is one of those changeable silk gallants, who, in a very scurvy pride, scorn all scholars and read no books but a looking-glass, and speak no language but "sweet lady," and "sweet signior," and chew between their teeth terrible words, as though they would conjure, as "compliment," and "projects," and "fastidious," and "capricious," and "misprision," and "the sintheresis of the soul," and such like raise-velvet terms.

Urc. What be the accoutrements of these gallants?

Far. Indeed, that's one of their fustian, outlandish phrases, too. Marry, sir, their accoutrements are all the fantastic fashions that can be taken up, either upon trust or at second hand.

Urc. What their qualities?

Far. None good: these are the best—to make good faces, to take tobacco well, to spit well, to laugh like a waiting gentlewoman, to lie well, to blush for nothing, to look big upon little fellows, to scoff with a grace, though they have a very filthy grace in scoffing; and, for a need, to ride pretty and well.

Urc. They cannot choose but ride well, because every good wit rides well.

Far. Here's the difference; that they ride upon horses, and when they are ridden, they are spurred for asses. So they can cry "wighee!" and "holloa, kicking jade!" they care not if they have no more learning than a jade.

Urc. No more of these jadish tricks: here comes the hobby-horse.

Far. Oh, he would dance a morrice rarely, if he were hung with bells.

Urc. He would jangle villanously.

Far. Peace! Let's encounter them.

Enter EMULO, and SIR OWEN talking; RICE after them, eating secretly.

Sir Ow. By Cod, Sir Emulo, Sir Owen is clad out o' cry, because is friends with hur, for Sir Owen sware—did hur not swear, Rice?

Rice. Yes, forsooth. *[Spits out his meat.]*

Sir Ow. By Cod is swear terrible to knog hur pade, and fling hur spingle legs at plum trees, when hur come to fall to hur tagger and fencing trigs. Yes, faith, and to breag hur shins; did hur not, Rice?

Rice. Yes, by my troth, sir.

Sir Ow. By Cod's udge me, is all true; and to give hur a great teal of bloody nose, because, Sir Emulo, you shallenge the Pritish knight. Rice, you know, Sir Owen, shentleman first, and secondly knight. What a pox ail you, Rice? is shoke now?

Rice. No, sir: I have my five senses, and am as well as any man.

Sir Ow. *[To EMULO.]* Well, here is hand: now is mighty friends.

Emu. Sir Owen——

Far. *[Aside to URCENZE.]* Now the gallimaufry of language comes in.

Emu. I protest to you, the magnitude of my condolement hath been elevated the higher to see you and myself, two gentlemen——

Sir Ow. Nay, 'tis well known Sir Owen is good shentleman, is not, Rice?

Rice. He that shall deny it, sir, I'll make him eat his words.

Emu. Good friend, I am not in the negative: be not so capricious—you misprize me—my collocation tendeth to Sir Owen's dignifying.

Far. *[Aside to URCENZE.]* Let's step in. *[To them.]* God save you, Signor Emulo.

Urc. Well encounter'd, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Owe ! how do you ? Sir Emulo is friends out a cry now ; but Emulos, take heed you match no more love trigs to widow Gwenthyans. By Cod udge me, that do so must knog hur, see you now !

Emu. Not so tempestuous, sweet knight. Though to my disconsolation, I will oblivionize my love to the Welsh widow, and do here proclaim my delinquishment ; but, sweet signior, be not too Diogenical to me.

Sir Ow. Ha ? ha ? is know not what genicalls mean ; but Sir Owen will genicall hur, and hur tage hur genicalling Gwenthyan.

Far. Nay, faith, we'll have you sound friends, indeed ; otherwise, you know, Signor Emulo, if you should bear all the wrongs, you would be out-Atlassed.

Emu. Most true.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is out a cry friends. But harg, Farneze, Urcenze, tawg a great teal to Emulos. Owen is great teal of friends. [*To FARNEZE*]. Ha ! ha ! is tell fine admirable shest : by Cod, Emulos, for fear Sir Owen knog hur shins, is tell Sir Owen by tozen shentlemen, her poots is put about with laths : ha, ha ! Serge hur, serge hur.

Far. No more ; tell Urcenze of it.—Why should you two fall out for the love of a woman, considering what store we have of them ? Sir Emulo, I gratulate your peace : your company you know is precious to us, and we'll be merry, and ride abroad. Before God, now I talk of riding, Sir Owen, methinks, has an excellent boot.

Urc. His leg graces the boot.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is fine leg, and fine poot too ; but Emulos leg is petter, and finer, and shenglier skin to wear.

Emu. I bought them of a penurious cordwainer, and they are the most incongruent that e'er I ware.

Sir Ow. Congruent ! 'splood ! what leather is congruent ? Spanish leather ?

Emu. Ha ! ha ! Well, gentlemen, I have other projects beckon for me : I must disgress from this bias, and leave you. Accept, I beseech you, of this vulgar and domestic compliment.

[Whilst they are saluting, Sir Owen gets to EMULO's leg, and pulls down his boot.]

Sir Ow. Pray, Emulos, let hur see hur congruent leather. Ha ! ha ! how ! what a pox is here ? ha ! ha ! is mage a wall to hur shins for keep hur warm.

Far. What's here ? laths ! Where's the lime and hair, Emulo ?

Rice. Oh, rare ! is this to save his shins ?

Sir Ow. Ha ! ha ! Rice, go call Gwenthyan.

Rice. I will, master. Dahoma, Gwenthyan ! Dahoma !

Sir Ow. A pogs on hur ! go fedge her, and call her within.

Rice. I am gone, sir.

[Exit RICE.]

Far. Nay, Sir Owen, what mean you ?

Sir Ow. By Cod, is mean to let Gwenthyan see what booby fool love her. A pogs on you !

Emu. Sir Owen, and signors both, do not expatiate my obloquy ; my love shall be so fast conglutinated to you.

Sir Ow. Cod's plood ! you call her gluttons ? Gwenthyan ! so ho, Gwenthyan !

Emu. I'll not disgest this pill.—Signors, adieu ! You are fastidious, and I banish you.

[Exit EMULO.]

Far. Gods so, here comes the widow ; but, in faith, Sir Owen, say nothing of this.

Sir Ow. No go to them : by Cod, Sir Owen bear as prave mind as emperor.

Enter GWENTHYAN.

Gwe. Who calls Gwenthyan so great teal of time ?

Urc. Sweet widow, even your countryman here.

Sir Ow. Belly the ruddo whee : wrage witho mandag eny mou du ac whellock en wea awlh.

Gwe. Sir Owen, gramarcy whee : Gwenthyan mandage eny, ac wellock en thawen en ryn mogh.

Far. Mundage ! Thlawen ! oh, my good widow, gabble that we understand you, and have at you.

Sir Ow. Have at her ! nay, by Cod, is no have at her to. Is tawg in her Pritish tongue ; for 'tis fine delicates tongue, I can tell hur.—Welsh tongue is finer as Greek tongue.

Far. A baked neates tongue is finer than both.

Sir Ow. But what says Gwenthyan now ? will have Sir Owen ? Sir Owen is known for a wisely man as any since Adam and Eve's time ; and that is, by Cod's udge me, a great teal ago.

Urc. I think Solomon was wiser than Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Solomons had pretty wit, but what say you to king Tavie ? King Tavie, is well known, was as good musitions as the best fiddler in all Italy, and king Tavie was Sir Owen's countryman : yes, truly, a Pritish shentleman porn, and did twinkle, twinkle, twinkle out o'cry upon Welsh harp ; and 'tis known Tavie love mistress Persabe, as Sir Owen loves Gwenthyan. Will hur have Sir Owen now ?

Far. Faith, widow, take him. Sir Owen is a tall man, I can tell you.

Sir Ow. Tall man, as Cod udge me : hur think the Pritish shentleman is faliant as Mars, that is (the fine knaves, the poets, say) the cod of pribles and prables. I hope, widow, you see little more in Sir Owen than in Sir Emulos. Say, shall hur have her now ? 'tis faliant as can desire, I warrant hur.

Gwe. Sir Owen, Sir Owen; 'tis not for faliant Gwenthyan care so much, but for honest, and firtuous, and loving, and pundal to let her have her will.

Sir Ow. Cod udge me, tage her away to her husband, and is let her have her will out o' cry; yet, by Cod, is pridle her well enough.

Gwe. Well, Sir Owen, Gwenthyan is going to her cousin Gwalter, the duke; for, you know, is her near cousin by marriage, by t'other husband that pring her from Wales.

Sir Ow. By Cod, Wales is better country than Italy; a great teal so better.

Gwe. Now, if her cousin Gwalter say, "Gwenthyan, tage this British knight," shall love hur diggon; but must have her good will, marg you that, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Owe! what's else? Sir Owen marg that ferrywell. Yet shall tage her down quigly inough. Come, widow, will wag to the coward, now to her cousin, and bid her cousin tell hur mind of Sir Owen.

Gwe. You'll man Gwenthyan, Sir Owen?

Sir Ow. Yes, by Cod, and pravelly too. Come, shentlemens, you'll tage pains to go with her.

Far. We'll follow you presently, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Come, widow. Un loddiss glane Gwenthyan an mondu.

Gwe. Gramercy wheeh, am a mock honnoh.

[*Exeunt.*]

Far. So, this will be rare. Sirrah Urcenze, at the marriage night of these two, instead of Io Hymen, we shall hear hey ho, Hymen! Their love will be like a great fire made of bay leaves, that yields nothing but crackling, noise, noise.

Urc. If she miss his crown, 'tis no matter for cracking.

Far. So she solder it again, it will pass current.

Enter ONOPHRIO and JULIA, walking over the stage.

Urc. Peace ! here comes our fair mistress.

Far. Let's have a fling at her.

Urc. So you may, but the hardness is to hit her.

Ono. Farewell.—Farneze, you attend well upon your mistress.

Jul. Nay, nay ; their wages shall be of the same colour that their service is of.

Far. Faith, mistress, would you had travelled a little sooner this way, you should have seen a rare comedy acted by Emulo.

Urc. Every courteous mouth will be a stage for that. Rather tell her of the Welsh tragedy that's towards.

Jul. What tragedy?

Far. Sir Owen shall marry your cousin Gwenthyan.

Jul. Is't possible ? ah, they two will beget brave warriors ; for if she scold, he'll fight, and if he quarrel, she'll take up the bucklers. She's fire, and he's brimstone : must not there be hot doings, then, think you ?

Ono. They'll prove turtles ; for their hearts being so like they cannot chuse but be loving.

Jul. Turtles ! turkey cocks. For God's love, let's entreat the duke, my brother, to make a law that, wheresoever Sir Owen and his lady dwell, the next neighbour may always be constable, lest the peace be broken ; for they'll do nothing but cry Arm ! Arm !

Far. I think Sir Owen would rather die than lose her love.

Jul. So think not I.

Ono. I should for Julia, if I were Julia's husband.

Jul. Therefore Julia shall not be Onophrio's wife, for I'll have none die for me. I like not that colour.

Far. Yes ; for your love you would, Julia.

Jul. No ; nor yet for my hate, Farneze.

Urc. Would you not have men love you, sweet mistress ?

Jul. No, not I; fye upon it, sweet servant.

Ono. Would you wish men to hate you?

Jul. Yes, rather than love me. Of all saints I love not to serve Mistress Venus.

Far. Then, I perceive you mean to lead apes in hell.

Jul. That spiteful proverb was proclaim'd against them that are married upon earth; for to be married is to live in a kind of hell.

Far. Ay, as they do at barley-break.

Jul. Your wife is your ape, and that heavy burthen wedlock, your jack-an-ape's clog; therefore, I'll not be tied to't. Master Farneze, sweet virginity is that invisible godhead, that turns [us] into angels, that makes us saints on earth, and stars in heaven: here virgins seem goodly, but there glorious: in heaven is no wooing, yet all there are lovely; in heaven are no weddings, yet all there are lovers.

Ono. Let us, sweet madam, turn earth into heaven by being all lovers here too.

Jul. So we do; to an earthly heaven we turn it.

Ono. Nay; but, dear Julia, tell us why so much you hate to enter into the lists of this same combat, matrimony.

Jul. You may well call that a combat; for indeed marriage is nothing else but a battle of love, a friendly fighting, a kind of favourable, terrible war. But you err, Onophrio, in thinking I hate it: I deal by marriage as some Indians do [by] the sun, adore it, and reverence it, but dare not stare on it, for fear I be stark blind. You three are bachelors, and, being sick of this maidenhead, count all things bitter which the physic of a single life ministers unto you: you imagine, if you could make the arms of fair ladies the spheres of your hearts, good hearts! then you were in heaven. Oh, but, bachelors,

take heed : you are no sooner in that heaven, but you straight slip into hell.

Far. As long as I have a beautiful lady to torment me, I care not.

Urc. Nor I ; the sweetness of her looks shall make me relish any punishment.

Ono. Except the punishment of the horn, Urcenze ; put that in.

Jul. Nay, he were best put that by. Lord, lord ! see what unthrifths this love makes us ! if he once but get into our mouths, he labours to turn our tongues to clappers, and to ring all in at Cupid's church, when we were better to bite off our tongues, so we may thrust him out. Cupid is sworn enemy to time ; and he that loseth time, I can tell you, loseth a friend.

Far. Ay, a bald friend.

Jul. Therefore, my good servants, if you wear my livery, cast off this loose upper coat of love : be ashamed to wait upon a boy, a wag, a blind boy, a wanton. My brother, the duke, wants our companies. 'Tis idleness and love make you captives to this solitariness : follow me, and love not, and I'll teach you how to find liberty.

All. We obey, to follow you, but not to love you : we renounce that obedience. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Palace of Saluzzo.

Enter the MARQUESS and FURIO.

Mar. Furio.

Fu. My lord.

Mar. Thy faith I oft have tried, thy faith I credit,
For I have found it solid as the rock.
No babbling echo sits upon thy lips,
For silence, even in speech, doth seal them up.
Wilt thou be trusty, Furio, to thy lord ?

Fu. I will.

Mar. It is enough : those words, " I will,"
Yield sweeter music than the gilded sounds,
Which chatting parrots, long-tongu'd sycophants,
Send from the organs of their syren voice.
Grissil, my wife, thou seest bear in her womb
The joy of marriage. Furio, I protest,
My love to her is as the heat to fire,
Her love to me as beauty to the sun,
Inseparable adjuncts : in one word,
So dearly love I Grissil, that my life
Shall end, when she doth end to be my wife.

Fu. 'Tis well done.

Mar. Yet is my bosom burnt up with desires
To try my Grissil's patience. I'll put on
A wrinkled forehead, and turn both mine eyes
Into two balls of fire, and clasp my hand,
Like to a mace of iron, to threaten death ;
But, Furio, when that hand lifts up to strike,
It shall fly open to embrace my love.
Yet Grissil must not know this : all my words
Shall smack of wormwood, all my deeds of gall ;
My tongue shall jar, my heart be musical :
Yet Grissil must not know this.

Fu. Not for me.

Mar. Furio, my trial is thy secrecy.

Enter GRISSIL.

Yonder she comes : on goes this mask of frowns.
Tell her I am angry.—Men, men, try your wives ;
Love that abides sharp tempests sweetly thrives.

Fu. My lord is angry.

Gri. Angry? the heavens forefend ! with whom? for
what?

Is it with me?

Fu. Not me.

Gri. May I presume
To touch the vein of that sad discontent,
Which swells upon my dear lord's angry brow?

Mar. Away, away!

Gri. Oh, chide me not away.
Your handmaid Grissil, with unvexed thoughts,
And with an unrepining soul, will bear
The burden of all sorrows, of all woe,
Before the smallest grief should wound you so.

Mar. I am not beholding to your love for this.
Woman, I love thee not: thine eyes to mine
Are eyes of basilisks; they murder me.

Gri. Suffer me to part hence, I'll tear them out,
Because they work such treason to my love.

Mar. Talk not of love: I hate thee more than poison
That sticks upon the air's infected wings,
Exhal'd up by the hot breath of the sun.
'Tis for thy sake that speckled infamy
Sits like a screech-owl on my honour'd breast,
To make my subjects stare and mock at me.
They swear they'll never bend their awful knees
To the base issue of thy beggar womb:
'Tis for thy sake they curse me, rail at me.
Think'st thou, then, I can love thee?—Oh, my soul!—
Why didst thou build this mountain of my shame!
Why lie my joys buried in Grissil's name!

Gri. My gracious lord——

Mar. Call not me gracious lord.
See, woman, here hangs up thine ancestry,
The monuments of thy nobility;
This is thy russet gentry, coat and crest:
Thy earthen honours I will never hide,
Because this bridle shall pull in thy pride.

Gri. Poor Grissil is not proud of these attires;
They are to me but as your livery,

And from your humble servant, when you please,
You may take all this outside, which, indeed,
Is none of Grissil's : her best wealth is need.
I'll cast this gayness off, and be content
To wear this russet bravery of my own,
For that's more warm than this. I shall look old
No sooner in coarse frieze, than cloth of gold.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Spite of my soul, she'll triumph over
me. [*He drops his glove.*]

Fu. Your glove, my lord.

Mar. Cast down my glove again.—
Stoop you for it, for I will have you stoop,
And kneel even to the meanest groom I keep.

Gri. 'Tis but my duty. If you'll have me stoop
Even to your meanest groom, my lord, I'll stoop.

Mar. Furio, how slovenly thou goest attir'd.

Fu. Why so, my lord?

Mar. Look here, thy shoes are both untied.
Grissil, kneel you and tie them.

Fu. Pardon me.

Mar. Quickly, I charge you.

Gri. Friend, you do me wrong
To let me hold my lord in wrath so long.
Stand still, I'll kneel and tie them : what I do,
Furio, 'tis done to him, and not to you.

[*She ties them.*]

Fu. 'Tis so.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Oh, strange ! oh, admirable patience !
I fear, when Grissil's bones sleep in her grave,
The world a second Grissil ne'er will have.
[*To her.*] Now get you in.

Gri. I go, my gracious lord.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Didst thou not hear her sigh ? did not one frown
Contract her beauteous forehead ?

Fu. I saw none.

Mar. Did not one drop fall down from sorrow's eyes
To blame my heart for these her injuries?

Fu. Faith, not a drop. I fear she'll frown on me,
For doing me service.

Mar. Furio, that I'll try.
My voice may yet o'ertake her. Grissil! Grissil!

[*Re-*] *Enter* GRISSIL.

Fu. She comes at first call.

Gri. Did my lord call?

Mar. Woman, I call'd thee not.
I said this slave was like to Grissil, Grissil,
And must thou, therefore, come to torture me?
Nay, stay: here's a companion fit for you.
Thou vexest me, so doth this villain, too;
But ere the sun to his highest throne ascend,
My indignation in his death shall end.

Gri. Oh, pardon him, my lord; for mercy's wings
Bear round about the world the fame of kings.
Temper your wrath, I beg it on my knee:
Forgive his fault, though you'll not pardon me.

Mar. Thank her.

Fu. Thanks, madam.

Mar. I have not true power
To wound thee with denial. Oh, my Grissil,
How dearly should I love thee;
Yea, die to do thee good, but that my subjects
Upbraid me with thy birth, and call it base,
And grieve to see thy father and thy brother
Heav'd up to dignities.

Gri. Oh, cast them down,
And send poor Grissil poorly home again.
High cedars fall, when low shrubs safe remain.

Mar. Fetch me a cup of wine. [Exit GRISSIL.]

Enter at the same door, MARIO and LEPIDO.

Fu. She's a saint, sure.

Mar. Ah, Furio, now I'll boast that I have found
An angel upon earth : she shall be crown'd
The empress of all women.—Lepido,
Mario, what was she that passed by you ?

Both. Your virtuous wife.

Mar. Call her not virtuous,
For I abhor her. Did not her swollen eyes
Look red with hate or scorn ? Did she not curse
My name, or Furio's name ?

Ma. No, my dear lord.

Mar. For he and I rail'd at her, spit at her.
I'll burst her heart with sorrow ; for I grieve
To see you grieve that I have wrong'd my state
By loving one whose baseness now I hate.

[Re-]Enter GRISSIL with wine.

Mar. Come faster, if you can.—Forbear, Mario ;
'Tis but her office : what she does to me
She shall perform to any of you three.

Lep. I am glad to see her pride thus trampled on.

Mar. Now serve Mario, then serve Lepido ;
And as you bow to me, so bend to them.

Gri. I'll not deny't to win a diadem.

Ma. Your wisdom I commend, that have the power
To raise or throw down, as you smile or lower.

Gri. Your patience I commend, that can abide
To hear a flatterer speak, yet never chide.

Mar. Hence, hence ! dare you control them whom I
 grace ?
Come not within my sight.

Gri. I will obey,
And, if you please, ne'er more behold the day. *[Exit.*

Mar. Furio.

Fu. My lord.

Mar. Watch her where she goes,
And mark how in her looks this trial shows.

Fu. I will.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Mario, Lepido, I loathe this Grissil,
As sick men loathe the bitterest potion
Which the physician's hand holds out to them.
For God's sake, frown upon her when she smiles ;
For God's sake, smile for joy to see her frown ;
For God's sake, scorn her, call her beggar's brat :
Torment her with your looks, your words, your deeds,
My heart shall leap for joy that her heart bleeds.
Wilt thou do this, Mario ?

Ma. If you say,
Mario, do this, I must in it obey.

Mar. I know you must ; so, Lepido, must you.
'Tis well ; but counsel me what's best to do—
How shall I please my subjects ? Do but speak ;
I'll do it, though Grissil's heart in sunder break.

Lep. Your subjects do repine at nothing more,
Than to behold Janiculo, her father,
And her base brother lifted up so high.

Ma. To banish them from court were policy.

Mar. Oh, rare, oh, profound wisdom ! dear Mario,
It forthwith shall be done : they shall not stay,
Though I may win by them a kingdom's sway.

[*Exit.*

Lep. Mario, laugh at this.

Ma. Why, so I do.
Headlong I had rather fall to misery,
Than see a beggar rais'd to dignity.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chamber in the Palace of Saluzzo.

Enter BABULO, singing, with a boy after him.

Bab. Boy, how sits my rapier? la sol, la sol, &c.

Boy. It hangs as even as a chandler's beam.

Bab. Some of them deserve to hang upon a beam for that evenness. Boy, learn to give every man his due: give the hangman his due, for he's a necessary member.

Boy. That's true, for he cuts off many wicked members.

Bab. He's an excellent barber; he shaves most cleanly. But, page, how dost thou like the court?

Boy. Prettily, and so.

Bab. Faith, so do I, prettily and so. I am weary of being a courtier, boy.

Boy. That you cannot be, master, for you are but a courtier's man.

Bab. Thou sayest true; and thou art the courtier's man's boy; so thou art a courtier in decimo sexto, in the least volume, or a courtier at the third hand, or a courtier by reversion, or a courtier three descents removed, or a courtier in minority, or an under courtier, or a courtier in posse, and I thy master in esse.

Boy. A posse ad esse non est argumentum, master.

Bab. Thou hast too much wit to be so little; but imitation, imitation is his good lord and master.

Enter JANICULO, LAUREO, and FURIO.

Jan. Banish'd from court! oh, what have we misdone?

Lau. What have we done, we must be thus disgraced?

Fu. I know not, but you are best pack: 'tis my lord's

will, and that's law. I must uncase you : your best course is to fall to your own trades. [*Strips them.*]

Bab. Sirrah, what art thou ? a broker ?

Fu. No ; how then ? I am a gentleman.

Bab. Th'art a Jew, th'art a pagan : how dar'st thou leave them without a cloak for the rain, when his daughter, and his sister, and my mistress, is the king's wife.

Fu. Go look, sirrah fool : my condition is to ship you too.

Bab. There's a ship of fools ready to hoist sail ; they stay but for a good wind and your company. Ha, ha, ha ! I wonder, if all fools were banished, where thou wouldst take shipping.

Jan. Peace, Babulo : we are banish'd from the court.

Bab. I am glad ; it shall ease me of a charge here. As long as we have good clothes on our backs, 'tis no matter for our honesty ; we'll live any where, and keep court in any corner.

Enter GRISSIL.

Jan. Oh, my dear Grissil !

Gri. You from me are banish'd ;
But ere you leave the court, oh leave, I pray,
Your grief in Grissil's bosom : let my cheeks
Be water'd with woe's tears, for here and here,
And in the error of these wand'ring eyes
Began your discontent : had not I been
By nature painted thus, this had not been.
To leave the court and care be patient ;
In your old cottage you shall find content.
Mourn not because these silks are ta'en away ;
You'll seem more rich in a coarse gown of grey.

Fu. Will you be packing ? when ?

Jan. Friend, what's thy name ?

Fu. Furio my name is ; what of that ?

Bab. Is thy name Fury? thou art half hang'd, for thou hast an ill name.

Lau. Thy looks are like thy name: thy name and looks

Approve thy nature to be violent.

Gri. Brother, forbear: he's servant to my lord.

Bab. To him, master: spare him not an inch.

Lau. Princes are never pleas'd with subjects' sins,
But pity those whom they are sworn to smite,
And grieve as tender mothers, when they beat
With kind correction their unquiet babes;
So should their officers compassionate
The misery of any wretch's state.

Fu. [*Aside.*] I must obey my master; though, indeed,
My heart, that seems hard, at their wrongs doth bleed.
[*To them.*] Pray get you gone. I say little, but you
know my mind.

Bab. Little said is soon amended. Thou say'st but
little, and that little will be mended soon; indeed, that's
never, and so the proverb stands in his full strength,
power, and virtue.

Enter MARQUESS, MARIO, LEPIDO, *and attendants.*

Fu. They will not go, my lord.

Mar. Will they not go?

Away with them! expel them from our court!
Base wretches, is it wrong to ask mine own?
Think you that my affection to my wife
Is greater than my love to public weal?
Do not my people murmur every hour,
That I have rais'd you up to dignities?
Do not lewd minstrels, in their ribald rhymes,
Scoff at her birth, and descant on her dower?

Jan. Alas, my lord, you knew her state before.

Mar. I did; and, from the bounty of my heart,

I robb'd my wardrobe of all precious robes,
That she might shine in beauty like the sun ;
And in exchange I hung this russet gown,
And this poor pitcher, for a monument
Amongst my costliest gems. See where they hang :
Grissil, look here ; this gown is unlike to this.

Gri. My gracious lord, I know full well it is.

Bab. Grissil was as pretty a Grissil in the one, as in the other.

Mar. You have forgot these rags, this water-pot.

Gri. With reverence of your highness, I have not.

Bab. Nor I : many a good mess of water-gruel has that yielded us.

Mar. Yes, you are proud of these your rich attires.

Gri. Never did pride keep pace with my desires.

Mar. Well, get you on.—Part briefly with your father.

Jan. Our parting shall be short.—Daughter, farewell !

Lau. Our parting shall be short.—Sister, farewell !

Bab. Our parting shall be short.—Grissil, farewell !

Jan. Remember thou didst live when thou wert poor,
And now thou dost but live.—Come, son, no more.

Mar. See them without the palace, Furio.

Fu. Good ; yet 'tis bad [*aside*].

[*Exeunt with FURIO.*]

Bab. Shall Furio see them out of the palace ? do you turn us out of doors ? you turn us out of doors then ?

Mar. Hence with that fool. Mario, drive him home.

Bab. He shall not need : I am no ox nor ass ; I can go without driving. For all his turning, I am glad of one thing.

Lep. What's that, Babulo ?

Bab. Mary, that he shall never hit us i'th' teeth with turning us, for 'tis not a good turn. Follower, I must

cashier you: I must give over housekeeping; 'tis the fashion. Farewell, boy.

Boy. Marry, farewell, and be hang'd.

Bab. I am glad thou tak'st thy death so patiently. Farewell, my lord: adieu, my lady. Great was the wisdom of that tailor that stitch'd me in motley, for he's a fool that leaves basket-making to turn courtier. I see my destiny dogs me: at first I was a fool, for I was born an innocent; then I was a traveller, and then a basket-maker, and then a courtier, and now I must turn basket-maker and fool again: the one I am sworn to, but the fool I bestow upon the world, for, *stultorum plena sunt omnia*, adieu, adieu. [*Exit.*

Mar. Farewell, simplicity; part of my shame, farewell.

Now, lady, what say you of their exile?

Gri. Whatever you think good I'll not term vile.
By this rich burthen in my worthless womb,
Your handmaid is so subject to your will,
That nothing which you do to her seems ill.

Mar. I am glad you are so patient. Get you in.

[*Exit* GRISSIL.]

Thy like will never be, never hath been.

Mario! Lepido!

Ma. and Lep. My gracious lord.

Mar. The hand of poverty held down your states
As it did Grissil's; and as her I rais'd
To shine in greatness' sphere, so did mine eye
Throw gilt beams of your births; therefore, methinks,
Your soul should sympathize, and you should know
What passions in my Grissil's bosom flow.
Faith, tell me your opinions of my wife.

Lep. She is as virtuous, and as patient
As innocence, as patience itself.

Ma. She merits much of love, little of hate :
Only in birth she is unfortunate.

Mar. Ay, ay ; the memory of that birth doth kill
me.

She is with child, you see : her travail past,
I am determin'd she shall leave the court,
And live again with old Janiculo.

Both. Wherein you shew true wisdom.

Mar. Do I, indeed ? [*aside.*]

Dear friends, it shall be done. I'll have you two
Rumour that presently to the wide ears
Of that news-loving beast, the multitude :
Go, tell them for their sakes this shall be done.

Ma. With wings we fly.

Lep. Swifter than time we run.

[*Exeunt.*

Mar. Begone, then.—Oh, these times ! these impious
times !

How swift is mischief ! with what nimble feet.

Doth envy gallop to do injury !

They both confess my Grissil's innocence,

They both admire her wondrous patience,

Yet, in their malice, and to flatter me,

Headlong they run to this impiety.

Oh, what's this world but a confused throng

Of fools and madmen, crowding in a thrust

To shoulder out the wise, trip down the just !

But I will try by self-experience,

And shun the vulgar sentence of the base.

If I find Grissil strong in patience,

These flatterers shall be wounded with disgrace ;

And whilst verse lives the fame shall never die

Of Grissil's patience, and her constancy.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The country near Saluzzo.

Enter URCENZE and ONOPHRIO at several doors, and FARNEZE in the midst.

Far. Onophrio and Urcenze, early met. Every man take his stand, for there comes a most rich purchase of mirth; Emulo, with his hand in a fair scarf, and Julia, with whom he sighs apace, and, therefore, I am sure he lies apace.

Ono. His arm in a scarf! has he been fighting?

Far. Fighting! hang him, coward.

Urc. Perhaps he does it to show his scarf.

Far. Peace! here the ass comes: stand aside and see him curvet.

[They stand back.]

[Enter EMULO and JULIA.]

Jul. Did my new married cousin, Sir Owen, wound you thus?

Emu. He, certes! As he is allied to the illustrious Julia, I live his devoted; as Signor Emulo's enemy, no adulatory language can redeem him from vengeance. If you please, my most accomplished mistress, I will make a most palpable demonstration of our battle.

Jul. As palpably as you can, good servant.

Ono. Oh, she gulls him simply.

Far. She has reason: is he not a simple gull?

Urc. Sound an alarum ere his battle begin.

Far. Peace! Sa, sa, sa!

Emu. Sir Owen and myself encountering, I vailed my upper garment; and enriching my head again with a fine velvet cap, which I then wore, with a band to it of orient pearl and gold, and a foolish sprig of some nine or ten pound price or so, we grew to an imparlance.

Far. Oh, ho, ho! this is rare.

Jul. You did wisely to confer before you combated.

Emu. Verily we did so ; but, falling into the hands of bitter words, we retorted a while, and then drew.

Ono. True ; his gloves, to save his hands.

Urc. No ; his handkerchief, to wipe his face.

Far. He sweat pitifully for fear ; if it were true—if—

Emu. I was then encounter'd with a pure Toledo silvered, and elevating mine arm, in the drawing—by Jesu, sweet madam, my rich cloak, loaded with pearl, which I wore at your sister Grissil's bridal ; I made it then, by God, of mere purpose to grace the court, and so forth—that foolish garment dropped down. The buttons were illustrious and resplendent diamonds, but it's all one.

Far. Nay, they were all scarce one.

Emu. Divine lady, as I said, we both lying,—

Far. I'll be sworn thou dost.

Emu. I must recognize and confess, very generously and heroically at our ward, the Welsh knight, making a very desperate thrust at my bosom, before God, fairly missed my embroidered jerkin that I then wore ; and with my poignard vapulating and checking his engine, down it cut me a pair of very imperial cloth of gold hose, at least thus long thwart the cannon, at least.

Jul. And miss'd your leg ?

Far. Ay, and his hose, too.

Emu. And miss'd my leg, most bright star : which advantageous sign I () this leg, (having a fair carnation silk stocking on) stumbled : my spangled garters in that imprision fell about my feet, and he, fetching a most valorous and ingenious career, invaded my rapier hand, entered this gilded fort, and in that passado vulnerated my hand thus deep, I protest and contest Heaven.

Jul. No more : it's too tragical !

Emu. I conclude : I thought (by the syntheresis of my soul) I had not been imperished, till the blood, showing his red tincture at the top of a fair enveloped glove,

sunk along my arm, and spoiled a rich waistcoat wrought in silk and gold, a toy, &c.

Far. He'll strip himself out of his shirt, anon. For God's sake, step in.

Emu. My opinion is, I shall never recuperate the legitimate office of this member, my arm.

All three. [*Coming forward.*] Signor Emulo !

Emu. Sweet and accomplish'd signors.

Far. Ha, ha ! Madam, you had a pitiful hand with this fool ; but see, he is recovered.

Jul. But, servant, where is your other hand ?

Ono. See, sweet mistress, one is my prisoner.

Urc. The other I have ta'en up with the fine finger.

Jul. Look in his scarf, Farneze, for another : he has a third hand, and 'tis pitifully wounded ; he tells me, pitifully, pitifully.

Far. Wounded ? oh, palpable ! come, a demonstration of it.

Ono. Give him your larded cloak, signor, to stop his mouth, for he will undo you with lies.

Urc. Come, Signor, one fine be now to apparel all these former in some light sarcenet robe of truth : none, none in this mint ?

Jul. Fie, servant : is your accomplish'd courtship nothing but lies ?

Ono. Fie, signor : no music in your mouth but battles, yet a mere milksop ?

Urc. Fie, Emulo : nothing but wardrobe, yet here all your trunks of suits ?

Far. Fie, signor : a scarf about your neck, yet will not hang yourself to hear all this ?

Jul. Servant, I discharge you my service. I'll entertain no braggarts.

Ono. Signor, we discharge you the court. We'll have no gulls in our company.

Far. Abr'am, we cashier you our company. We must have no minions at court.

Emu. Oh, patience! be thou my fortification. Italy, thou spurnest me for uttering that which I only suck'd from thee.

Far. How? Italy? away, you idiot! Italy infects you not, but your own diseased spirits. Out, you froth! you scum! Because your soul is mud, and that you have breathed in Italy, you'll say Italy hath defiled you. Away, you boar! thou wilt wallow in mire in the sweetest country in the world.

Emu. I cannot conceit this rawness. Italy, farewell: Italians, adieu:

A virtuous soul abhors to dwell with you.

[*Exit.*

All. Ha, ha, ha! [*They laugh.*]

Enter MARQUESS and SIR OWEN.

Jul. Peace, servants: here comes the duke, my brother.

Mar. Lo, cousin, here they be.—Are ye here, gentlemen?

And Julia, too? then, I'll call your eyes

To testify, that to Sir Meredith

I do deliver here four sealed bonds.

Coz, have a care to them, it much behoves you;

For, gentlemen, within this parchment lies

Five thousand ducats, payable to him,

Just fourteen days before next Pentecost.

Coz, it concerns you, therefore, keep them safe.

Sir Ow Fugh! hur warrant hur shall log them ub from sun and moon, and seven stars, too, I hobe. But, harg you, cousin marquess.

Mar. Now, what's the matter?

Sir Ow. A pox on it, 'tis scald matter. Well, well: pray, cousin marquess, use her laty Grissil a good teal

better ; for, as God udge me, you hurt Sir Owen out o' cry by maging her sad, and pout so, see you.

Mar. Hurt you? What harm or good reap you thereby?

Ono. Harm ! yes, by God's lid, a poggie teal of harm ; for, loog you, cousin, and cousin Julia, and shentlemen all, (for all is to know hur wife's case) you know hur tage to wife the widow Gwenthyan.

Mar. True, cousin ; and she's a virtuous gentlewoman.

Ono. One of the patientest ladies in the world.

Urc. She's wondrous beautiful, and wondrous kind.

Far. She's the quietest woman that ere I knew ; for, good heart, she'll put up any thing.

Jul. Cousin, I am proud that you are sped so well.

Sir Ow. Are you? by God, so am not I. I'll tell you what, cousin marquess, you all know hur well: you know her face is liddle fair and smug, but hur has a tongue goes jingle jangle, jingle jangle, petter and worse than pells when hur house is o' fire. Patient ! Sir Owen shall tage hur heels, and run to Wales, and hur play the tevil so out o' cry, terrible, a pox on her la !

Jul. Why, cousin, what are her qualities, that you so commend her ?

Sir Ow. Commend her ! no, by God, not I. Ha, ha ! is know her qualities petter and petter fore I commend her ; but Gwenthyan is worse and worse out o' cry ; oh, out o' cry worse, out of all cry ! She's feared to be made fool, as Grissil is, and, as God udge me, hur mage fine poobie fool of Sir Owen. Hur shide, and shide, and prawl, and scold, by God, and scradge terrible sometime. Ow ! and said hur will do what hur can. Ha, ha, ha ! an Sir Owen were handsome pachelor again ! Pray, cousin marquess, tage some order in Grissil, or teach Sir Owen to mage Gwenthians quiet, and tame her.

Mar. To tame her? that I'll teach you presently.
You had no sooner spake the word of taming,
But mine eye met a speedy remedy.
See, cousin, here's a plot where osiers grow;
The ground belongs to old Janiculo,
My Grissil's father: come, Sir Meredith;
Take out your knife, cut three, and so will I.
So, keep yours, cousin; let them be safe laid up:
These three, thus wound together, I'll preserve.

Sir Ow. What shall hur do now with these? peat and
knog her, Gwenthyan?

Mar. You shall not take such counsel from my lips.

Enter MARIO.

How, now, Mario? what news brings thee hither
In such quick haste?

Ma. Your wife, my gracious lord,
Is now delivered of two beauteous twins,
A son and daughter.

Mar. Take that for thy pains:
Not for the joy that I conceive thereby,
For Grissil is not gracious in the eye
Of those that love me; therefore I must hate
Those that do make my life unfortunate,
And that's my children: must I not, Mario?
Thou bowest thy knee. Well, well, I know thy mind.
Virtue in villains can no succour find. [*aside.*]
A son and daughter? I by them will prove
My Grissil's patience better, and her love.—
Come, Julia; come, Onophrio: coz, farewell.
Reserve those wands: these three I'll bear away.
When I require them back, then will I show
How easily a man may tame a shrew. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, ha! tame a shrew? Oh, 'tis out o'
ery terrible hard, and more worse than tame a mad pull.

But what mean hur cousin to mage hur cut hur wands? Ha! ha! God udge me, 'tis fine knag. I see hur knavery now: 'tis to pang Gwenthyan's pody, and she mage a noise and prabble. Is not so? by God's lid, so; and, Gwenthyan, Sir Owen will knog you before hur abide such horrible do.

Enter GWENTHYAN and RICE.

God's lid! here hur comes. Terdawgh, Gwenthian; terdawgh.

Gwe. Terdawgh whee, Sir Owen, terdawgh whee.

Sir Ow. Owe, loog here: fine wands, Gwenthyan, is not?

Gwe. Rees, tage them, and preag them in pieces.

Rice. What say you, forsooth?

Gwe. What say you, forsooth! you saucy knave! must hur tell hur once, and twice, and thrice, and four times what to do? preag these wands.

Sir Ow. Rees is petter preag Rees his pate. Here, Rees, carry hur home.

Rice. Would I were at gallows, so I were not here.

Gwe. Do, and hur tare; do, and hur tare. See you, now, what shall hur do with wands? peat Gwenthyan body, and mage Gwenthyan put her finger in me hole? ha! ha! by God, by God, is scradge hur eyes out that tudge her, that tawg to her, that loog on her: marg you that, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Yes, hur marg hur.—Rees, pray marg hur lady.

Rice. Not I, sir; she'll set her marks on me, then.

Gwe. Is prate? is prate? Go to, Rees: I'll Rees hur, you tog you.

Sir Ow. Pray, Gwenthian, be patient as her cousin Grissil is.

Gwe. Grissil? how! how! Grissil? no, no, no, no.

Hur shall not mage Gwenthyan such ninny, pooby fool as Grissil. I say, preag hur wands.

Sir Ow. God's plude ! is pought hur to peat dust out of hur cloag and parrels.

Gwe. Peat hur cloag and parrels ? fye, fye, fye ! 'tis lie, Sir Owen, 'tis lie.

Rice. Your worship may stab her : she gives you the lie.

Sir Ow. Peace, Rees ! go to.—I pought them indeed to mage her horse run and go a mighty teal of pace. Pray let Rees tage hur in, good Gwenthyan.

Gwe. Rees, bear in hur wands, because Sir Owen beg so gently.

Sir Ow. Go, Rees, go ; lock them up in a pox or shest : go.

Rice. You shall not need to bid me go, for I'll run.

[*Exit.*

Sir Ow. I pought them for her horse. Here, een now, was her cousin marquess, and prought her all these scribblings here for her money. Gwenthyan shall have her ponds and keep her wisely. Sirrah Gwenthyan, I will tell her prave news : Grissil is prought to bed of a shentleman and shentlewoman : is glad out o' cry—speak her fair.—Yes, truly, Grissil is prought a bed.

Gwe. Grissil ! no pody but Grissil ! what care I for Grissil ! I say, if Sir Owen love Gwenthyan, shall not love Grissil nor marquess so ; see you now.

Sir Ow. God udge me, not love her cousin ? is shealous ? oh, is fine trig not love her cousin. God udge me, hur will, and hang herself ; see you now.

Gwe. Hang herself ! how, how, how ? Gwenthyan's tother husband is scorn to say hang herself : hang herself ! How, how, how, how ?

Sir Ow. God plude ! what cannot get by prawls, is get by how, how, how. Is a terrible ladie. Pray be

peace, and cry no more how, how, how. Tawson, Gwenthians : God udge me, is very fury.

Gwe. O, mon Iago ! mon due ! hang Gwenthyans ?

Sir Ow. Adologo whee Gwenthyan bethog, en thonigh en moyen due.

Gwe. Nevetho en thonigh gna wathe gethla tee. Hang Gwenthyans ?

Sir Ow. Sir Owen shall say no more hang herself : be out o' cry still, and hur shall puy hur new car to ride in, and two new fine horses, and more plue coats and padges to follow her heels ; see you now.

Gwe. But will hur say no more, hang herself ?

[*Re*] *Enter* RICE.

Sir Ow. Oh, no more, as God udge me, no more : pray leave how, how, how.

Rice. Tannekin, the frow, hath brought your rebato ; it comes to three pound.

Sir Ow. What a pestilence ! is this for Gwenthyan ?

Gwe. For her neg ; is call'd repatoe. Gwenthyan wear it here : is't not prave ?

Sir Ow. Prave ! yes, is prave : 'tis repatoes, I warrant her. Ay, patoes money out o' cry : yes, 'tis prave. Rees, the preese ? Rees, the preece ?

Rice. The frow, sir, says three pound.

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, ha ! [three] pound ! Gwenthyan, pray do not puy it.

Gwe. By God udge me, hur shall puy it.

Sir Ow. God udge me, hur shall not.

Gwe. Shall not ! Rees, tage hur away ; I say her shall, and were it puy and puy.

Sir Ow. Then, mage a pooby fool of Sir Owen, indeed. God's plude, shall ! I say, shall not. Three pound for puble, for patoes ? here, there ; [*Tears it*] so, tage it now, wear it now pout her neg. Shall pridle Sir Owen, ha !

Rice. Oh, rare Sir Owen ! oh, precious knight ! oh, rare Sir Owen !

Gwe. Out, you rascals ! you prade and prade. I'll prade your neaces. [*Beats him.*

Rice. Oh, rare madam ! oh, precious madam ! oh God ! oh God ! oh God ; oh ! [*Exit.*

Gwe. Is domineer now ? you tear her ruffs and repatoes ? you preak her ponds ? I'll tear as good ponds, and petter too, and petter too. [*Tears the bonds.*]

Sir Ow. Oh, Gwenthyan ! God's plude, is five thousand ducats ! hold, hold, hold ! a pogs on hur pride ! what has hur done ?

Gwe. Go loog : is now paid for her repatoes ? I'll have hur wills and desires : I'll teadge hur pridle hur lady. Catho crogge, ne vetho, en thonigh gna wathee gnatla tee. [*Exit.*

Sir Ow. A breath vawer or no tee. Pridle her ! Sir Owen is pridled, I warrant. Widows ! were petter, God's plude, marry whore : were petter be hang'd and quarter'd, than marry widows, as God udge me. Sir Owen, fall on hur knees and pray God to tag hur to hur mercy, or else put petter mind in hur lady. All Pritish shentlemans tage heed how her marry vixen widow.

Sir Owen ap Meredith can rightly tell,
A shrew's sharp tongue is terrible as hell.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace of Saluzzo.

Enter MARQUESS, *and* FURIO *with an infant in his arms.*

Mar. Did she not see thee when thou took'st it up ?

Fu. No ; she was fast asleep.

Mar. Give me this blessed burthen. Pretty fool !

With what an amiable look it sleeps,
And in that slumber how it sweetly smiles,
And in that smile how my heart leaps for joy!
Furio, I'll turn this circle to a cradle,
To rock my dear babe. A great Roman lord
Taught his young son to ride a hobbyhorse;
Then, why should I think scorn to dandle mine?
Furio, behold it well; to whom is't like?

Fu. You : there's your nose and black eyebrows.

Enter MARIO.

Mar. Thou dost but flatter me ; here comes Mario :
I know Mario will not flatter me.

Mario, thy opinion : view this child ;
Doth not his lips, his nose, his forehead,
And every other part, resemble mine ?

Ma. So like, my lord, that the nice difference
Would stay the judgment of the curious't eye.

Mar. And yet, methinks, I am not half so brown.

Ma. Indeed, your cheeks bear a more lively colour.

Mar. Furio, play thou the nurse : handle it softly.

Fu. One were better get a dozen, than nurse one.

Mar. Mario, step to Grissil ; she's asleep,
Her white hand is the pillow to those cares
Which I ungently lodge within her head :
Steal thou the other child, and bring it hither.
If Grissil be awake, and strive with thee,
Bring it perforce, nor let her know what hand
Hath robb'd her of this other. Haste, Mario.

Ma. I fly, my gracious lord.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Run, flattery.

Because I did blaspheme and call it brown,
This parasite cried, like an echo, brown.

Fu. The child is fair : my lord, you were ne'er so fair.

Mar. I know 'tis fair, I know 'tis wondrous fair.

Dear, pretty infant let me with a kiss
Take that dishonour off, which the foul breath
Of a profane slave laid upon thy cheeks.
Had I but said, my boy's a blackamoor,
He would have damn'd himself, and so have swore.

Enter GRISSIL, and MARIO with a child.

Gri. Give me mine infant ! where's my other babe ?
You cannot play the nurse ; your horrid eyes
Will fright my little ones, and make them cry :
Your tongue's too rough to sound a lullaby.
'Tis not the pleasure of my lord, I know,
To load me with such wrong.

Ma. No ; I unload you. [*scoffingly.*]

Mar. Give her her child, Mario : and yet stay—
Furio, hold thou them both. Grissil, forbear ;
You are but nurse to them ; they are not thine.

Gri. I know, my gracious lord, they are not mine ;
I am but their poor nurse, I must confess.
Alas ! let not a nurse be pitiless.

To see the cold air make them look thus bleak
Makes me shed tears, because they cannot speak.

Mar. If they could speak, what think you they would
say ?

Gri. That I in all things will your will obey.

Mar. Obey it then in silence. Shall not I
Bestow what is mine own as likes me best ?
Deliver me these brats. Come, press me down
With weighty infamy : here is a load
Of shame, of speckled shame ! Oh, God ! how heavy
An armful of dishonour is : here's two.
Grissil, for this I'll thank none else but you.
Which way soe'er I turn I meet a face
That makes my cheeks blush at mine own disgrace.

[*Aside.*] This way or this way, never shall mine eye

Look thus, or thus ; but (oh me !) presently,
(Take them, for God's sake, Furio) presently
I shall spend childish tears : true tears, indeed,
That thus I wrong my babes, and make her bleed.
[*To her.*] Go, Grissil ; get you in.

Gri. I go, my lord.

Farewell, sweet, sweet, dear babes : so you were free,
Would all the world's cares might be thrown on me !

[*Exit.*

Mar. Ha ! ha ! why, this is pleasing harmony.

Fu. My lord, they'll wrawle : what shall I do with
them ?

Mar. Tell her thou must provide a nurse for them.
Comes she not back, Mario.

Ma. No, my lord.

Mar. Tush, tush ! it cannot be but she'll return.
I know her bosom bears no marble heart ;
I know a tender mother cannot part,
With such a patient soul, from such sweet souls.
She stands and watches sure, and sure she weeps
To see my seeming flinty breast. Mario,
Withdraw with me : Furio, stay thou here still.
If she return, seem childish, and deny
To let her kiss or touch them.

[*Exeunt.*

Fu. Faith, not I : I have not such a heart. An she
ask to touch them, I'll deny it, because I'll obey my lord ;
yet she shall kiss and touch them, too, because I'll please
my lady. Alas, alas ! pretty fools, I love you well, but
I would you had a better nurse.

[*Re*]-*Enter* GRISSIL, *stealingly.*

Gri. A better nurse ! seek'st thou a better nurse ?
A better nurse than whom ?

Fu. Than you ; away. -

Gri. I am their mother : I must not away.

Look, look, good Furio ; look, they smile on me :
I know, poor hearts, they fear to smile on thee.
I prithee, let me have them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Gri. I prithee, let me touch them.

Fu. No ; hands off.

Gri. I prithee, gentle Furio, let me kiss them.

Fu. Not one kiss for a king's crown.

Gri. Must I not kiss my babes? must I not touch them?

Alas ! what sin so vile hath Grissil done,
That thus she should be vexed ? not kiss my infants !
Who taught thee to be cruel, gentle churl ?
What must thou do with them ?

Fu. Get them a nurse.

Gri. A nurse ! alack, what nurse ? where must she
dwell ?

Fu. I must not tell you—till I know myself.

Gri. For God's sake, who must nurse them ? do but
name her,

And I will swear those fiery eyes do smile,
And I will swear, that which none else will swear,
That thy grim brows do mercy's livery wear.

Fu. Chuse you.

[*Re*] *Enter* MARQUESS, *standing aside.*

Gri. Oh, God ! oh, God ! might Grissil have her choice,
My babes should not be scar'd with thy devil's voice !
Thou get a nurse for them ? they can abide
To taste no milk but mine. Come, come, I'll chide,
In faith, you cruel man, I'll chide indeed,
If I grow angry.

Fu. Do, do ; I care not.

Mar. [*Aside.*] To chide and curse thy lord thou hast
more need.

Gri. Wilt thou not tell me who shall be their nurse ?

Fu. No.

Gri. Wilt thou not let me kiss them?

Fu. No, I say.

Gri. I prithee, let my tears, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate heart. See, here's a fountain
Which heaven into this alabaster bowels
Instill'd to nourish them: man, they'll cry,
And blame thee that this runs so lavishly.
Here's milk for both my babes—two breasts for two.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Poor babes! I weep to see what
wrong I do.

Gri. I pray thee let them suck. I am most meet
To play their nurse; they'll smile, and say 'tis sweet
Which streams from hence. If thou dost bear them
hence,

My angry breasts will swell, and as mine eyes
Let fall salt drops, with these white nectar tears
They will be mix'd, this sweet will then be brine.
They'll cry; I'll chide, and say the sin is thine.

Fu. Mine arms ache mightily, and my heart aches.

Mar. [*Aside.*] And so doth mine. Sweet sounds this
discord makes.

Fu. Here, madam, take one: I am weary of both.
Touch it and kiss it too, it's a sweet child. [*Aside.*] I
would I were rid of my misery, for I shall drown my
heart with my tears that fall inward.

Gri. Oh, this is gently done! this is my boy,
My first-born care; thy feet, that ne'er felt ground,
Have travell'd longest in this land of woe,
This world's wilderness, and hast most need
Of my most comfort. Oh, I thank thee, Furio:
I knew I should transform thee with my tears,
And melt thy adamant heart like wax.
What wrong shall these have to be ta'en from me!
Mildly entreat their nurse to touch them mildly,

For my soul tells me, that my honour'd lord
Does but to try poor Grissil's constancy.
He's full of mercy, justice, full of love.

Mar. [*Aside.*] My cheeks do glow with shame to hear
her speak.

Should I not weep for joy, my heart would break.
And yet a little more I'll stretch my trial.
[*Coming forward.*] Mario, Lepido !

Enter MARIO and LEPIDO.

Both. My gracious lord.

Mar. You shall be witness of this open wrong.
I gave strait charge she should not touch these brats,
Yet has she tempted with lascivious tears
The heart of Furio : see, she dandles them.
Take that child from her. [*Aside to FURIO.*] Stay, stay ;
I'll commend

That pity in thee which I'll reprehend.

Fu. Do.

Mar. Dare you thus contradict our strait command ?
But here's a trusty groom. Out, hypocrite !
I shall do justice wrong to let thee breathe
For disobeying me.

Gri. My gracious lord.

Mar. Tempt me not, syren. Since you are so loving,
Hold you, take both your children. Get you gone.—
Disrobe her of these rich habiliments,
Take down her hat, her pitcher, and her gown,
And as she came to me in beggary,
So drive her to her father's.

Ma. My dear lord !

Mar. Vex me not, good Mario : if you woo me
(Or if you shed one tear), to pity her,
Or if by any drift you succour her,
You lose my favour everlastingly.

Both. We must obey, since there's no remedy.

Mar. [*Aside.*] You must be villains, there's no remedy.

[*To them.*] Mario, Lepido, you two shall help
To bear her children home.

Gri. It shall not need ;

I can bear more.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Thou bear'st too much, indeed.

Gri. Come, come, sweet lambs : we'll laugh and live
content,

Though from the court we live in banishment.
These rich attires are for your mother fit,
But not your nurse ; therefore, I'll off with it.

Mar. Away with her, I say.

Gri. Away, away ?

Nothing but that cold comfort ? we'll obey.
Heaven smile upon my lord with gracious eye.

Mar. Drive her hence, Lepido.

Lep. Good madam, hence.

Gri. Thus tyranny oppresseth innocence.
Thy looks seem heavy, but thy heart is light,
For villains laugh when wrong oppresseth right.

[*She runs to the MARQUESS.*

Must we be driven hence ? Oh, see, my lord,
Sweet pretty fools, they both smil'd at that word ;
They smile, as who should say indeed, indeed,
Your tongue cries hence, but your heart's not agreed.
Can you thus part from them ? in truth, I know,
Your true love cannot let these infants go.

Mar. [*Aside.*] She'll triumph over me, do what I can.

[*He turns from her.*

Ma. Good madam, hence.

Gri. Oh, send one gracious smile
Before we leave this place : turn not away ;
Do but look back ; let us but once more see

Those eyes, whose beams shall breathe new souls in
three.

It is enough: now we'll depart in joy.—

Nay, be not you so cruel: should you two

Be thus driven hence, trust me, I'd pity you.

Mar. Disrobe her presently.

Both. It shall be done.

Gri. To work some good deed thus you would not
run. *[Exeunt.*

Mar. Oh, Grissil, in large characters of gold,

Thy virtuous, sacred fame shall be enroll'd.

Tell me thy judgment, Furio, of my wife.

Fu. I think, my lord, she's a true woman, for she
loves her children; a rare wife, for she loves you (I be-
lieve you'll hardly find her match); and I think she's
more than a woman, because she conquers all wrongs
by patience.

Mar. Yet once more will I try her. Presently
I'll have thee go to old Janiculo's,
And take her children from her: breed some doubt
(By speeches) in her, that her eyes shall never
Behold them more: bear them to Pavia;
Commend us to our brother; say from us,
That we desire him, with all kind respect
To nurse the infants, and withal conceal
Their parentage from any mortal ear.
I charge thee, on thy life, reveal not this:
I charge thee, on thy life, be like thy name,
When thou com'st to her, rough and furious.

Fu. Well, I will. It's far from Saluce to Pavia: the
children will cry; I have no teats, you know: 'twere
good you thought upon it.

Mar. There's gold.

Fu. That's good.

Mar. Provide them nurses.

Fu. That's better: I will, an I can.

[*Exit FURIO.*

Mar. Away! Though I dare trust thy secrecy,
Yet will I follow thee in some disguise,
And try thy faith, and Grissil's constancy.
If thou abide uublemish'd, then, I swear,
I have found two wonders that are seldom rife,
A trusty servant, and a patient wife.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Near the Cottage of Janiculo.

Enter JANICULO and LAUREO, with burdens of osiers.

Lau. Father, how fare you?

Jan. Very well, my son.

This labour is a comfort to my age.
The marquess hath to me been merciful,
In sending me from courtly delicates,
To taste the quiet of this country life.

Lau. Call him not merciful; his tyranny
Exceeds the most inhuman.

Jan. Peace, my son.

I thought by learning thou hadst been made wise;
But I perceive it puffeth up thy soul:
Thou tak'st a pleasure to be counted just,
And kick against the faults of mighty men.
Oh, 'tis in vain! the earth may even as well
Challenge the potter to be partial
For forming it to sundry offices.
Alas, the error of ambitious fools!
How frail are all their thoughts, how faint, how weak!
Those that do strive to jostle with the great,
Are certain to be bruis'd, or soon to break.
Come, come; mell with our osiers: here let's rest;
This is old homely home, and that's still best.

Enter BABULO, with a bundle of osiers in one arm, and a child in another; GRISSIL after him with another child.

Bab. Hush, hush, hush, hush! and I dance mine own child, and I dance mine own child, &c., ha, ha! whoop, old master! so ho, ho! look here. And I dance mine own child, &c. Here's sixpence a week, and sixpence a week, eight groats, soap, and candle. I met her in osier grove, crying hush, hush, hush, hush! I thought it had been some beggar woman, because of her pitcher, for you know they bear such household stuff to put drink and porridge together. And I dance mine, &c.

Lau. Oh, father, now forswear all patience!

Grissil comes home to you in poor array;

Grissil is made a drudge, a cast-away.

Jan. Grissil is welcome home to poverty.—

How now, my child, are these thy pretty babes?

Bab. And I dance mine own child. Art thou there?
art thou there? ;

Jan. Why art thou thus come home? who sent thee hither?

Gri. It is the pleasure of my princely lord,
Who, taking some offence to me unknown,
Hath banish'd me from care to quietness.

Bab. A fig for care! old master, but now old grandsire, take this little Pope Innocent: we'll give over basket-making, and turn nurses. She has uncled Laureo. It's no matter, you shall go make a fire. Grandsire, you shall dandle them. Grissil shall go make pap, and I'll lick the skillet; but first I'll fetch a cradle. It's a sign 'tis not a dear year, when they come by two at once. Here's a couple, quoth jackdaw. Art thou there? sing grandsire. *[Exit.]*

Jan. What said the marquess when he banish'd thee?

Gri. He gave me gentle language, kiss'd my cheek;

For God's sake, therefore, speak not ill of him.
Tears trickling from his eyes, and sorrow's hand
Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adieu,
Whilst many a deep-fetch'd sigh from his breast flew :
Therefore, for God's sake, speak not ill of him.
Good lord ! how many a kiss he gave my babes,
And with wet eyes bade me be patient ;
And, by my truth (if I have any truth)
I came from court more quiet and content,
By many a thousand part, than when I went ;
Therefore, for God's love, speak not ill of him.

Lau. Oh, vile dejection of too base a soul !
Hast thou beheld the paradise of court,
Fed of rich several meats, bath'd in sweet streams,
Slept on the bed of pleasure, sat enthron'd,
Whilst troops, as saint-like, have adored thee,
And being now thrown down by violence,
Dost thou not envy those that drive thee thence ?

Gri. Far be it from my heart from envying my lord
In thought, much less either in deed or word.

Lau. Then hast thou no true soul ; for I would curse,
From the sun's rising to his western fall,
The marquess and his flattering minions.

Gri. By day and night kind Heaven protect them
all !

What wrong have they done me ? what hate to you ?
Have I not fed upon the prince's cost,
Been cloth'd in rich attires, liv'd on his charge ?
Look here : my russet gown is yet unworn,
And many a winter more may serve my turn,
By the preserving it so many months.
My pitcher is unhurt : see, it is fill'd
With crystal water of the crisped spring.
If you remember, on my wedding day,
You sent me with this pitcher to the well,

And I came empty home, because I met
The gracious marquess and his company :
Now hath he sent you this cup full of tears.
You'll say the comfort's cold : well, be it so,
Yet every little comfort helps in woe.

Jan. True model of true virtue ! welcome, child.
Thou and these tender babes to me are welcome :
We'll work to find them food. Come, kiss them soon,
And let's forget these wrongs as never done.

[*Re*] *Enter BABULO, with a cradle.*

Bab. Come, where be the infidels ? here's the cradle
of security, and my pillow of idleness for them, and
their grandsire's cloak (not of hypocrisy) but honesty to
cover them.

Jan. Lay them both softly down. Grissil, sit down.
Laureo, fetch you my lute—Rock thou the cradle :
Cover the poor fool's arm. I'll charm their eyes
To take a sleep by sweet tun'd lullabies.

THE SONG.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

*Enter FURIO ; and the MARQUESS aloof, disguis'd, with
baskets.*

Fu. Leave singing.

Bab. We may chuse. Grandsire, sol fa once more.

We'll "alla mira" him, and "wail in woe," and who can hinder us ?

Fu. Sirrah scholar, read there : it's a commission for me to take away these children.

Bab. Nay then, y'are welcome : there's four groats, and here's four more.

Gri. To take away my children ! gentle Furio, Why must my babes bear this ungentle doom ?

Fu. Go look.

Lau. Oh, misery ! oh, most accursed time !
When to be foes to guilt is held a crime.
Sister, this fiend must bear your infants hence.

Jan. Good Grissil, bear all wrongs with patience.

[Weeps.]

Gri. Good father, let true patience cure all woe.
You bid me be content ; oh ! be you so.

Lau. Father, why do you weep ?

Jan. What can I do ?—

Though her he punish, he might pity you.

Lau. Let's fret, and curse the marquess cruelly.

Bab. Ay, by my troth, that's a good way. We may well do it, now we are out of his hearing.

Gri. Must I then be divorc'd, and lose this treasure ?
I must and am content, since 'tis his pleasure.
I prithee tell me whither they must go ?

Fu. No.

Gri. Art thou commanded to conceal the place ?

Fu. Ay.

Gri. Then will I not inquire. Thou dost but jest :
I know thou must not rob me ; 'tis to try
If I love them. No, no [*looking at the commission*] ;
here I read
That which strikes blind mine eyes, makes my heart
bleed.

Farewell, farewell ; dear souls, adieu, adieu ;

Your father sends, and I must part from you.
I must, oh, God ! I must : must is for kings,
And low obedience for low underlings.

Lau. He shall not hale them thus : keep them perforce.

This slave looks on them with a murdering eye.

Bab. No ; he shall not have them. Knock out his brains, and save the little hop o' my thumbs.

Fu. Do, if you dare.

Mar. [*Coming forward.*] How now, my hearts ;
what's the matter ?

Fu. What carest thou ?

Lau. This is poor Grissil, wife unto our duke,
And these her children : thus he sends her home,
And thus he sends a serpent to devour
Their precious lives. He brings commission
To hale them hence, but whither none can tell.

Gri. Forbear, forbear !

Mar. Take them from him perforce.

Are these his children ?

Bab. So she says.

Mar. Two sweet ducks. And is this his wife ?

Bab. Yes, he has lain with her.

Mar. A pretty soul !—Sirrah, thou wilt be hang'd for this.

Fu. Hang thyself.

Mar. Beat him ; but first take these two from his arms.

I am a basket-maker, and I swear,
I'll die before he bear away the babes.

Bab. Oh, rare ! Cry prentices and clubs ! The corporation cannot be (.) Sirrah, set down thy baskets, and to't pell-mell.

Fu. [*Aside.*] Would I were rid of my office !

Gri. What will you do? drive this rash fellow hence?

Mar. The marquess is a tyrant, and does wrong.

Gri. I would not for the world that he should hear thee!

Mar. [*Aside.*] I would not for ten worlds but hear my Grissil.

Gri. A tyrant! no; he's mercy even herself:

Justice in triumph rides in his two eyes.

Take heed how thou profan'st high deities.

Go, Furio, get thee gone: good father, help me

To guard my dear lord's servant from this place.

I know he'll do my pretty babes no harm,

For see, Furio looks gently. Oh, get thee gone.

Pity sits on thy cheeks; but God can tell

My heart says my tongue lies. Farewell, farewell!

Mar. Stay, sirrah, take thy purse.

Fu. I let none fall.

Bab. Half part!

Jan. A purse of gold, Furio, is fall'n from thee.

Fu. It's none of mine.—Sirrah, basket-maker, if my arms were not full, thou shouldst have thy hands full. Farewell, Grissil: if thou never see thy children more, curse me; if thou dost see them again, thank God. Adieu!

[*Exit.*]

Bab. Farewell, and be hang'd.

Gri. I will thank God for all. Why should I grieve To lose my children? no, no; I ought rather Rejoice, because they are borne to their father.

Jan. Daughter, here's nothing in this purse but gold.

Bab. So much the better, master: we'll quickly turn it into silver.

Jan. This purse that fellow did let fall; run, run; Carry it him again: run, Babulo. Away with it: 'tis laid to do us wrong.

Lau. Try all their golden baits. Stay ; never run :
They can do no more wrong than they have done.

Jan. What ails my Grissil ? comfort [thee], my child.

Bab. I'll fetch rosa solis.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Poor soul, her grief burns inward, yet
her tongue

Is loth to give it freedom. I do wrong,
Oh, Grissil ! I do wrong thee, and lament
That for my sake thou feel'st this languishment.
I came to try a servant and a wife,
Both have I proved true. That purse of gold I brought,
And let it fall of purpose to relieve her :
Well may I give her gold, that so much grieve her :
As I came in by stealth, so I'll away.
Joy has a tongue, but knows not what to say.

[*Exit.*

Gri. So, father, I am well ; I am well, indeed.
I should do wondrous ill, should I repine
At my babes' loss, for they are none of mine.

Jan. I am glad thou tak'st this wound so patiently.

Bab. Whoop ! whither is my brother basket-maker
gone ? ha ! let me see : I smell a rat ; sneaked hence,
and never take leave ? either he's a crafty knave, or else
he dogs Furio to bite him ; for, when a quarrel enters
into a trade, it serves seven years before it be free.

Jan. Let him be whom he will, he seem'd our friend.
Grissil, lay up this gold : 'tis Furio's, sure,
Or it may be thy lord did give it him
To let it fall for thee ; but keep it safe.
If he disdain to love thee as a wife,
His gold shall not buy food to nourish thee.
Grissil, come in : time swiftly runs away ;
The greatest sorrow hath an ending day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—An Apartment in Sir Owen's House.

Enter GWENTHYAN and RICE; she meanly, he like a cook.

Gwe. Rees, lay hur table, and set out hur fictuals and pread, and wines and ale, and peer and salt for hur guests.

Rice. Yes, forsooth, my lady: but what shall I do with all yonder beggars?

Gwe. Send out the peggers into hur lady; go.

Rice. How? the beggars in! we shall have a lousy feast, madam.

Gwe. You rascal, prate no more, but fedge them in.

[*Exit RICE.*

Shall pridle Sir Owen a good teal well enough, is warrant hur. Sir Owen is gone to bid hur cousin marquess and a many to dine at hur house, but Gwenthyan shall give hur dinner, I warrant hur, for peggers shall have all hur meat.

Enter RICE with a company of beggars: a table is set with meat.

Rice. Come, my hearts, troop, troop! every man follow his leader: here's my lady.

All. God bless your ladyship! God bless your ladyship!

Gwe. I thang you, my good peggars.—Rees, pring stools; sit all down: Rees, pring more meat.

Rice. Here, madam: I'll set it on, tak't off who will.

Beg. Let us alone for that, my lady. Shall we scramble, or eat mannerly?

Gwe. Peggars, I hope, have no manners; but first hear me, pray you now, and then fall to out o' cry.

Beg. Peace! hear my lady. Jack Mumblecrust, steal no penny loaves.

Gwe. Peggers all, you know Sir Owen.

All. Passing well, passing well: God bless his worship!

1st Beg. Madam, we know him as well as a beggar knows his dish.

Gwe. All these fictuals is made for cousin marquess. Sir Owen is gone to fedge him; but Sir Owen has anger hur lady.

1st Beg. More shame for him: he's not a knight, but a knitter of caps for it.

Gwe. Sir Owen is anger hur lady, and therefore her lady is anger Sir Owen.

1st Beg. Make him a cuckold, madam; and upon that I drink to you. Helter skelter, here, rogues; top and top gallant, pell mell, hufty tufty, hem! God save the duke, and a fig for the hangman.

Gwe. Rees, fedge wine and peer enough; and fall to, pegger, and eat all her sheer and tomineer: see you now, pray do.

[A drunken feast; they quarrel and grow drunk, and pocket up the meat: the dealing of cans, like a set at mawve. [Exit RICE.]

Gwe. Nay, I pray, peggars be quiet: tage your meats; you have trinks enough, I see, and get you home now, good peggars.

1st Beg. Come, you rogues, let's go; tag and rag, cut and long tail. I am victualled for a month. Good bye, madam: pray God, Sir Owen and you may fall out every day. Is there any harm in this, now? hey tri-lill! give the dog a loaf. Fill the t'other pot, you whore, and God save the duke. *[Exeunt.]*

Gwe. I thang you, good peggars.—Ha! ha! this is fine spord: by God is have peggars eat hur fictuals all day long!

Enter SIR OWEN and RICE.

Sir Ow. Where is the sheer, Rees? Cod's plude! where?

Rice. I beseech you, sir, be patient. I tell you, the beggars have it.

Sir Ow. What a pogs is do with peggars! what is peggars at knight's house? Is peggars Sir Owen's guests, Rees?

Rice. No, Sir Owen: they were my lady's guests.

Sir Ow. Ha! you hungry rascals! where's hur lady Gwenthyan? Cod's plude! peggars eat her sheer, and cousin marquess come?

Rice. I know not where my lady is; but there's a a beggar woman: ask her, for my lady dealt her alms amongst them herself.

Sir Ow. A pogs on you, peggars whore, where's the pread and sheer? Cod udge me, I'll peggars you for fictuals!

Gwe. Hawld, hawld, hawld! what is mad now? here is hur lady. Is hur lady peggars, you rascals?

Rice. No, sweet madam, you are my lady. A man is a man, though he have but a hose on his head, and you are my lady, though you want a hood.

Sir Ow. How now? how now? ha! ha! hur lady in tawny coat and tags and rags so! where is hur meat, Gwenthyan? where is hur sheer? hur cousin marquess is here, and great teal of shentlefolks, and laties and lords, pye and pye.

Gwe. What care hur for laties or cousin, too? fictuals is all gone.

Sir Ow. How! gone? is hur lady mad?

Gwe. No, hur lord is mad. You tear her ruffs and repatoes, and pridle her: is hur pridled now? is hur repatoed now? is hur tear in pieces now? I'll teach hur pridle hur lady again. Hur cousin marquess shall eat no pread and meat here, and hur lady Gwenthyan will go in tags and rags, and like peggars, to vex and chafe Sir Owen; see you now.

Sir Ow. A pogs seize her!—Cod's plude! what is do now, Rees?

Rice. Speak her fair, master, for she looks wildly.

Sir Ow. Is look wildly, indeed. Gwenthyan, pray go in, and put pravery upon her pack and pelly. God udge me, is puy new repatoes and ruffs for hur lady: pray do so, pray, good lady.

Rice. Do, good madam.

Gwe. Cartho crogge, cartho crogge. Gwenthyan scorns hur flatteries. Hur lady go no petter: Sir Owen hang hurself.

Sir Ow. O, mon Iago! hur Pritish plude is not endure it, by Cod! A pogs on her! put on her fine coats is pest: put on; go to, put on.

Rice. Put off, Sir Owen, and she'll put on.

Gwe. A pogs on her? is put on none, but go like peggar.

Sir Ow. Rees, go mage more fire, and let hur have more sheer.

Gwe. Rees mage fire, and I'll scald hur like pig; see you now.

Rice. I shall be peppered, howe'er the market goes.

Sir Ow. Mage great teal of fires, or Sir Owen shall knog your ears.

Gwe. Make little teal of fire, or Gwenthyan shall cut off your ears, and pob you, and pob you, Rees; see you now.

Rice. Hold, good madam! I see you and feel you too: y'are able to set stones together by th' ears. I beseech you be quiet both. I'll make a fire, Sir Owen, to please you.

Sir Ow. Do, Rees: I'll pridle her ladies well enough.

Gwe. Will you, rascal?

Rice. Nay, but hear you, sweet madam: I'll make a

fire to please Sir Owen ; and when it burns, I'll quench it to please you. *[Exit.*

Enter FARNEZE apace.

Far. Ha, ha, ha ! Why, how now, Sir Owen ? your cousin, the marquess, and all your guests are at hand, and I see no meat towards.

Sir Ow. Is no meat toward ; but hur lady is fery toward.

Far. What baggage is this stands laughing thus ?

Sir Ow. A pogs on her, 'tis our lady baggage : 'tis Gwenthyan.

Far. How ! my lady Gwenthyan ? ha, ha, ha !

Enter MARQUESS, JULIA, ONOPHRIO, URCENZE, and MARIO.

Mar. You see, Sir Owen, we are soon invited. Where is your wife, the lady Gwenthyan ?

Sir Ow. Is come pye and pye —Cod udge me, Gwenthyan, pray put on your pravery and fine knacks, and shame not Sir Owen.—Yes, truly, Gwenthyan is come out pye and pye.—Man gras worthe whee, cousin marquess ; man gras worthe whee, cousin Julia : is welcome all.

Far. Ha ! ha ! welcome ! Come, come, madam, appear in your likeness, or rather in the likeness of another. My lord, y'are best send back to your own cooks, if you mean to set your teeth a-work to-day.

Mar. Why, Farneze ? what's the matter ?

Far. Nay, there's no matter in it : the fire's quenched, the victuals given to beggars. Sir Owen's kitchen looks like the first chaos, or like a broker's stall, full of odd ends ; or like the end of some terrible battle, for upon every dresser lies legs, and feathers, and heads of poor capons and wild-fowl, that have been drawn and quar-

tered, and now mourn that their carcasses are carried away. His are not rheumatic, for there's no spitting: here lie fish in a pitiful pickle; there stand the coffins of pies, wherein the dead bodies of birds should have been buried, but their ghosts have forsaken their graves and walked abroad. The best sport is to see the scullions, some laughing, some crying, and whilst they wipe their eyes, they black their faces: the cooks curse her lady, and some pray for our lord.

Mar. Sir Owen Meredith, is this all true?

Sir Ow. True? it is true, I warrant her: pogs on her, too true.

Ono. You told his grace you had tamed your wife.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is tell hur a lie, then: hur wife has pridled and tamed hur, indeed. Cousin marquess, pe-cause Grissil is made fool and turn away, Gwenthyan mage fool of Sir Owen. Is good? ha, is good?

Gwe. 'Tis lie, cousin marquess, is terrible lie. Tawson en ennoh twewle. 'Tis lie, 'tis lie. Sir Owen tear her repatoes and ruffs, and pridle hur laty, and bid her hang herself; but is pridled, I warrant hur, is not, Sir Owen?

Sir Ow. Addologg whee bethogh en thlonigh en moyen due, Gwenthyan.

Gwe. Ne vetho en thlonigh gna watha gethla tee.

Urc. What says she, Sir Owen?

Sir Ow. I pray, and pray her, for Cod's love, be quiet. Splude! hur say hur will not be quiet, do what Sir Owen can. Mon due, Gwenthyan, me knocke thepen en umbleth, pobe des, and pobe nose.

Gwe. Gwenogh olcha vessagh whee en herawgh ee.

Ju. Stand between them, Farneze.

Far. You shall bob no nose here.

Gwe. En herawgh ee? Me gravat the legatee athlan oth pendee adroh ornymee on dictar en hecar ee.

Ono. Doth she threaten you, Sir Owen? bind her to the peace.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is threaten hur indeed: hur says she'll scradge out Sir Owen's eyes, an hur frown upon her. A pogs on her nails!

Mar. Oh! my dear Grissil, how much different Art thou to this curs'd spirit here! I say My Grissil's virtues shine.—Sir Meredith, And cousin Gwenthyan, come, I'll have you friends. This dinner shall be sav'd, and all shall say, Tis done because 'tis Gwenthyan's fasting day.

Gwe. Gwenthyan scorns to be friends. Hur lady will be master, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. By Cod, I'll see her laty hang'd first! Cousin marquess, and cousins all, pray tage time, and stay here: Rees shall dress more fictuals, and shall dine here in spite of hur lady. God's plude! Rees! Rees!

[*Exit.*

Gwe. Will you? Is try that pye and pye: Stethe whee lawer, cousin marquess, stethe whee lawer. Shen-tlemen, Gwenthyan is not pridled so soon.

[*Exit.*

Mar. I'll see the peace kept sure. Do what he can, I doubt his wife will prove the better man.

[*Exit.*

Ju. Signor Mario, you say nothing: how like you this interlude?

Ma. So well, madam, that I rather wish to play the beggar's than a king's part in it, in Sir Owen's apparel.

Ju. Why this it is to be married: thus you see, those that go to woo go to woe. Oh! for a drum to summon all my lovers, my suitors, my servants together!

Far. I appear, sweet mistress, without summons.

Ono. So does Onophrio.

Urc. So does Urcenze.

Jul. Signor Emulo, I see, will not be seen without calling.

Far. No, faith, madam; he's blown up: no calling can serve him. He has ta'en another manner of calling upon him, and I hope repents the folly of his youth.

Jul. If he follow that vocation well, he'll prove wealthy in wit.

Urc. He had need, for his head is very poor.

Far. Well, mistress, we appear without drumming. What's your parley? and yet not so; your eyes are the drums that summon us.

Urc. And your beauty the colours we fight under.

Ono. And the touch of your soft hand arms us at all points with devotion to serve you, desire to obey you, and vows to love you.

Jul. Nay then, in faith, make me all soldier: mine eyes a drum, my beauty your colours, and my hand your armour. What becomes of the rest?

Far. It becomes us to rest before we come to the rest. Yet for a need we could turn you into an armoury: as, for example, your lips, let me see — no point of war for your lips? Can I put them to no use but kissing? Oh, yes; if you change them to shoot out unkind language to us that stand at your mercy, they are two culverins to destroy us.

Jul. That I'll try: my tongue shall give fire to my words presently.

All. Oh, be more merciful, fair Julia!

Jul. Not I: would you have me pity you and punish myself? would you wish me to love when love is so full of hate? How unlovely is love! how bitter, how full of blemishes! My lord and brother insults our Grissil — that makes me glad: Gwenthyan curbs Sir Owen — that makes you glad: Sir Owen is mastered by his mis-

tress—that makes you mad : poor Grissil is martyr'd by her lord—that makes you merry ; for I always wish that a woman may never meet better bargains, when she'll thrust her sweet liberty into the hands of a man. Fie upon you ! you're nothing but wormwood, and oak, and glass : you have bitter tongues, hard hearts, and brittle faith.

Ono. Condemn us not, till you try our loves.

Jul. Sweet servant, speak not in this language of love. Gwenthyan's peevishness, and Grissil's patience, make me here to defy that ape Cupid : if you love, stand upon his laws. I charge you leave it—I charge you neither to sigh for love, nor speak of love, nor frown for hate. If you sigh I'll mock you, if you speak I'll stop mine ears, if you frown I'll bend my fist.

Far. Then you'll turn warrior, indeed.

Jul. Had I not need, encountering with such enemies ? but say, will you obey and follow me, or disobey, and I'll fly you ?

Ono. I obey, since it is your pleasure.

Urc. I obey, though I taste no pleasure in it.

Far. I obey too ; but, so God help me, mistress, I shall shew you a fair pair of heels, and cry a new mistress, —a new—if any pitiful creature will have me !

Jul. Better lost than found, if you be so wavering.

Enter MARQUESS, LEPIDO, SIR OWEN, GWENTHYAN
brave, and FURIO.

Mar. Furio, hie thee to old Janiculo's.
Charge him, his daughter Grissil, and his son,
To come to court, to do such office
Of duty to our marriage, as shall like
Our state to lay upon them.

Jul. Oh ! my lord,
Vex not poor Grissil more : alas, her heart !

Mar. Tut, tut! I'll have my will, and tame her
pride :

I'll make her be a servant to my bride.

Julia, I'll bridle her.

Jul. You do her wrong.

Mar. Sister, correct that error.—Come, Sir Owen,
Is not this better music than your brawls.

Sir Ow. Yes, as Cod udge me, is. How, cousin Julia,
is out a cry friends now : Gwenthyan is laugh, and be
fery patience now. Sir Owen kiss hur laty a great teal
now ; see els.

Far. Ay ; but, Sir Owen, the kissing hur lady is no
mirth to us, if we kiss the post.

Sir Ow. Owe ! her cousin marquess has terrible mighty
news for tell her ; or els is made ready a great banquet
at home for all. Pray come home, is all ready for her ;
her lady say not bo-peep now. But, first, hear her cou-
sin marquess' news.

Mar. Julia and gentlemen, these are the news,
Brought on the wings of haste and happiness,
By trusty Lepido. Our endeared brother
Is hard at hand, who in his company
Brings my fair second choice, a worthy bride,
Attended by the states of Pavia :
She's daughter to the duke of Brandenburgh.
Now shall no subject's envious soul repine,
And call her base whom now I will make mine ;
None shall upbraid me now, as they have done,
That I will slay a daughter and a son.
Grissil's two babes are dead, and kill'd by scorn,
But that fair issue, that shall now be born,
Shall make a satisfaction of all wrongs.
Come, gentlemen, we will go meet this train :
Let every one put on a smiling brow.
Sir Owen, I will have your company,

And yours, fair cousin. Well remember'd, too ;
Bring your three wands, Sir Owen, to the court.
Though Gwenthyan look with a smoother eye,
I'll teach you how to win the sovereignty.

Sir Ow. Is glad of that : ha, ha, ha ! tage heed of
wands, laty.

Gwe. Tage heed of nails, knight.

Mar. We play the unthrifths in consuming time.
Though your curst wife make some afraid to woo,
Yet I'll woo once more, and be married too.

Sir Ow. God udge me, Sir Owen would hang before
marry once more, if I were another pachelor — marry ?
oh !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Near Janiculo's Cottage.

Enter LAUREO, reading, and BABULO with him.

Bab. Come, I have left my work to see what matters
you mumble to yourself. Faith, Laureo, I would you
could leave this Latin, and fall to make baskets. You
think 'tis enough if at dinner you tell us a tale of pig-
mies, and then munch up our victuals ; but that fits not
us : or the history of the well, Helicon, and then drink
up our beer : we cannot live upon it.

Lau. A scholar doth disdain to spend his spirits,
Upon such base employments as hand-labours.

Bab. Then you should disdain to eat us out of house
and home : you stand all day peeping into an ambry
there, and talk of monsters, and miracles, and countries,
to no purpose. Before I fell to my trade I was a tra-
veller, and found more in one year, than you can by
your poets and paltries in seven years.

Lau. What wonders hast thou seen, which are not here ?

Bab. Oh, God ! I pity thy capacity, good scholar : as a little wind makes a sweet ball smell, so a crumb of learning makes your trade proud : what wonders ? wonders not of nine days, but 1599. I have seen, under John Prester and Tamer Cam, people with heads like dogs.

Lau. Alas, of such there are too many here !
All Italy is full of them that snarl,
And bay, and bark at other men's abuse,
Yet live themselves like beasts in all abuse.

Bab. It's true : I know many of that complexion ; but I have seen many without heads, having their eyes, nose, and mouths in their breasts.

Lau. Why that's no wonder : every street with us
Swarms full of such.

Bab. I could never see them.

Lau. Dost thou not see our wine-belly drunkards
ree ! ;
Our fat-fed gluttons wallow in the streets,
Having no eyes but to behold their guts,
No heads but brainless scalps, no sense to smell,
But where full feasts abound in all excess ?
These Epimœi be our epicures.

Bab. I have seen monsters of that colour too ; but what say you to them that have but one leg, and yet will outrun a horse ?

Lau. Such are our bankrupts, and our fugitives,
Scarce having one good leg, or one good limb,
Outrun their creditors, and those they wrong.

Bab. Mass ! 'tis true. There was a cripple in our village ran beyond Venice, and his creditors, with their best legs, could never since take him. But let me descend, and grow lower and lower : what say you to the

little pigmies, no higher than a boy's gig, and yet they tug and fight with the long-necked cranes?

Lau. Oh, poor and wretched people are the pigmies; Oh, rich oppressors the devouring cranes!

Within my father's house I'll shew thee pigmies:

Thou seest my sister Grissil; she's a pigmy.

Bab. She's a pretty little woman, indeed, but too big for a pigmy.

Lau. I am a pigmy.

Bab. Fie, fie! worse and worse.

Lau. My old father's one.

Bab. No, no, no; giants all.

Lau. The marquess is the rich devouring crane,
That makes us less than pigmies, worse than worms.

Enter JANICULO with an angling rod, GRISSIL with a reel, and FURIO.

Bab. Yonder they come, and a crane with them.

Fu. Janiculo, leave your fish-catching, and you your reeling, you; and you, sirrah, you must trudge to court presently.

Jan. Must we again be hurried from content,
To live in a more grievous banishment?

Lau. Methinks, my lord the marquess should be
pleas'd

With marriage of another: and forbear
With trumpets to proclaim this injury,
And to vex Grissil with such lawless wrong.

Gri. 'Tis no vexation; for what pleaseth him
Is the contentment of his handmaid's heart.

Fu. Will you go?

Jan. Yes, we will go,
To fly from happiness to find out woe.

Bab. Good Furio, vanish: we have no appetite, tell
your master. Clowns are not for the court; we'll keep

court ourselves; for what do courtiers do, but we do the like? you eat good cheer, and we eat good bread and cheese; you drink wine, and we strong beer; at night you are as hungry slaves as you were at noon—why, so are we; you go to bed, you can but sleep—why, and so do we; in the morning you rise about eleven of the clock—why, there we are your betters, for we are going before you; you wear silks, and we sheepskins. Innocence carries it away in the world to come; and, therefore, vanish, good Furio; torment us not, good my sweet Furio.

Fu. Ass, I'll have you snaffled.

Bab. It may be so; but then, Furio, I'll kick.

Fu. Will you go, or shall I force you?

Gri. You need not, for I'll run to serve my lord;
Or, if I wanted legs, upon my knees
I'll creep to court, so I may see him pleas'd.
Then courage, father.

Jan. Well said, patience!
Thy virtues arm mine age with confidence.
Come, son; bondmen must serve; shall we away?

Lau. Ay, ay; but this shall prove a fatal day.

Gri. Brother, for my sake, do not wrong yourself.

Lau. Shall I in silence bury all our wrongs?

Gri. Yes; when your words cannot get remedy.
Learn of me, Laureo; I that share most woe,
Am the least mov'd. Father, lean on my arm;
Brother, lead you the way, whilst wretched I
Uphold old age, and cast down misery.

Fu. Away.

Bab. Old master, you have fish'd fair, and caught a
frog. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Palace of Saluzzo.

Enter MARQUESS, PAVIA, LEPIDO, ONOPHRIO, URCENZE,
FARNEZE, *and* MARIO.

Mar. Lords, as you love our state, affect our loves,
Like of your own content, respect your lives,
Urge us no further : Gwalter is resolv'd
To marry the half heir of Brandenburg.
My brother Pavia, with no small expense,
Hath brought the princess out of Germany,
Together with prince Gwalter, her young brother.
Now they are come, learn of the rising sun ;
Scatter the cloudy mists of discontent,
As he disperseth vapours with his beams.

Pa. Brother, there is no eye but brightly shines :
Gladness doth lodge in [all] your nobles' looks,
Nor have they any cause to cloud their brows.

Enter SIR OWEN, GWENTHYAN, *and* RICE *with wands.*

Far. Oh, here comes Sir Owen and my lady patience !
Room, there.

Sir Ow. Tardawgh, cousin marquess and lords all.

Mar. Welcome, good cousin Gwenthyan. Will you
please

Go in, and lend your presence to my bride ?

Gwe. Cousin, 'tis hur intentions so to do ; but I swear,
an I were Grissil, I would pull her eyes out, an she
were as many Shermans daughter as there be cows in
Cambria ; and that is above twenty score, and a little
more, you know, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Yes, truly ; above a dozen more, is warrant
hur.

Mar. Grissil is patient : madam, be you pleas'd.

Gwe. Well, and she be so basely minded, 'tis well ;
but I know what I know. Sir Owen here thinks to make

Gwenthyan so patience : Sir Owen, 'tis all in vains. Well, I go to her brides. *[Exit.]*

Sir Ow. You prade and you tawg, Gwenthyan, but I made you put on parrels for all your tawg and prade. Rees ! where's Rees ? Pring the wands here, Rees.

Rice. They are here, sir, in the twinkling of an eye.

Sir Ow. Cousin, when hur weddings are done and at leisures, I will learn your medicines to tame shrews.

Mar. You shall anon, good cousin Meredith.

Sir Ow. Stand by, Rees ; walk in the halls among the servingmans : keep hur wands till I call, hear you now.

Rice. Yes, sir. *[Exit.]*

Enter FURIO.

Mar. Furio, are Grissil and the other come ?

Fu. Yes, they are come.

Mar. Are they employ'd according to our charge ?

Fu. They are.

Mar. How does her brother take it ?

Fu. Ill.

Mar. How her father ?

Fu. Well.

Mar. How herself ?

Fu. Better.

Mar. Furio, go call out Grissil from the bride.

Fu. I will. *[Exit FURIO.]*

Far. It's pity that fellow was not made a soldier : we should have but a word and a blow at his hands.

Enter JANICULO and BABULO, carrying coals ; LAUREO with wood, GRISSIL with wood.

Bab. Master, go you but under the coal staff : Babulo can bear all, staff, basket and all.

Jan. It is the marquess' pleasure I must drudge. Load me, I pray thee, I am born to bear.

Lau. But I'll no longer bear a loggerhead :
Thus I'll cast down his fuel in despight.
So, though my heart be sad, my shoulder's light.

Gri. Alas ! what do you, brother ? see you not
Our dread lord yonder ? come, perform his will.
Oh, in a subject this is too, too ill !

Mar. What mean'st thou, fellow, to cast down thy
load ?

Lau. I have cast down my burthen, not my load :
The load of your gross wrongs lies here like lead.

Mar. What fellow is this ?

Gri. Your handmaid Grissil's brother.

Mar. Take him away into the porter's lodge.

Lau. Lodge me in dungeons, I will still exclaim
On Gwalter's cursed acts and hated name.

[*Exit with MARIO.*]

Mar. Grissil, take you his load and bear it in.

Bab. Oh tiger-minded, monstrous marquess ! make
thy lady a collier ?

Mar. What's that that villain prates so ?

Bab. God bless the noble marquess !

Mar. Sirrah, take you his coals. Grissil, depart :
Return, but bear that first.

Gri. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt GRISSIL, and BABULO grinning at him.*]

Mar. Stay you, Janiculo. I have heard you sing.

Jan. I could have sung, when I was free from care.

Mar. What grief can in your aged bosom lie ?

Jan. Grief, that I am ungracious in your eye.

Far. Then, would he not desire your company.

[*Re*] *Enter GRISSIL.*

Mar. Janiculo, here is a bridal song :
Play you the lark, to greet my blessed sun.
Grissil, are you return'd ? play you the morning

To lead forth Gratiana, my bright bride.
Go in, and wait on her. Janiculo,
Sing Hymeneus' hymns. Music, I say!

[*Exit* GRISSIL.

Sir Ow. Tawson, Tawson, cousins all; and hear hur
sol fas.

THE SONG.

Beauty, arise, shew forth thy glorious shining;
Thine eyes feed love, for them he standeth pining.
Honour and youth attend to do their duty
To thee, their only sovereign beauty.
Beauty arise, whilst we, thy servants, sing,
Io to Hymen, wedlock's jocund king.
Io to Hymen, Io, Io, sing,
Of wedlock, love, and youth, is Hymen king.

Beauty, arise, thy glorious lights display,
Whilst we sing Io, glad to see this day.
Io, Io, to Hymen Io, Io, sing,
Of wedlock, love, and youth, is Hymen king.

Mar. Art thou as glad in soul as in thy song?

Jan. Who can be glad when he endureth wrong?

Sir Ow. As Cod udge me, Jan Niclas is honest man:
he does not flatter, and sembles, but tell his intentions.
How? more melodies? Oh! here comes her new pride.

Music sounds. Enter GRISSIL alone; after her the
marquess' son and daughter; JULIA, GWENTHYAN,
and other ladies, MARIO and FURIO.

Mar. Salute my beauteous love.

All. All joy betide

To Gratiana, our dear marquess' bride.

Mar. Bring me a crown of gold to crown my love;
A wreath of willow for despised Grissil.

Gri. Grissil is not despised in your eye,
Sithence you name her name so gently.

Sir Ow. Gwenthyan, there's wives, there's patient
wives!

Gwe. Fuh ! fuh ! is fools : tawson, is errant pooby fools.

Mar. Grissil, place you this crown upon her head ;
Put these embroidered slippers on her feet—
'Tis well : deliver me your wedding-ring ;
Circle her finger with it. Now stand by.
Art thou content with all ?

Gri. Content with all.

Mar. My bride is crown'd ! Now tell me, all of you,
Which of you ever saw my love before ?
What is her name, her birth-place, or estate ?

Lep. Till now, I never beheld her beauty.

Ono. Nor I.

Urc. Trust me, nor I.

Far. By my troth, nor I.

Ma We hear that she was born in Germany,
And half heir to the Duke of Brandenburgh.

Mar. You all hear this, and all think this ?

All. We do.

Mar. Then, Furio, stand thou forth.—Lords, in his
breast

A loyal servant's true soul doth rest.

Furio shall be apparell'd in a robe.

Fu. I shall not become it.

Mar. Some that are great put robes on parasites.—
Mario, Lepido, come you two hither :
Are not you richly clad ?—have I done so ?

Both. What means your grace by this ?

Mar. Graceless, have done :
Truth seldom dwells in a still talking tongue.
Furio, bring Laureo from the porter's lodge :
Take in Janiculo, and clothe them both
In rich habiliments. They shall awhile
Be flattered with false fortune's wanton smile.

Jan. Fortune can do no more than she hath done :
They that are mark'd to woe, to woe must run.

[*Exeunt* FURIO and JANICULO.]

Mar. How do you like my bride?

Gri. I think her blest

To have the love of such a noble lord.

Mar. You flatter me.

Gri. Indeed, I speak the truth ;

Only I prostrately beseech your grace,

That you consider of her tender years,

Which, as a flower in spring, may soon be nipp'd

With the least frost of cold adversity.

Mar. Why are not you then nipp'd ? you still seem
fresh,

As if adversity's cold icy hand

Had never laid his fingers on your heart.

Gri. It never touch'd my heart : adversity

Dwells still with them that dwell with misery,

But mild content hath eas'd me of that yoke ;

Patience hath born the bruise, and I the stroke.

Enter FURIO, JANICULO, and LAUREO, striving about attire.

Lau. Give him his silks : they shall not touch my
back.

Mar. What strife is there ? what aileth Laureo ?

Lau. I will not wear proud trappings, like a beast,
Yet hourly feel the scornful rider's spur.

Mar. Clothe old Janiculo in rich attire.

Jan. Do ; load me, for to bear is my desire.

Mar. Do ye repine ? Nay then, I'll vex you more.
Grissil, I will receive this second wife
From none but from thy hands : come, give her me.

Gri. I here present you with an endless bliss :
Rich honour, beauteous virtue, virtuous youth.
Long live my lord with her contentedly !

Sir Ow. Marg patience there, Gwenthyan : see you
that ?

Mar. Grissil, dost thou deliver me this maid
As an untainted flower, which I shall keep,
Despite of envy's canker, till the rust
Of all-consuming death finish her life?

Gri. I do, my dear lord; and as willingly
As I delivered up my maiden youth.

Mar. What says Janiculo?

Jan. I say but thus :
Great men are gods, and they have power o'er us.

Mar. Grissil, hold fast the right hand of my bride :
Thou wear'st a willow wreath, and she a crown.
True bride, take thou the crown, and she the wreath.

Ma. My gracious lord, you do mistake yourself.

Mar. Peace, peace, thou sycophant ! Grissil, receive
Large interests for thy love and sufferance.
Thou gav'st me this fair maid ; I, in exchange,
Return thee her and this young gentleman,
Thy son and daughter : kiss with patience,
And breathe thy virtuous spirit into their souls.

Gwe. Oh ! Sir Owen, marg you now ; the man is
yielded to her laty : learn now, Sir Owen, learn, learn,
knight, your duty : see you that ?

Mar. Why stands my wronged Grissil thus amazed ?

Gri. Joy, fear, love, hate, hope, doubts, encompass
me.

Are these my children I supposed slain ?

Jan. Are these my nephews that were murdered ?

Gri. Blessing distil on you like morning dew !
My soul, knit to your souls, knows you are mine.

Mar. They are, and I am thine. Lords, look not
strange :

These two are they at whose births envy's tongue
Darted envenom'd stings : these are the fruit
Of this most virtuous tree. That multitude,
That many-headed beast, nipp'd their sweet hearts

With wrongs, with bitter wrongs : all you have wrong'd
her ;

Myself have done most wrong, for I did try

To break the temper of true constancy.

But these, whom all thought murder'd, are alive :

My Grissil lives, and, in the book of fame,

All worlds in gold shall register her name.

Lep. and Ma. Most dreaded lord !

Mar. Arise, flatterers ; get you gone !

Your souls are made of black confusion.

[*Exeunt* MARIO and LEPIDO.]

Father Janiculo.

Jan. Oh, pardon me,

Though dumb betwixt my grief and joy I be.

Mar. Who stands thus sad ? what, brother Laureo ?

Lau. Pardon me, gracious lord ; for now I see

That scholars with weak eyes pore on their books,

But want true souls to judge on majesty.

None else but kings can know the hearts of kings :

Henceforth my pride shall fly with humbler wings.

Mar. Our pardon and our love circle thee round.

Let's all to banquet ; mirth our cares confound.

Sir Ow. Hold, hold, hold ! banquet ? if you banquet so, Sir Owen is like to have sheer. Her laty here is cog a hoop now at this. Pray, cousin, keep your promise.—Rees, the wands ! Rees !—your medicines and fine trigs to tame shrews.

Mar. Furio, where be the wands that I bound up ?

Fu. Here, my lord.

Mar. I wreath'd them then, Sir Owen ; and you see, They still continue so : wreathe you these three.

Sir Ow. Oh ! wind them ? yes, is wind them, and mage good mighty cudgel, to tame and knog hur laty, and she prawl or cry, or give pread and meat to peggars, or tear ponds. By Cod, is well remembered too : cousin,

you promised to help her to her duck-eggs, for all her paper and ponds are torn.

Mar. And I will keep my promise. Wreathe your wands.

Sir Ow. Oh, God's lid ! mine is stubborn, like Gwen-
thyan. God's plude ! see it preaks in snip snap pieces.
What now, cousin ?

Mar. But, cousin, these you see did gently bow.
I tried my Grissil's patience, when 'twas green
Like a young osier, and I moulded it
Like wax to all impressions. Married men,
That long to tame their wives, must curb them in
Before they need a bridle ; then they'll prove
All Grissils, full of patience, full of love :
Yet that old trial must be tempered so,
Lest, seeking to tame them, they master you.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is true as Pistle and Gospel. Oh !
true out o' cry.

Mar. But you, Sir Owen, giving her the head,
As you gave liberty to those three wands,
She'll break as those do, if you bend her now ;
And then y'are past all help, for if you strive,
You'll gain as gamesters do, that seldom thrive.

Sir Ow. What shall do to hur laty then ? is pest run
away, cousin, or knog her brains out ? for is as faliant as
Mars, if I be anger.

Jul. That were a shame — either to run away from a
woman, or to strike her. Your best physic, Sir Owen,
is to wear a velvet hand, leaden ears, and no tongue :
you must not fight, howsoever she quarrels ; you must
be deaf whensoever she brawls, and dumb when yourself
should brabble. Take this caudle next your heart every
morning, and, if your wife be not patient, the next re-
medy that I know is to buy your winding-sheet.

Gwe. Cousin marquess, cousin Julia, lords and laties

all, it shall not need: as her cousin has tried Grissil, so Gwenthyan has Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. O! by Cod, is thought, should pull her down: ah, ha!

Gwe. Is not pulled down neither; but Sir Owen shall be her head, and is sorry has anger her head, and mage it acke: but pray, good knight, be not proud, and triumph too much, and tread hur laty down. God udge me, will tage her will again, do what hur can.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is love her out o' cry now. Sir Owen could tame her before, but Pritish plude scorns to fight hur laties; yes, faith, scorns out o' cry. A pogs on't, 'tis nought: Gwenthyan shall no more be called Gwenthyan, but patient Grissil, ah ha! is?

Mar. Our joys are complete; forward to our feast: Patience hath won the prize, and now is blest.

Jul. Nay, brother, your pardon a while. Besides ourselves, there are a number here that have beheld Grissil's patience, your own trials, and Sir Owen's sufferance, Gwenthyan's frowardness, these gentlemen lovertine, and myself a hater of love. Amongst this company, I trust, there are some maiden bachelors, and virgin maidens: those that live in that freedom and love it, those that know the war of marriage and hate it, set their hands to my bill; which is, rather to die a maid, and lead apes in hell, than to live a wife, and be continually in hell.

Gwe. Julia, by your leaves, a liddle while. You tawg and you prabble about shidings in marriages, and you abuse young men and damsels, and fraid them from good sports, and honourable states: but, hear you now, all that be sembled here: know you that discord's mage good music, and when lovers fall out, is soon fall in, and 'tis good, you know. Pray you, all be married, for wedlock increases peobles and cities: all you, then, that have

husbands that you would pridle, set your hand to Gwenthyan's pill, for 'tis not fit that poor womens should be kept always under.

Mar. Since Julia of the maids, and Gwenthyan
Of froward wives, entreat a kind applaud,
See, Grissil, among all this multitude,
Who will be friend to gentle patience?

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, ha ! Grissil is weary : pray let Sir Owen speak. Grissil is patient, and her cousin is patient ; therefore is speak for two. God's plude ! you see hur laty is sprite of buttry ! yet Sir Owen tame her, and tear her ruffs, and mage her cry, and put on her parrels, and say is sorry, Sir Owen : marg that well. If Sir Owen was not patient, hur laty had not been pridled ; if Grissil had not been patient, her cousin marquess had not been pridled. Well, now, if you love Sir Owen's laty, I hope you love Sir Owen too, or is grow mighty angry. Sir Owen love you, as God udge me, out o' cry, a terrible teal, do you hear now ? then, pray, all that have crabbed husbands, and cannot mend them, as Grissils had ; and all that have fixen wives, and yet is tame her well enough, as Sir Owen does, and all that have scolds, as Sir Owen does, and all that love fair laties, as Sir Owen does, to set hur two hands to his pill, and by God shall have Sir Owen's heart and soul in his pelly, and so God save you all ! Man gras wortha whee. Man gras wortha whee. Good night, cousins all.

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES.

Page 3, line 20. Then *sully* not this morning] The old copy reads, "Then *sally* not," &c., which is evidently a misprint.

P. 4, l. 30. Fly the care-pined hearts.] The old copy has "*Shew* the care-pined hearts," but it was easy for the compositor to mistake the long *s* of the MS. for the letter *f* in the word "fly."

P. 5, l. 24. Of our swift *forest citizens*] So in Lodge's *Rosalynd*. (*Vide* "Shakespeare's Library," Part II. p 93.)

"About her wondering stood
The citizens o' the wood."

Sir P. Sidney calls deer "burgesses of the forest" in his *Arcadia*; and every body will recollect Shakespeare's line in "As you like it"—

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."

P. 6, l. 3. Don is the mouse.] We say, "Still as a mouse," and Babulo's expression seems equivalent to it: possibly it is a corruption of "dumb is the mouse," occasioned by its *dun* colour.

P. 7, l. 6. How many wantons in *Salucia*.] The old copy has it *Salvia*. "Salucia," instead of Saluzzo, was required by the measure.

P. 8, l. 18. To make them ready.] This phrase was of old equivalent to *dress themselves*.

P. 9, l. 4. *Foot*.] The meaning of this word seems to be that the lines which immediately follow it are the "foot," *close*, or *burden* of the song. Many old ballads terminate with "Hey, nony, nony;" among them Shakespeare's "Sigh no more Ladies," in "Much Ado," &c.

P. 9, l. 33. Poor John.] A kind of dried salted fish.

P. 10, l. 9. This angel *of* gold.] "Of" is injurious both to the sense and metre; but, as it stands in the 4to., 1603, we have not thought it right to omit it.

P. 11, l. 21. Methinks *her* beauty.] The 4to., 1603, reads "Methinks *for* beauty," an obvious error.

P. 12, l. 21. None is so *fond*.] "Fond," in old language, meant *foolish*.

P. 13, l. 7. To *your* wife.] "To *his* wife," old copy.

P. 13, l. 12. *Apostates* in love.] The word apostates must be pronounced as a quadrasyllable: in the 4to., 1603, it is printed *apostataes*.

P. 13, l. 27. *Who am* not worthy.] In the old copy, the text stands, "Whom not worthy," but both sense and metre detect the error.

P. 15, l. 9. Sirrah Gussil, the fish] So the old copy, and Babulo seems to call Gussil "Sirrah," by way of humour. He reminds her that the fire is ready to boil the fish.

P. 16, l. 17. As many rich cogging *merchants*] "Merchant here, as in many other places in our old writers, is used as a term of reproach. So the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," Act II. sc. 4., asks, respecting Mercutio, "I pray you, sir, what saucy *merchant* was this?"

P. 16, l. 18. Give her the bells, let her fly.] A figure taken from hawking.

P. 17, l. 22. Ha, ha' not write and read, &c.] In the old edition this speech is given to Rice, but from Farneze's reply it is clear that it belongs to Uicenze.

P. 18, l. 2. Then he'll never be saved by his book.] Alluding to the benefit of clergy.

P. 18, l. 29. Ah, old touch lad, &c.] This speech is not very intelligible, but it seems that Farneze is speaking of Emulo, and his fantastic habits with tobacco.

P. 20, l. 3. By Cod, Sir Emulos, Sir Owen is clad *out o' cry*.] "Out of cry" is equivalent to "beyond measure." It is to be recollected that Sir Owen is a Welsh knight, and talks in the dialect of his country.

P. 21, l. 15. You would be out-Atlased] The meaning is, that Emulo would have to bear such a burden of wrongs that it would exceed the weight supposed to be sustained by Atlas. The old copy has it, "our Athlased."

P. 21, l. 18. *Tawg* a great teal to Emulos.] *i. e.* Talk a great deal to Emulo: the old copy misprints it *twag*.

P. 22, l. 16. Dahoma!] Probably a Welsh exclamation, as Rice is ordered to call the widow.

P. 22, l. 34. No go to them.] Thus it stands in the old copy, but it is probably a misprint. Sir Owen seems to assent to the suggestion of Farneze.

P. 23, l. 4. Belly the ruddo whee.] This Welsh gibberish was not meant to be understood. We have spelt it precisely as in the original.

P. 23, l. 28. Sir Owen is a tall man.] "Tall" of old was synonymous with *courageous*.

P. 24, l. 3. *Pundal* to let her have her will.] What word is meant

by "pundal," and whether Welsh or English, must be left to conjecture. Possibly it is a corruption of *punctual*.

P. 26, l. 10. Ay, as they do at barley-break.] This game was either called barley-break, or "the last couple in hell." The mention of it is very frequent in old writers; and those who wish to know how it was played, may refer to Vol. I. p. 104 of Gifford's Massinger, second edition.

P. 27, l. 20. 'Tis idleness and love make you *captives*.] In the old copy it stands *captains*.

P. 27, l. 23. We obey, to follow you, but not to love you: we renounce that obedience.] The meaning is obscure: it must be, "We obey in order to follow you, but not to attend to your injunctions as regards loving you: we renounce that obedience." The old copy reads "no renounce," &c.

P. 29, l. 19. Sits like a screech owl on my honour'd *breast*] So in the original; but ought we not rather to read *crest*?

P. 29, l. 24. Oh my soul!] This exclamation must have been uttered aside. The marquess immediately recovers his self-possession, and turns to Gussil again.

P. 35, l. 11. There's a ship of fools ready to hoist sail] One of the many allusions to Sebastian Brandt's *Navis Stultifera*, which was translated into English by Alex. Barclay, and printed by Pynson, in 1509, and by Cawood, in 1570.

P. 38, l. 8. At first I was a fool, for I was born an *innocent*.] An "innocent" was equivalent to an idiot: our old writers frequently distinguish between idiots and jesters, or fools.

P. 38, l. 29. *Throw* gilt beams of your births.] The old 4to. reads "*Through* gilt beams of your births:" the marquess means that he threw gilt beams *on* the births of Mario and Lepido.

P. 39, l. 3. Ay, ay; the memory of that birth doth kill me.] For "birth," which is evidently the true word, the old copy has *mirth*.

P. 39, l. 26. Crowding in a thrust.] This expression is awkward, but intelligible.

P. 40, l. 3. Farneze in the midst.] It would seem from this direction that there were three entrances to the stage; one at each side, which we now call the wings, and another in the middle, at the back.

P. 40, l. 23. Oh, she gulls him simply.] Meaning, she gulls him *excellently*: "simply" was used in this sense, though "simple," as we see in the next line, meant *silly* or *foolish*.

P. 40, l. 27. I *vailed* my upper garment.] To "vail" was to lower. Emulo means that he took off his hat before he began the combat.

P. 41, l. 5. If it were true—if—] Possibly Farneze was interrupted by Emulo, who continued his narration to Julia; or perhaps Farneze meant to go no farther, but merely to imply his incredulity by the emphatic repetition of "if."

P. 41, l. 26. I () this leg.] So it stands in the original copy. Perhaps the author only meant that Emulo should pause, as doubting which leg, and then we ought to read, "Ay——this leg." Possibly the compositor could not here decipher some word in the MS.

P. 42, l. 2. A toy, &c.] The author here seems to have intended the actor to continue the sentence as he liked.

P. 43, l. 1. Abra'm, we cashier you our company.] By "Abra'm," or *Abraham*, Farneze means to call Emulo an impostor. The Abraham men of old were wandering cheats and rogues. See note to Vol. II. p. 5. of the last edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays."

P. 47, l. 7. Your worship may stab her. she gives you the lie.] This practice of stabbing, not only for giving the lie, but on much slighter occasions, was censured and ridiculed by S. Rowlands, in his tract "Look to it, or I'll stab you," which was printed in 1604, and of which Mr. Edw. V. Utterson has recently made an excellent but very limited reprint.

P. 48, l. 1. *Tawson*, Gwenthyans.] Mr. Dyce, Webster's Works, iii. 210, explains the Welsh exclamation, "*Taw a son*," as "hold your tongue." We wish he had given us the means of understanding the rest of the Welsh in this play.

P. 48, l. 9. New *car* to ride in.] The original has new *card*, which may be meant for *cart*, as the authors often make Sir Owen use the letter *d* for *t*.

P. 48, l. 10. Plue coats and padges to follow her heels.] At the date when this play was written, male servants were uniformly dressed in blue coats, and wore the badges of their different masters for distinction.

P. 48, l. 16. Tannekin, the *frow*] Tannekin was a common name for a Dutchwoman, and *frow* is a corruption of the Dutch word *vrouwe*, woman. It occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit at several Weapons," and elsewhere.

P. 48, l. 22. Ay, *patoes* money out o' cry.] Sir Owen seems intending to make a joke upon the word "*rebato*," or *repato*, as he calls it, in reference to the money it costs.

P. 48, l. 24. The frow, sir, says *three* pound.] Misprinted *five* pound in the old 4to. The sum is omitted by Sir Owen in the next line, as if the printer did not know whether he ought to insert *three* or *five*.

P. 49, l. 3. I'll prade your *neaces*.] By "prade" Gwenthyan of course means prate, but what she means by "neaces" it is not so easy to understand. Perhaps we ought to read, "I'll preak your necks."

P. 52, l. 23. If she return, seem *childish*.] Perhaps we ought to read *chidish*, but "childish" may be right.

P. 54, l. 6. Which heaven into this alabaster *bowels*.] "Bowels" seems wrong, and perhaps we ought to read *vessel*.

P. 58, l. 32 Come, come; *mell* with our oziers.] *i. e.* *meddle* with our oziers.

P. 59, l. 4. "And I dance mine own child.]" Probably a quotation from some lost nursery rhyme.

P. 60, l. 16. Whilst troops, *as* saint-like have adored thee.] The old reading is, "Whilst troops *of* saint-like," &c. This cannot be right, and the emendation preserves the measure and restores the sense.

P. 60, l. 18. Dost thou not *envy* those that drive thee thence.] One of many instances in which "envy" is to be taken in the sense of *hate*.

P. 61, l. 11. Come, where be the *infidels*? Here's the cradle of security and my pillow of idleness for them.] Babulo calls them infidels, because the children are not yet Christians. The rest of the passage is an allusion to an old moral-play, called "The Cradle of Security," of which an account may be seen in the "Hist. of Engl. Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," II. 273.

P. 61, l. 26. You are *care*, and care must keep you.] Ought we not to read, "You are *care's*, and care must keep you."

P. 62, l. 1. We'll *alla mira* him, and *wail in woe*, and who can hinder us?] The old copy inserts "he we" between "and," and "wail in woe," which are needless. The clown speaks of two tunes, one beginning *Alla mira*, and the other "I wail in woe," both, but especially the latter, well known and often mentioned by writers of the time.

P. 63, l. 31. O, rare! Cry prentices and clubs! The corporation cannot be () Sirrah, sit down, &c.] This is exactly the mode in which the passage is printed in the original: possibly the compositor indicated by the parenthesis the absence of a word he could not read. "Prentices and Clubs!" was the exclamation in London on any commotion in which it was required that the prentices should take part.

P. 67, l. 18. The dealing of cans, like a set at *mawe*.] *Mawe* was a game at cards, and probably the beggars threw the cans from one to the other in much the same way as cards were dealt out to the players at *mawe*.

P. 67, l. 23. Tag and rag, cut and long tail.] These were proverbial expressions often in use, particularly the last, which seems to have relation to horses of various descriptions. It was employed so lately as in Sir J. Vanburgh's "*Æsop*." It occurs in "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," A. III. sc. 4.

P. 73, l. 24. If you *change* them to shoot out unkind language to us.] "Change" may be the right reading, in reference to the alteration Julia's lips would have to undergo; but the more apposite word seems to be *charge*, which preserves the propriety of the figure.

P. 74, l. 26. Gwenthyan *brave*.] *i. e.* bravely, or handsomely attired.

P. 76, l. 27. You stand all day peeping into an *ambry* there] An "ambry" is a *closet* or *cupboard*; but it does not appear why Laureo should stand all day peeping into one, unless his books were there.

P. 77, l. 5. Wonders, not of nine days, but of 1599.] This play was written at the close of the year 1599, which, perhaps, led the authors to mention that number.

77, l. 7. People with heads like dogs.] The authors took their notions of these monsters from the descriptions of Sir J. Mandeville and other travellers. Shakespeare mentions "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," in "*Othello*" and in the "*Tempest*."

P. 82, l. 13. Take him away into the porter's lodge.] The porter's lodge was the place where domestic servants, especially fools, of old were confined and punished.

P. 82, l. 30. Then would he not desire your company.] This line in the old copies is mistakenly assigned to Babulo, who has gone out with Grissil. It most likely belongs to Faincze, whose initial letters, *Fa.*, might be misread *Ba.* by the compositor.

P. 83, l. 13. *Io* to Hymen] Misprinted "*Jove* to Hymen" in the old copy.

P. 83, l. 16. Beauty, arise.] These words are repeated in the printed play, but the measure of the first line of the first stanza shows that it was not intended. The music in singing the song, no doubt, required the repetition, and hence the error.

P. 86, l. 27. Are these my *nephews*.] They were Janiculo's grandchildren; but he uses "nephews" in the Latin sense.

P. 88, l. 1. To help her to her *duck-eggs*.] "*Duck-eggs*" for *Ducats*.

P. 89, l. 20. These gentlemen *lovertine*.] So in the old copy. Perhaps Julia means to coin a word similar to *libertine*, to indicate the state of her three *innamorati*.

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